


A PLEASURE PILGRIM  
IN SOUTH AMERICA  
: C. D. MACKELLAR :







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A PLEASURE PILGRIM IN  
SOUTH AMERICA







LAKE TITICACA.



# A PLEASURE PILGRIM IN SOUTH AMERICA

BY C. D. MACKELLAR

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS AND MAP

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## SPANISH PROVERBS

A monkey clad in silk is a monkey still—*Aunque sea vestida de seda mona mona queda.*

Misfortune comes by the yard and goes by the inch—*El mal entra à brazadas y sale à pulgadas.*

The best cast at dice is not to play—*El major lance de los dados es no jugarlos.*

It is useless to cast nets in a river that has no fish—*En el rio do no hay peces, por demas es echar redes.*

Whoever washes an ass's head loses time and soap—*Quien lava la cabeza al asno pierde el jabon y el tiempo.*

If fools did not go to market, the rubbish would never be sold—*Si el necio no fuese al mercado, no se vendera lo malo.*

Speak little and well, and you will be considered as somebody—*Habla poco y bien, y tenerte han por alguien.*

To see, hear, and be silent are difficult things to do—*Oir, ver y callar recias cosas son de obrar.*





## PREFACE

THESE letters are but a mere record of the writer's tour in South America. It is a continent little known to the "globe-trotter," but which well repays a visitor for a considerable amount of discomfort, and is a distinct change from other better-known lands. Friends amused and interested by letters describing lands practically new to them urged the publication, and they may be of use to others following in the writer's footsteps, and who, like him, are unable to obtain much practical information, as difficult to obtain in South America as out of it.

The writer most gratefully acknowledges the great kindness and thoughtfulness of Mrs Beauclerk, wife of the late Mr W. N. Beauclerk, His Majesty's Minister to Peru, Ecuador, and Bolivia, and the useful and practical advice she sent him for his guidance, and which was worth all the rest of the information and advice he received put together.

Anyone about to travel in these lands, especially when ladies are of the party, would be wise to provide themselves with ordinary comforts, and amongst other things a tea-basket with its equipment would be a real comfort and luxury.

The writer left behind him many friends who

continue to remember him, and has retained many pleasant memories of the countless kindnesses he received from most kindly people, and of the many interesting places he saw. Travel always gives new interests in life. He trusts this was but a preliminary glance at this great continent, and hopes much to some day return there. Where he has written what may be displeasing to some of those from whom he received much kindness, it is not done with any ill-natured intention, but with the hope that what is unpleasant may become a thing of the past; and there is much that needs to be remedied.

Let others go, see, and judge for themselves.

The illustrations are from photographs by myself, by my friend Mr W. H. Staver, Messrs Timm of Guayaquil, T. Vargas, the Mission at Cuzco, Garreaud, S. Boote and Marin and Martiney, Guayaquil, and from views given to me, or picked up here and there, which bear no name, and the use of which I am therefore only able to acknowledge generally. I regret time and distance prevents me from finding out and obtaining permission for their use in every case, as I would have wished to do.

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## A PLEASURE-PILGRIM IN SOUTH AMERICA

COLON, PANAMA,  
*Sept. 5th, 1904.*

I HAVE now touched this to me unknown continent. The voyage from Southampton was very quiet and uneventful. The boat, the *La Plata*, was one of the oldest of the Royal Mail Line, and said to be an unlucky ship. A voyage or two ago her freezing-chamber blew up, and on her last voyage the captain met with a strange and fatal accident. He was sitting in his chair on deck, outside his cabin, when suddenly a tidal wave rushed on board, dashing one of the boats from its holdings, and this pinned the captain down, breaking both his legs, and otherwise injuring him so severely that he subsequently succumbed to his injuries.

We had few passengers, all very quiet, amiable, and inoffensive. Some were black, some white, and others various degrees of colour. We had only two girls on board, one white and the other black. I preferred the black one, but it is not "the thing" going to the West Indies to be more than merely civil to the coloured people. The fourth or fifth officer complained to me that "the passengers had not got up anything to amuse the

officers," which way of putting it amused me immensely, it never having struck me—much as I have travelled on the ocean—that that was part of a passenger's duty ; and as I loathe the so-called amusements on a ship, I was the last one to come to. I said he should get up a ball—a white and a black girl to dance with gave choice of partners.

Amongst the passengers was Mr Martinez, a Venezuelan, who was amusing, and Don Rafael Elizalde, an Ecuadoran, was very good-natured, and keen on learning English, and delighted to be taught to sing "Beel Bailey." We had a West Indian governor, Sir Henry Jackson, bound for Trinidad. He is, I think, a native of the West Indies. His A.D.C. was W. H. Sarel, who was in the Northumberland Fusiliers. We also had His Honour Mr Hesketh Bell, who was Administrator of Dominica. (He is now Commissioner and Commander-in-Chief of Uganda, and I think a "coming man.") He was very pleasant and cultured, had a pretty taste in French literature, had himself written at least one novel about the West Indies, and he told me his hobby was collecting spectacles or eyeglasses of all ages, countries, of historical interest, or pertaining to celebrities. He had just been on a visit to Mr Chamberlain at Birmingham, and was the possessor of that gentleman's eyeglass—or rather of one of his eyeglasses. It is good to have a fad. I tried to learn Spanish ; I won't say I tried very hard, yet in a feeble way I did try. Daily I carried on deck and deposited in my chair a horrid little yellow Spanish grammar, and the funniest conversation-book you ever came across. Often they

slept in peace in the chair, but then it was my chair, and you might have thought that somehow the language they were supposed to teach would enter into me somehow. Several times a friend—was he a real friend, or only a pretended one?—threatened to throw the yellow grammar overboard, but stupidly forbore to do it. However, one day he took it from me by force, and you can imagine how indignant I felt (and how relieved !), and how I grumbled at not being allowed to continue my studies in Spanish, and how plaintively I used to cry *No Hablo Espaniola!*

We sailed by the Azores, but did not stop there, and in due time arrived at Barbadoes in the West Indies, and I at once began to think of mangoes, queer yellow pickles, guava jelly, and other condiments, which in childish days one received with rapture from those seemingly then remote lands. I thought of the numberless families, some, too, old Highland families, connected with the West Indies, and the fascinating stories of the planters and the negroes. The very name of the West Indies had had a charm for me, and I hope I may one day spend a winter amongst those isles and see all their beauties. It was evening, August 29th, when we arrived at Barbadoes and anchored off Bridgetown. The island rises to about 1000 feet or so, and looks very green. Nigger boys came out in canoes and dived for money.

In the morning we went ashore, and I thought it a most dusty, dirty, and dilapidated town—was quite taken aback. It swarmed with very impudent and by no means prepossessing niggers. I believe there are 1400 persons to every square mile.

There are about 20,000 whites. But Bougainvilleas, scarlet hibiscus, palms, and much beautiful vegetation clothes the dilapidations in beauty. We explored the town, lunched at the Ice House—badly—and tried unsuccessfully to feel some of the long-looked-for West Indian glamour.

Señor Villardi, Peruvian Minister to Colombia, came on board here with his wife and family. Though introduced to them, as they only spoke Spanish, our acquaintance did not progress, owing to His Excellency's A.D.C. having deprived me of my yellow grammar.

How small the world really is! I have never been able to go to any place without meeting someone who knew people I did, or of them. Talking to a man who was bound for St Lucia to teach in a school there, and discussing Germany, he said they had had in their house a very pleasant German staying to learn English, and wondered if I had ever heard his name, a Count Arco-Zinnenberg. I said I knew well his cousins, the Loës, had often stayed with his aunt, Countess Loë, at her old moated castle in Rhineland, and also his cousin, Count Leiningen, whose mother was an Arco. Then it turned out his sister was governess in the family of Baron Gumpenberg in Bayern, near the Danube, and he was amazed to hear I knew them also, and had been at Schloss Pöttmes on a visit! It did seem odd to talk of all these friends on the way to the West Indies. I then found nearly everyone else knew people I did.

Captain Dagnall, we were told, had been so unpopular on his former ship that he had been transferred to this one, and this astonished everyone,



as we all liked him very well. He one day asked me, as he knew I had been so many voyages, if I thought a captain should keep entirely to himself or mix a great deal with the passengers. This is always a debated question. Personally, I think a captain should keep much to himself, but once a day, or in passing, greet the passengers and give a cheerful word here and there; but, as I said to Captain Dagnall, it is often not what the captain wants, but what the passengers insist on, as some won't leave him alone and others are indifferent to him. On many lines now the officers—not, of course, the captain or doctor—are not allowed to speak to the passengers at all, so as to avoid various sources of trouble.

But if the captain asked me that question, I, one day, when lying idle and bored in my chair, sprung another on him, which I knew by experience would go round the ship and annoy everyone.

"Captain," said I, "why is the sea salt?" Of course he had never thought of it before, no one does; and as I had guessed, they were all soon on that ship discussing it. When you ask this question, people promptly say, "What a silly question to ask!" "Any fool knows that." "Fancy you not knowing that," and so on—well, "Why is the sea salt?" If you can find one in a hundred who knows or even thought of it before, it is more than I have ever done.

The following day we arrived at Port of Spain, Trinidad. I had slept on deck with W. Sarel, and before sunrise was assisting the officer on watch and the quartermaster to beflag the ship in honour of our passenger, the new Governor of Trinidad,

who had to make an early landing in state, whilst his A.D.C. slumbered peacefully under his rug on the deck, or rather under my rug, as he had calmly filched it from me in the night. It was wonderfully beautiful as we approached Trinidad at sunrise, and I am glad to have seen it. At the last moment I helped to buckle the A.D.C. into a tight uniform, whilst His Excellency was fuming at the cabin door at being kept waiting.

Going ashore with a fellow passenger, we took a cab and drove all round the town and past the pretty, home-like Government House situated in the beautiful Botanical Gardens; and then went to see the swearing-in of the new governor at the Court House. It was a gay and pretty scene, but a little primitive.

Our quaint old negro coachman voiced the somewhat bitter feeling of the people of Trinidad, originating in unfortunate recent events occurring under the governorship of Sir Alfred Moloney, and it seems to me the new governor, Sir Henry Jackson, will find his reign by no means a bed of roses. It is not often the king's troops are called upon to fire on the king's subjects in the streets, and to shoot down women and children. Yet here in Port of Spain the mob burned down the Government buildings, which we saw in process of repair, and the troops by order of the governor shot them down.

"They shot a pore young white missie in de mouf—shot her in de mouf!" wailed our old negro driver, and he told us how the people would never forget and never forgive this dreadful blunder. (No one in England remembered this recent event,

this shooting of men, women, and children in the streets of a British town by British soldiers, when they screamed themselves hoarse over the "Butchering Cossacks of Petersburg.") But this day it was all peaceful and cheerful, with flowers blooming, flags flying, troops presenting arms, and the firing of salutes—and we could not hear the murmurs of defiance and discontent. This town is also ill-kept and dilapidated.

The town faces the Gulf of Paria, and Trinidad through the silt deposited by the Orinoco will soon be joined to Venezuela, as it probably was originally. Everything seems to grow in it, oranges and all sorts of spices. Many Indian coolies are employed in labour.

Three days later we lay alongside the wharf at Kingston in Jamaica. I made haste to get ashore, and get a room at the tolerably comfortable Myrtle Bank Hotel in the town, on the sea. (Destroyed since in the earthquake.)

Jamaica is about 144 miles long and 50 miles wide at the broadest part, and its highest peak of the Blue Mountains is 7360 feet. Kingston has 46,000 inhabitants.

Once one read so many yarns about Jamaica of a romantic sort, but all these islands have been so scandalously neglected by the Home Government that they are falling on evil days. This old possession of ours—Cromwell wrested it from Spain in 1655—should be cherished, and is to be of very great value in the future. But there is one day to be terrible trouble over all these islands between the United States and Great Britain, France, Holland, and Denmark—well, perhaps not Holland



and Denmark so much, as Denmark has already thought of selling her possessions. And there is also the negro question. The negroes are out-of-hand already; there are 530,000 of them and 140,000 other coloured people to 12,000 whites. Is it to be supposed that the United States, having now got Cuba and Panama, with designs on Colombia, is going to allow all these islands, especially Jamaica, to remain the possession of other powers if she can help it? For long, Americans have been working in Jamaica amongst the negroes, trying to discontent them with British rule and draw them to the Stars and Stripes. Americans point out the neglected state of our West Indian possessions. They mean to have Jamaica, if not them all—if they can. “You are going to quit!” is what many Americans have said to me of Jamaica (surely even uninformed people must have guessed from the famous incident at the time of the earthquake, that there was something in the background unmentioned). The West Indies being in rather a bad way, and in Jamaica a certain amount of sedition—remember the arrest of the American and the British soldier, the latter for treason—our wise Imperial Government *of course* must withdraw troops and fleet!

When slavery was abolished in Jamaica in 1833 there were 309,000 slaves. They are such a prolific race, these negroes, that they seem just to swarm in the towns. Do you remember how in 1737, or about that period, they used to hunt down the Maroons or escaped slaves with Cuban blood-hounds and Mosquito Indians? I used to devour

those old stories once. Who wrote them, or where are the books now ?

Kingston is a dirty, ill-paved, neglected, broken-down place. I had no idea that anywhere in the British Empire—and I have seen much of it—there was a town so conspicuously ill looked after as this. It is evident the West Indians want stirring up a bit. (Probably the damage done by the earthquake will cause the town to be rebuilt in a better way. It is no wonder the houses of the negroes came down with a run ; they looked as if they would do that at any moment.)

I went by train to Constant Springs Hotel, well and prettily situated, and a resort of strangers ; but I returned to town again to the Myrtle Bank. At night Don Rafael Elizalde and I sat in the cool gardens under the palms, near where the baby alligators were splashing in a pond, and where the neighbouring waves lapped the beach—we sat there and talked philosophy ! We had dined well and eaten of many strange fruits, and so felt the West Indies a reality. It was a pleasant evening and a change from the ship.

In the afternoon I went to the wharf to board the ship, and found myself amongst several hundred negro men, women, and children, embarking as deck passengers. They had all their goods and chattels, scores of babies, and every woman seemed to carry a useful, but not ornamental, article of bedroom ware, with frequently a live chicken tied to the handle by a ribbon. No proper arrangements were made for gaining the ship ; we had to struggle through this unsavoury mob and fight our way to the gangway. These niggers

were very hot, very unpleasant, very noisy, and exceedingly impudent; and it was too much of a crush to find it amusing as they ejaculated, "Don't you push me, sah—don't you be impudent to me, sah. I'm a British subject too; I as good as you, sah," and so on, and they banged you in the back vigorously with their deck chairs and luggage. There were 400 of them, bound for the Panama Canal.

These strange children need to be held in check with a strong hand. It is wanting in the West Indies. They have so many good qualities mingled with some bad ones, and their future is a problem. The coloured question in the States ought to be a warning. The day is coming when we shall have to face this question, and great trouble is in store for us.

A lady said to me that when first she went to live in the West Indies she regarded the nigger as "a man and a brother," but, she said, "It is not so. They are not like us, but quite a different sort of animal, and they are never meant to be on equal terms with us."

Hayti is an instance of how, when left to himself, the negro reverts to his primitive type, his worship of Obi, his cult of Vaudism and Cannibalism. Many years ago an uncle of mine was in Hayti, and declared he saw human flesh hanging up in the market for sale.

When I was once coming over from New York, a few years ago, I happened to have at my table a German and his daughter who had been resident in Hayti, and when talking about it, I mentioned the above fact. "Now, father," said the young

lady, "what did I not always tell you—that pork was so suspicious! I know, I am certain, they eat human flesh." The father said he believed it was true, but only done rarely and in secret.

However, we shall drift on till there comes, too late perhaps, a sudden awakening.

All these deck passengers were huddled together under an awning, in a steaming mob, for two days or so till we reached Colon. It was a sight to see, and I spent hours looking over from the deck above upon them. Really extraordinary people. One night the old quartermaster called me, saying, "Just look here, sir, did you ever see anything like that?" And he might well say it, for the scene he showed me, whilst intensely comic, is indescribable.

We also had as new passengers five British officers going to Costa Rica to play polo. They had their ponies on board. These well-bred youths took possession of our deck-chairs, throwing any books they found in them on to the deck, and made themselves generally disagreeable and objectionable. It would have been hard to find an exhibition of more insufferable manners. The stupidity and ignorance they showed did not speak well for their knowledge of military matters, if they had any knowledge on any subject.

In the early morning, amidst rain descending and lightning flashing, we came to rest at Colon, and I felt my real travelling was about to begin. I was setting out to explore what was to me really a *terra incognita*, though, unlike the generality of my countrymen, I did know where the different countries lay. I and Christopher Columbus, you



know—but I will not make Christopher blush with pride at linking his name with mine !

PANAMA,  
*Sept. 8th, 1904.*

Colon, or Aspinwall, is not a prepossessing place. It is, I believe, an island joined to the mainland by the railway embankment ; but I take this on faith, as I saw no signs of its being an island or overlooked them. It is a very miserable dilapidated place of wooden buildings, sadly in want of paint and repair, straggling on piles over swampy undrained land—a town peopled by a seedy-looking race of mingled nationalities and colours. An avenue of palms leads to the de Lesseps mansion and a statue of Christopher Columbus — Colon is the Spanish version of Columbus. Near by is the mouth of the Chagres River.

In the other direction, lying by the seashore amidst palms, are better houses and buildings and a third-rate hotel. It is pretty in its way—a blue sea with fringes of white surf, yellow sands, green palms, and painted wooden houses—a familiar aspect to those who know tropical lands. It is all a mere straggling village. Our baggage was placed in trucks alongside the ship, and boarding the train we set out across the Isthmus for Panama City. The distance is 45 miles, which seems a modest distance for the joining of two oceans.

The way lies mostly through a low-lying tropical jungle. Here and there stand villages



IMPERADOR, PANAMA CANAL.

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or houses in fetid swamps, and everywhere, everywhere are graves! What is it they call de Lesseps? The Great Undertaker! Alas! graves, graves, graves everywhere! Graves and abandoned engines, and machinery—tons, hundreds of tons, thousands of tons of machinery—rusting in swampy ground grown over, matted round and buried in tropical creepers and foliage. What a sight it is! There lay the piles of rails, the rusting boilers, the rotting trucks, the forgotten engines, tenderly held in the close embrace of lovely pale-green flowering creepers. Here and there high ground, patches of cultivation, banana groves—there are niggers too, and the ubiquitous John Chinaman. An iron church, iron houses, much desolation, much swamp, much tropical jungle—and ugh! you almost *see* the fevers breeding there.

What was the amount of money spent on this abortive attempt to make a canal—was it not \$300,000,000 or something like that? I hate big numbers, and dollars convey nothing to me—yet even I seemed to see those dollars chucked away into this dismal desperate failure. Dredges in the river and the swamps, fields of discarded machinery, deserted villages—a man's monument! The great Culebra cutting is already a large and deep work. No, all has not been quite in vain—much was done, much remains, and the ultimate completion of the canal is a dead certainty. The great difficulties are not now so great, the outlook is a hopeful one—Uncle Sam has energy, money, and brains, and means to and will certainly carry it through. It cannot, though, be a sea-level canal, but must have many locks, a very great drawback.



The great cutting will be completed, the great dam built, or in some way the unruly Chagres River will be kept in bounds.

I read a charming book called *Five Years in Panama*, by a Dr Nelson. It was the time and place to read it—something of local interest and colour, something cheerful and cheering. All the illustrations were of cemeteries, graves, second-hand coffins and the like, and it sums up the climate of Panama beautifully in the words of a Columbian Dean of the Medical Faculty, in these words: "First you have the wet season, lasting from about 15th April to 15th December, when people die of yellow fever in four or five days. Next you have the dry or healthy season, from 15th December to 15th April, when people die of pernicious fever in from twenty-four to thirty-six hours"; and Dr Nelson confirms this in saying, "Five years as a practitioner of medicine at Panama amply confirmed his views, and it is the best division of the seasons that I know of."

It is now the wet season—so that there is a chance of living four or five days before dying of yellow fever! I smoked—with intention—tons of cigarettes over that book. I defy microbes to fly down my throat with all that rank smoke issuing from my mouth. I have the greatest faith in cigarette smoking—more so than in cigar or pipe—as a preventive of malarial fevers, and of other things in tropical lands, and the way in such places I have escaped all infection I always thought due to this preventive. Out in the East, when others fell like chaff before the fever microbes, I flourished!

Dr Nelson tells us that in July 1884 a new cemetery was opened—with speeches, champagne, and such festivities—and by April 1886, within two years, there were over 3884 interments in it. The old cemetery, which received the remains of the poor, the patients who died of infectious diseases in the hospitals and the like, was dug up yearly, showing nothing but a mass of bones, skulls, clothes, and bits of coffins, letting loose its myriads of microbes throughout the land. In 1888 the grand new cemetery was full twice over, and the other had many second-hand coffins for sale lying against its walls.

In another, which was surrounded by niches in which the coffins were placed, being bricked up in front, it was the custom when rents for these places were not regularly paid to remove the coffin and its contents, and throw it away over the cemetery wall, and let the abode to the next comer. He describes sixty coffins thrown away like this, lying behind the cemetery, often with their contents exposed—and these the coffins of the better classes. In such a tropical, fever-laden climate where the germs of fatal diseases never die out, surely there is but one way of safety, and that is cremation.

Once 800 Chinese were brought from Hong Kong for the railway works. Thirty-two died on landing, and in a week 80 more. They took their opium from them, and the wretched creatures perished so rapidly that in a few weeks only 200 were left. In their suffering they committed suicide in all sorts of strange ways, determined only to

escape from unbearable misery. It is a pleasant picture to conjure up on the spot.

When we got to Panama I actually expected to see the Demons of Yellow Fever — gaunt, shadowy, yellow-clad figures—bumping against the people in the streets! Instead of that I forgot them, so taken up was I with the impudence of the bumptious, mannerless Yankee railway clerks, who bossed everyone and everything. Where was our baggage? Not to be had till the following day. Why? Shrugs of shoulders and general indifference—nobody knew, nobody cared, only we could not have it. A rattle-trap took some sulky people to the abominable Grand Central Hotel—a disgraceful place under the circumstances. The building is quite good if it were properly managed; but it is most uncomfortable, and the food very bad indeed. I got a room to myself, which others did not, so I ought to be thankful.

Panama City is a pretty place, beautifully situated on a sloping point running out into the lovely blue bay with its picturesque islands. Yes, a beautiful spot, with the makings of a fine city, probably some day to be a magnificent one, and perfectly healthy. Being at present devoid of a proper water supply and sanitation, it is, of course, dirty and unhealthy to a degree. The Yankees promise a perfect system of sanitation and an unfailing supply of good water. I have no doubt they will fulfil their promise, and that they will *force* the people to lead sanitary lives, and so transform the place that no one will recognise it. At present they are waging war on the mosquitoes, running about with tins of kerosene, which they

drop into all water they see. They rush into private houses and kerosene even the pet mosquitoes. Objections are useless—Uncle Sam is rampantly enjoying himself. The republic of Panama is a joke, a farce—a poor little Comic Opera State—the Yankees have arrived to stay, and are in full bossing order.

Whether it is a sea-level canal or one with locks, the Panama Canal is now a dead certainty, and an equal certainty is a fine, healthy, wealthy city of Panama; and as years roll on the whole isthmus will gradually become more healthy, by the clearing of the swampy jungles, more populated, and a tourist-haunted ground. In the past it deserved its shockingly bad name; the future is to redeem it.

But all this should have been done by *us*, the British, and it would have been better and more honestly done than by anyone else. We have missed a great chance, thrown it away, and now can only wish the Yankees success and good luck in their enterprise; and also we must strive to mitigate the injury they mean to do our West Indian possessions if allowed, for they will, if they can, have us out of them, or, as they continually put it, we “must quit.” It is all so obvious, so very obvious, yet in the “drifting indifference” that has fallen on the British Isles no one can see it. The Americans all talk about the Phillipines as “that scorpion we have got hold of by the tail and cannot let go of.”

Finding we are to have only four days here—time to die of yellow fever—we decide on leaving our heavy baggage at the station, having been



deprived of it for a night. Not so, the polite Yankee clerks refuse to allow it to remain there, and at much expense, with much grumbling, we take it all to the hotel.

I went to interview the agents of the P.S.N. Co., and to present a letter recommending all the agents and commanders of the Company to give me good accommodation and facilitate my movements in every way, which the head office at Liverpool had kindly sent to me. I found they had already been advised of my coming, and "everything they could do for me," etc., etc.; but as I must take, not one of their boats but a South American boat, I was trotted over to the office of that company and promised "everything they could do for me," etc., etc. (a formula I was to hear very often later). I, of course, swallowed it all in real Gringo simplicity!

I went to breakfast (lunch) with Mr Mallet, the British Consul, and the mere breakfast was a treat after the horrible hotel food. Mr Mallet made a marvellous and enrapturing cocktail. I have no idea what he put in it or how many things, as it took long in making, but it was excellent. I enjoyed my breakfast and a pleasant talk. But he could not—for reasons—introduce me to Mr John Barrett, and I wanted to meet Mr John Barrett. Then unluckily he, Mr Mallet, was bound that evening for the interior on a sporting expedition, and had no chance of making me known to someone else I did want to know so much, and that was the "Liberator of Panama," the little, one-armed, thirty-year-old General Huertas. He had just arrived—I saw the arrival and reception—



GENERAL HUERTAS, PANAMA.



from a visit of a few months to Europe and the States "to study military matters." I was told £10,000 was voted him and two companion officers for their expenses—a nice pleasure trip! But there is something in General Huertas that is attractive; he has a genius or a spirit that is very interesting. I think that strange-looking, one-armed little man will yet be heard of. When I knew I was bound for Panama, I had hoped I might meet him.

Mr Mallet knows South America well; lived twenty-seven years in it. Ten years ago he proposed to the Government that we should take or buy the isthmus, when it was a matter easily done. Of course our Government never can see the nose before its face. He was at one time *Chargé d'Affaires* at Quito. I asked him if all the tales I had heard of thieving were true, that in South America everyone tried to rob you? He said that when he left Quito he had one pair of boots, and they were on his feet, and the wonder was they did not take them off his feet. Once an old woman came to him and asked him to buy a rifle and some cartridges from her husband, as, it being just after a revolution, they were not allowed to keep them. The next day the woman and her husband brought the rifle and cartridges concealed in a mattress. Mr Mallet took the rifle, stood it in a corner, and went into the adjoining room to get the money. When he came back the old couple and their mattress were gone, and gone also were his sheets, towels, and everything that could be packed into the mattress.

Coming over in the ship, some of the officers had

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told me of a company which had obtained a concession from the Colombian Government to drain a lake, to obtain the golden idols thrown into this lake by the Yncas. It seems slaves—as sacrifices, I suppose—were covered with gold dust and also thrown in, and the mud at the bottom was supposed to be impregnated with gold dust. I had often heard of one of the men—a Greek—who had formed the company, was amused at hearing of him in this new venture, and when the ship's officers told me they had been given shares in this wonderful company, I made merry over it. Mr Mallet, however, informed me that he had shares in it, that the lake was already drained, many golden idols, etc., found, and that great expectations awaited the sifting of the mud. I do not know the name of this lake or where it is, but probably it is Lake Guatavita, into which the great chief of the Chibchas, powdered all over with gold dust, plunged, this being taken as a proof that the offering thus made of his wealth was accepted by the god of the Chibcha nation. This was the true *El Dorado*, or “Man of Gold,” the treasure-seekers were for ever looking for.

Mr Mallet said I must let no one dissuade me from going to Quito, as it was well worth a visit; and amongst other advice he gave me was that, should I wish to make any return for kindness or hospitality shown me, I must make presents of tinned delicacies—sardines and such things! I could not picture myself presenting anyone with a tin of sardines! (I understood it afterwards.)

Now that Panama is a state in itself, there is, of course, a diplomatic corps, various countries

being represented by ministers. Mr John Barrett is Minister of the United States, and I believe wants to be President of Panama as well! But perhaps that is a yarn. We, however, have only our consul and vice-consul, and they must, of course, take a lower place and come behind all the "important" ministers. One cannot help thinking that Mr Mallet, with his wide experience, would make an excellent minister elsewhere, instead of rusticating as consul in Panama—where, however, he would be much missed.

With some fellow passengers I drove out one day to the Savannah, a really pretty drive, and the air was invigorating after the heat and closeness of the town. There were open vales and breezy knolls, pretty country-houses, and a view of the Gulf of Panama and the battlefield of Morgan the buccaneer, and hard by the surf-tumbled shore the ruined walls and towers of Old Panama peeped out of tropical foliage. Our driver had seen a battle here, showed us the rocks he hid behind, and where the bullets rained down, and told us how the dead lay neglected and going to dust on the Savannah till eaten by crows. We visited the country-house of the President of Panama, a small modern villa with a pretty garden. We drank cocoanut milk, ate his mangoes and other fruit, plucked his flowers and made collections of scarlet hibiscus leaves, and spent a pleasant idle hour well entertained by His Excellency's gardeners. Our driver, a West Indian nigger, was very amusing. He thought Great Britain was the mightiest Power, "but so slow," and what he said was much to the point. He told us the lands owned by old Spanish

families were often taken up by others, and the real owners let them keep it sooner than go to law and lose all their money.

Old Panama—now in ruins and buried in a tropical jungle—is about  $4\frac{1}{2}$  miles from the modern city. It was founded in 1518 by Pedrarias Davila, and was the oldest European city in South America, for Panama was considered South America; and it was famous for its wealth and treasure. It had a cathedral, several churches, many monasteries, great warehouses, a hospital, a Genoese chamber of commerce, and many very fine private houses. The Spanish Viceroy and his court lived in great splendour. Morgan the buccaneer destroyed it all. Do you remember the fascinating tales one read as a child of the pirates of the Spanish Main, of the bold buccaneers—and here we were on the very spot of some of their famous or infamous doings! Meat cooked on a wooden grate at a distance over the fire was called *boucan*; and the hunters who used it in this way came to be called *boucaniers*, which the English called buccaneers.

Henry Morgan was a Welshman—Taffy was a Welshman, Taffy was a thief—the son of a respectable yeoman. He ran away to sea, was sold into slavery in Barbadoes, escaped or was set free, joined the buccaneers, and eventually became their leader. With 9 ships and 460 followers he assaulted and captured the stronghold of Porto Bello on the Atlantic coast, he and his men behaving with great cruelty and brutality, the town being given up to fire and sword, rapine and murder. People were tortured to make them reveal the whereabouts of

buried treasure. Eventually, laden with gold and costly booty, the buccaneers returned to their ships. The fame of Morgan's exploit spread, and brought countless reckless adventurers of all nationalities to join his standard, and at one time he commanded 37 ships and 2000 fighting men.

In 1617, after capturing and garrisoning the castle of Chagres, Morgan advanced on Old Panama, and after terrible hardships, many of his men dying of starvation—though they ate their leather boots—he came face to face with the Spaniards outside the walls of Panama on the beautiful Savannah, and engaged in a terrific battle, the result of which was the buccaneers found themselves masters of the town. A great conflagration broke out, which destroyed the greater part of the town. The inhabitants who fled to the hills and forests were pursued and massacred, whilst their women fell to the share of the pirates. Shocking deeds were done. Morgan and his men returned to Chagres for the division of the spoil, and here Morgan, seizing for himself the greater part of the treasure, and accompanied by a few ships manned entirely by Englishmen, set sail secretly for Jamaica, leaving his French and other followers behind destitute, and deprived of everything. Some of these ships are supposed to have carried their treasure to desert isles, where it was buried, and yet awaits the hand of the discoverer. Under the walls of Old Panama there is supposed to be still much treasure—gold and silver vessels, etc., from the cathedral—buried, though it has been looked for in vain. Morgan himself, by the power of his ill-gotten gold, was knighted by King Charles II.,



became Captain Sir Henry Morgan, was appointed Deputy-Governor of Jamaica, but subsequently fell into disgrace and spent many years in prison. Where he died, and how, I know not. His life was a romance, but his career was a cruel and wicked one, stained with shocking deeds of bloodshed and cruelty.

On the destruction of Old Panama, a new city was built by the Spaniards on the present site. Next to Carthagena it was the strongest fortress in South America, and was famed in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries for its fortifications. The granite ramparts were in places 40 feet high and 60 feet broad. The cathedral, which faces on the Plaza, was built in 1760, restored in 1876, but much injured by the earthquake of 1882. The Plaza is now a well-laid-out garden, and it is not the only plaza in the town. Undoubtedly, Panama will one day be a beautiful and pleasant town, and is already a much better place than its bad name would allow one to expect.

The idea of a canal joining the two oceans is an old one. At Nuremburg in the town library is a globe made by John Schöner in 1520, and on this globe a canal crossing the isthmus is shown; and also in the same year Angel Saavedra made a proposition for such a canal. In 1550 Antonio Galvãa proposed four alternative routes, one of which was across the Panama Isthmus. The Spanish Cortes in 1814 ordered the viceroy to undertake the work of piercing the Isthmus of Tehuantepec, but the War of Independence stopped the idea, and though later, in 1842, José de Garny obtained a concession for the making of a canal,



RUINS OF OLD PANAMA.



nothing was done. Many surveys were made at different times.

The railway which was to aid the canal was completed in 1855 by an American company, whose engineers rejoiced in the extraordinary names of Totten and Trautwine—which sounds like something to eat! In 1876 Lieutenant Lucien Napoleon Bonaparte-Wyse and others were sent out, under the auspices of General Türr, brother-in-law of Wyse, as a result of a discussion in the *Congrès de Sciences Géographiques* at Paris, 1875; and, in 1879, M. de Lesseps put in an appearance, and the first meeting of his company was held in 1881. The capital at that time deemed necessary was six hundred million francs. The Panama scandals are of recent date, and it is idle now to enter into details of the blunders and mistakes, the reckless waste of lives and money—thousands of lives thrown away and millions of money; ruined lives and deserted homes; all cast into those stagnant fever-stricken swamps. Colombian concessions apparently count for nothing, since Panama has now gained independence from Colombia (from Colombia!) and is a republican state in itself. The Yankees have taken over all French interests and are “bossing the whole show,” and will eventually bring the long-looked-for project to a successful termination. The Nicaraguan Canal scheme does not now assume the same importance in American eyes—yet it is extremely probable that some day the Nicaraguan Canal may also be built, and also that from the Gulf of Darien by the Atrato River to its outlet at Cupica Bay on the Pacific, or possibly by the joining of the Atrato and San



Juan rivers by a cutting only a mile long, when the Pacific outlet would be just north of Buena-ventura.

This latter Ocean Highway I hope and pray may one day be completed as a purely British undertaking. If Colombia were wise, if she wishes to remain a state, let her, whilst there is time, grant a concession for this object, and her safety will lie in its being a British concern.

The delta of the Atrato River in the Gulf of Darien is silting up on account of the amount of alluvial matter brought down by that river, but channels could always be kept open. The Atrato has a navigable course of 400 miles; a canal 1 mile long would join it to the San Juan, which with its affluents has a navigable course of 300 miles. Its delta on the Pacific has also a shifting bar, but that is a difficulty to be overcome. This scheme has been estimated to cost £11,000,000. Colombia is a marvellous country I long to see. The great Magdalena River is the fourth great river of South America, is 1000 miles long, and navigable for 830 miles with a break of 20 miles at the rapids, where the upper and lower courses are, I believe, connected by a railway under English management. The drainage area of the Magdalena is 8000 square miles greater than the total area of England, Scotland, and Wales; and it is joined by over 500 affluents. It is fascinating to think what all this means in the far future, and of the millions of people who are one day to dwell there—but the Magdalena, the Orinoco, and the Amazon are the highways to unoccupied, almost unexplored, areas, one day to come under the dominion of the white

man — but what white man, what nationality or combination of nationalities is to be paramount there? Always this great problem. Who knows but it may be the yellow man and not the white man?

The distance from Colon to Panama is 45 miles, and it is supposed that, towed at the rate of 5 miles an hour, ships will pass through the canal in 10 hours. By the Nicaraguan Canal it would take about 45 hours. This is supposing it was a sea-level canal. Ships, especially the enormous modern liners, could only go through slowly, on account of the displacement of water. Already many envious eyes are fixed on the lands and islands neighbouring the canal, and of these islands probably the most desirable is Coiba, which is large, well watered, fertile, has good anchorages, and will be of great importance when the canal is completed. Germany's ambition and attempt to obtain possession of this or a neighbouring isle has been frustrated. Poor Germany! She is always putting out fingers in vain endeavours to get a hold somewhere, and with no result. The day is, however, not far off, when her attempt to get a hold somewhere will result in a mighty and permanent grab.

But whatever the Yankees think, and however much they may talk of their Munroe Doctrine, they are not going to have things all their own way. We shall not always have governments in Great Britain which cannot see beyond the shores of that small isle, for it may be we have one day a really Imperial Government realising what Empire means, and that even the people of Britain may wake up

to that knowledge as the people of Greater Britain have done. The day is not yet. It may be it comes too late.

As long ago as 1698, William Paterson founded a Scottish Colony at Puerto Escoces (Scotch Point) in Caledonia Bay. Let the Scottish people combine to extend and perpetuate their influence, and, once in, who can get them out? Neither Jew nor Yankee. Let them refound that Scottish Colony, say I.

In the evenings here I visited the two plazas, which were always full of over-dressed people, or took walks on the sea-wall, where are some guns, and from whence pretty views are obtained of the bay and islands. Near by are the barracks for "the army," which consists of 200 men.

The famous Panama hats are, it seems, not made here at all, but in Ecuador and Peru, and a good one costs a great many pounds, and becomes a family heirloom. Those so-called Panamas we buy and wear in England are made in Paris, and the "good ones" we pay a guinea for are said to be worth one shilling and sixpence each. What a profit someone must make. It is so annoying to think that Joan of Arc was never burnt as a witch, that Napoleon was a myth, and that Panama never makes a hat—life is full of disappointments.

There is good shooting to be obtained inland; very fair bags of partridges and wild duck may be got. I should not at all mind spending a longer time here, despite all the much-talked-about horrors of Panama. It is amusing here to see them turning up hands and eyes in disgust at



FORT AT PUERTO BELLO, PANAMA.





the name of Guayaquil, the Ecuadoran port for which I am bound! The pot calls the kettle black!

Many of the churches are good examples of the Spanish style, with their quaint Moorish towers, and it is always a picturesque and imposing style. The interiors are overloaded with ornament. The cathedral towers are covered with a hard cement, inlaid with pearl-shells—I cannot say I admire this sort of shell ornamentation. Many of the churches are connected by subterranean passages with the old ramparts and great sea wall, probably as means of escape in former troublous times. The sea-wall is undermined by the sea, and great masses of masonry have fallen from it. They were really marvellous builders these wonderful Spaniards of long ago. The church of San Domingo, in ruins since the great fire of 1737, and clothed in vegetation, is noted as having been the work of the hands of the monks of St Dominic themselves, and its great heavy square “arch” still existing is supposed to be unique.

Near this hotel is the Bishop's Palace, and from my window I can see into his, and wondered why so many ladies seemed to inhabit it; but I learn that it is a large building in which many people have their dwelling, the Bishop using only one part. It is quite a handsome building.

The people here have not a good reputation, which is not surprising in a place where much riff-raff of many lands is stranded; but it is quiet and orderly enough to the casual eye.

It is very beautiful, this calm Gulf of Panama, with its pleasant wooded islands, great resorts for

picnics from the city. Flamengo is also called Dead Man's Island, as it contains a large cemetery full of yellow fever victims. Eighty of the officers and crew of the U.S. ship *Jamestown*, who died of yellow fever, are interred in it and have a monument to their memory. Their ship was sent for ten years to the North Pacific and after that to Hawaii, and on going to the latter tropical clime the yellow fever microbes were restored to vitality again and at once recommenced their fatal work.

Tobago, El Moro, and Tobogoquilla are all near each other, the two first being joined at low water. Tobago is very pretty and interesting, is a pleasure resort, has a town and villages, and is famous for its pineapples. It was formerly the port of Panama. It swarms with land-crabs, which at a certain season, that of Easter, came down from the hills to deposit their eggs on the seashore, but are locally believed to be of a religious turn of mind and bent on joining in the religious processions on Good Friday. The iguanas which abound are considered good eating by the natives, and the women cut holes in them to extract the strings of eggs, which they dry and devour; the iguana continuing its life till its own turn comes. What it thinks about it all no one has told me. Natives in all countries where iguanas abound consider them good eating. Personally they give me the creeps, and when riding through the Australian forests one saw a great huge brute, like a dragon, hanging its loathsome head down as it clung to a tree and moaning and hissing at you, cold shivers used to go down my back; and those ones we called "blood-suckers," which chased you at great speed through



the grass, really terrified me, there was something so malignant about them.

On El Moro the P.S.N. Co. once had their works, till they removed to Callao, and at El Moro all their employees were Scotsmen—seven hundred of them. In either El Moro or Tobago there is a sea cave of great extent "full of hidden treasure"—of course! Paterson, the founder of the Bank of England, who two hundred years ago or more founded "New Edinburgh" on the Isthmus of Darien, had ambitious ideas; but the 1800 Scotsmen he brought there as colonists were in fifteen months reduced to 300, and drifted away through illness and Spanish opposition.

About 40 miles further down the gulf are the Pearl Islands, so famous for their pearls. On them are some interesting, perhaps prehistoric ruins, and they were the scene of all those exciting yarns one used to read about of desperate fights between the native divers and the sharks. On one of them grows much of the *pita* grass, which is like thread, very fine and strong, and which is used for a good quality of the so-called Panama hats, which are not made in Panama at all.

GUAYAQUIL, ECUADOR,  
*Sept. 14th, 1904.*

This is the principal port of the republic of Ecuador, and has 51,000 inhabitants—or says it has.

Ecuador became a republic in 1830, and has now a population of about 1,270,000. There are

more full-blooded Indians in it than in any of the other South American countries, though a large number of the families of Spanish descent have an admixture of Indian blood. In the interior the Quichuan tongue is universal. In the province of the Oriente, that part of the country which slopes towards the Amazon basin, and a great part of which is unexplored, many of the Indians belong to the uncivilised tribes which were unconquered by the Spaniards. The rivers Tigre and Napo flow through the Oriente, and a great part of the country they drain is subjected to a heavy rainfall, is at times a perfect quagmire from which rise enormously high trees matted together with llanos and draped with hanging moss. Here dwell the Aucas or uncivilised Indians. The Jivaros, one of these tribes, rose in 1599 and destroyed all the Spanish settlements. These are the people who reduce human heads by some process to the size of a small orange—a practice now forbidden.

The sea-board here is hot and dry; the inland plateau temperate and somewhat arid; the *montaña* hot and moist. The Esmeraldas River is only navigable for a short distance; but the river Guayas here, a mile and a half wide at Guayaquil, is an important waterway, and is formed by the junction of the Chimbo, Daule, and Babahoyo rivers. The Guayaquil Estuary is the largest inlet on the Pacific Coast.

The Quitus were the early inhabitants of Quito, as the whole country was called. The Caras came from Peru, conquered them and founded a dynasty, the fifteenth monarch of which was defeated in battle by the Ynca emperor in 1487. Quito was

then kept as a separate state until it fell to the Spanish conquerors. According to Velasco, who wrote in 1789, it was in A.D. 980 that the Caras conquered the country. Their religion was that of the Sun and Moon, and they built a temple on the height known as the Panecillo at Quito, which had two columns before its eastern door for observing the solstices; and on one side of the temple twelve pillars, as gnomons to point out by their order the first day of each month. Near by was a temple of the Moon. The chiefs were called *Scyris*, and there were about fifteen in four hundred years. Hualcopo Duchicala, fourteenth *Scyri*, succeeded in 1430, and reigned thirty-three years. He built a palace in the plain of Callo, which was rebuilt by the Ynca Huayna Ccapac, and of which some fragments are left. The Ynca consolidated his conquests, and returned to Cuzco in 1460. The *Scyri* Hualcopo died of grief in 1463, and his son Cacha succeeding him continued hostilities, but was mortally wounded in battle. The great emerald the *Scyri* wore as a badge of sovereignty was fixed by the conquering Ynca in his *llauta*, the royal fringe he wore on his head; he married Queen Paccha of Quitu, and so settled it. Some say Paccha was only his concubine, but in any case she was the mother of the Ynca Atahualpa, who was killed by the conqueror Pizarro at Caxamalca near Cuzco. Huayna Ccapac was the one of whom it is said that he never refused a woman, old or young, anything she asked—so perhaps it was leap-year and Paccha proposed. Of the descendants of the old royal House of Quito all were lost in the great earthquake at Cacha, except one, Doña Maria Duchicela,

who escaped, was educated at Riobamba, and had the estate of Yaruquias. She left no descendants, erected an asylum for children at Quito, and dying at a great age in 1700, the old Quitonian royal race became extinct.

Gonzalo Pizarro was the first governor of the province in 1540, the present town of Quito having been founded by Benalcazar in 1534, and in the following year he founded this place, Guayaquil.

Quizquiz, an officer of Atahualpa's and in command of the army of Quito, was attacked by Almagro with the aid of the subject Ynca Manco, and defeated, and fled to the high plains of Quito, where he held out for some time. Meanwhile, to the rage of Pizarro, had arrived Don Pedro de Alvarado, who had served under Cortés in Mexico, and he, with his army of 500 and ambitious for distinction, set out to march for Quito; but by the time he reached Riobamba the greater part of his force had perished from hunger and hardship, augmented by the great eruption of Cotopaxi, which devastated the country; and after this famous and terrible march he saw Spaniards had been before him, for Pizarro had dispatched Benalcazar to San Miguel, but he, like Alvarado, set out instead for Quito, gained a victory, and planted the flag of Castile at the city he named San Francisco del Quito. Meanwhile Almagro had gone to San Miguel, found Benalcazar gone, and he set out after him in a hurry. Eventually he, Benalcazar and Alvarado all met at Riobamba and came to an agreement, and later Benalcazar was appointed Governor of Quito; but in 1540 Francisco Pizarro appointed his brother Gonzalo



as Governor of the Territory of Quito, and the latter set out with a force of 350 Spaniards—150 of whom were mounted—and 4000 Indians, a large stock of provisions, and a huge herd of swine. He was to explore the unknown country to the east of Quito. For months they endured heat, cold, all the horrors of famine, got entangled in the terrible forests, where they had to cut their way with axes, lost their clothes, went naked save for leaves, ate their dogs when all else failed, and were reduced after that to herbs and roots. They came to the Napo, managed to cross it and go along it, devouring what horses, saddles, and belts were left. They managed to make a boat, and Orellana and fifty of them embarked and set off down stream in hope of finding provisions, the others waiting their return; but after waiting weeks, they set out and came in two months to where the Napo enters the Amazon, and there they found a white man wandering in the woods, and found he was one of Orellana's party, and he related that that person had gone on down the river to the sea—and Orellana reached the sea, and eventually Spain—abandoning him, as he had opposed this desertion of Gonzalo Pizarro and his men. They had been now a year on their journey, were at least 400 leagues from Quito; yet Gonzalo and his followers turned back, refaced all the sufferings they knew they must go through, and eventually, naked and starving, arrived at Quito. It is a tale of incredible bravery and incredible sufferings. Such were the early days of Spanish rule. At this day the country traversed by Gonzalo Pizarro and his followers is in very

much the same state, and they say that great parts of it remain unexplored. Meanwhile Francesco Pizarro, the great conqueror, had been assassinated at Lima (1541). Later Gonzalo went to Lima and Cuzco, and withdrew to his silver mine at Potosi, whence he was later to emerge again in active participation in stirring events and become Governor and Captain-General of Peru—but that is all part of the history of Spanish dominion in South America, and I must not yarn more about it. As conqueror he was again in Quito in 1546, to leave it to make a triumphal entry into Lima, the archbishop of that place, and the bishops of Cuzco, Quito, and Bogotá at his side, to take up his residence in his murdered brother's palace as undisputed master of the Spanish possessions, tempted indeed to throw off all allegiance to Spain and proclaim himself an independent sovereign, and a nice state Spain was in when she heard all this. The emperor, therefore, sent out Pedro de la Gasca, with full powers as President of the Spanish Audience to do as he pleased. Pizarro broke into open rebellion, and after many stirring events was defeated in battle, and at Cuzco surrendered himself as a prisoner into the hands of de la Gasca; and when sentence had been pronounced on him, rode to the scaffold clothed in yellow velvet and gold, and was there beheaded. His body was laid in the chapel of the convent of Our Lady of Mercy at Cuzco, whilst his head was taken to Lima, placed in a cage, and labelled traitor. His name, as that of his great brother, is part of the heritage of Ecuador.

Then came the reign of the viceroys and



Spanish tyranny, whilst all these lands were shut to all but Spaniards, and Spanish officials were given all the good places over the heads of the colonial-born inhabitants, and all discontent was suppressed with a strong hand. When the days of Napoleon came and the South American Spaniards found themselves under the changing rule of Charles IV., Joseph Bonaparte, "King of Spain," and Ferdinand VII., they began to think they might as well set up for themselves, and the first revolutionary outbreak occurred at Quito in 1809. Though suppressed, it was the beginning of the end. Spain tried to reverse her policy; it was too late. South America found her Napoleon or Washington in Simon Bolivar.

In 1821 Bolivar became President of Colombia. He determined to free Ecuador, and in 1822 was fought the battle of Pichincha, and Bolivar, entering Quito, set it free from Spanish rule, though it was not till 1830 that Ecuador became an independent republic; since when hers has been the usual history of continual revolutions and disquiet. Garcia Moreno, one of her most enlightened presidents, was assassinated in 1875.

The term of each president is four years. He has in that time to line the pockets of his supporters and his own; to exile, imprison, or defeat his opponents in the field of battle; and when they put him out of office, or he succeeds in holding out till his term is up, then he and his adherents have to try and get back again. Broadly speaking, that is what happens.

General Plaza is at present in power, and his—a peaceful term—is nearly up. (He was suc-

ceeded by President Garcia, but he did not last long ; and now it is President Alfaro, who has three very charming daughters, I am told, Esmeralda, Colombia, and America ! Two are unmarried—but it seems a bold thing to aspire to the hand of America !)

Now I had better return to my own poor little affairs after this vain attempt at giving the exciting and interesting history of these countries in a letter.

I left Panama on a Thursday morning, and arrived here on a Monday morning. At Panama we took the train to Porta la Bocca (the mouth of the canal), to board the South American boat, the *Loa*. At the station of Panama was a singularly impudent, ill-mannered Yankee clerk—how we all regretted we did not “pull his nose,” he so deserved it ! All the arrangements for embarking were bad and the luggage nearly left behind. I had a special letter to the captain, but did not present it. He was a Swede, and perhaps his bark was worse than his bite.

The *Loa* is a good enough boat. All the cabins opened on to the deck. This system has advantages and disadvantages. Dressing, one must keep the door and window closed ; but it is pleasant to be able to sit at one’s door in one’s cabin and yet be in the fresh air. The air, however, is not always fresh, as live stock is carried on board on the lower deck, and the smells from the animals are at times overpowering. The South American passengers revelled in seeing an animal killed, and every morning drank cupfuls of blood from its severed throat.

It is necessary always to keep your cabin door locked, and for the key you pay the steward two dollars, which are returned to you when you leave—or supposed to be! I, however, locked up nothing, left my door open, and lost nothing. I used to go to the cabin after every meal to see what had been stolen, and felt quite injured nothing was gone. The Chilian crew were the most animal-like, treacherous, and murderous-looking lot I have ever seen. The food was abominable, but apparently appreciated by the other passengers. The captain always brought his cat to table.

We lay hours in the Bay of Panama, off the islands, ere we sailed, waiting for some priests and nuns. There was a young American couple with a dying child—for which the doctor of the boat they came in from the States had ordered hard-boiled eggs—and they told me they had travelled to Panama with General Huescar, and liked him.

It was on one of the coast boats, but one of the P.S.N. ones, that occurred that curious incident of the snake Mr Whympers tells about in his book (the officer to whom it happened told me about it himself, but I cannot remember who he was or where I met him), which caused the P.S.N. to prohibit live snakes as passengers for the future. A live specimen of the hooded viper was procured for Whympers by the consul at Guayaquil, and dispatched by steamboat in a box, which box was placed in one of the boats. One morning the officer going on the bridge noticed the iron stanchions to be quite alive, and found them encircled by a multitude of baby vipers to which the interesting lady in the box had just given birth,

thirty-six of them at a go. One of these small creatures bit him on the arm with such bad effect that he nearly died, and was long ill from the poison. Naturally, the mother went overboard at once. How pleasant if she had arrived in England and given birth to these interesting little colonists there! What can snakes be invented for? *Dios sabe!*

The weather was warm, with an occasional cool breeze. One day we saw thousands of dolphins, numbers of a large flat fish which turned a double somersault out of the water, and several whales; and I saw what I had never seen before in my many voyages, and that was a terrific fight between a thresher and a whale, which took place quite near the ship. The thresher kept springing out of the water and descending with great force on its opponent; it was a fine battle amidst clouds of spray and foam. The passengers were not so interesting as the whales, and by no means attractive.

On the Monday morning, a close and hazy day, we anchored off Puna Island in the Gulf of Guayaquil, where is the quarantine station for the medical inspection. One could not but regard that island with interest, on account of its connection with the conquerors. Being assembled in the music saloon, we all had to answer to our names, and there were subdued smiles when a certain Señora S——, who occupied one cabin with Señor S——, had to give her own name as Señorita D——! Shocking, was it not? And the naughty creature was good-looking, refined, and modest! Don Rafael Elizalde was also on board; he



belongs to one of the good old families here, and is bound for Quito.

The Rio Grande or Guayas River is broad, with a very rapid current. The banks are low and thickly wooded, with here and there a slight eminence or open space decked with a house or *hacienda*, with herds of cows and horses meandering about. It is pretty in a tame way, and of course we regarded it all with interest. An alligator swam across the river in front of the *Loa*, so as to give a touch of local colour! It reminded me of the Rockhampton River in Queensland, where a stuffed alligator slept naturally and peacefully on the bank for the passengers to shoot at; but the Ecuadorans are not so enterprising as the Australians. I remember, in coming through the Rockies in the Canadian Pacific Railway, how much one missed not seeing a few sham Indians and bears posted amongst those monotonous forest-clad mountains—people ought to think of those things. You see, one could kodak them from the train, and they would make nice pictures.

No one on the boat had been to Quito, and all information was lacking; but of course every one tried to prevent me landing at Guayaquil—the malaria, the yellow fever, and countless other illnesses awaited me; then, as to going alone into the interior with my Spanish phrase-book for sole companion, it was out of the question. Sorry, I said, but I'm going all the same. Even the Ecuadorans on board could tell me nothing.

How eagerly I looked for a glimpse of the mighty mountain of Chimborazo, but it is seldom visible from here save once in a month or so.

Guayaquil presents a long frontage to the river, with the towers of the cathedral and two churches looming above it and hills beyond. On the other side of the river is Duran, where one gets the railway for the interior; it is said to have a number of inhabitants; but the river is here a mile and a half broad, and one sees little of that town.

I landed about 10 A.M. in a small boat, with my piles of baggage, and J. Montgomerie, a good-natured countryman, as interpreter. In the custom-house all my baggage was opened, I was detained two hours, and paid various sums for wharfage and other dues, and then had to pay the boatman 30s. for taking my things to the "Grand Hotel Victoria," two minutes' walk or so. As M. had to leave for the south by the boat the same day, we explored the town at once. It is built along the bank of the river, which, though broad, has very muddy, shallow banks at low tide. The principal buildings, including my hotel and another, the "Hotel de Paris," are on the Maleçon, facing the river. It is situated on flat, low ground, and the back of the town is literally in a swamp; houses of negroes standing on piles in the mud, which, as you can imagine, is most unpleasant underneath them. Some of the streets are broad and planted with trees, though often badly or only partially paved; and the houses are not only imposing and pretentious and often quite pretty, but terrible shams. Most are built of bamboo and plaster, with closed-in balconies, all painted elaborately in imitation of marble. Here is a pink marble Italian palace with white marble pillars and flowers on the balconies—but they forgot to



paint the end wall, which rather gives it away—and you can stick your fingers through the marble. Next comes a pale green marble mansion with white marble “dressings,” very fresh and pretty, and enlivened by palms and scarlet flowers. Indeed, these sham marble palaces are all fresh and pretty, and the effect is good. The pillars supporting the balconies above and forming cool arcades along the streets are of corrugated iron, but also painted as marble. The paving of the streets is good for a few yards, then suddenly there is a hole or quagmire or some other trap for the unwary.

The cathedral is quite imposing; but it is all of wood decorated inside and outside in the Empire style, all sham painting, and inside there is even a throne and grandly draped curtains painted on the wall! A pretty, well-kept garden with beautiful trees faces it, with a good statue of Bolivar in the centre. There are other churches, also pretty, in this painted style. They look cool and fresh, a great thing here. The inhabitants appear to be of all shades and colours, and are very dressy indeed. The young men favour black, white vests, and pointed patent-leather shoes. The ladies go to church with black *mantillas* and faces painted red and white, except the neck and behind the ears, which are generally brown. In the evenings they break out into Paris frocks, pale blue, pale pink and white being in great favour. The Maleçon abounds in niggers from the West Indies, who are either British subjects or American citizens, according to the best chance of getting out of the particular trouble they are in at the moment, and they always

are in trouble. They are amusing, but also assertive and impudent.

My room in the hotel is large, with an ante-room or balcony from whence I can survey the life of the street and river-front below. A hammock is slung across the room, and I soon learnt its use. The door has to be kept locked always, for if I sit out on the balcony landing-place leaving it open, everyone who comes upstairs goes right in and examines my belongings, and they are not in the least put out when I use the handiest phrase in my Spanish book on them. I discovered a bathroom, and the first morning sallied forth in glee, undressed and got into the bath, turned on all the taps and pulled the shower-bath string, with no result whatever ; so had to dress again, and stupid people commented on the warmth of my language as I returned to my own domain. The food, however, is horrid, as is all Spanish cookery, though a little fruit is obtainable.

The life of the streets interests me, as it is varied, and the white duck clothes look cool. Then picturesque men in coloured *ponchos* stride about, or vain-looking *caballeros* on pacing steeds with silver-knobbed bridles clatter by, and the niggers are never silent and never still. There are open-air cafés, giving it quite a Parisian tone. (Paris to an Ecuadoran is simply Heaven !) Altogether I find Guayaquil better than its very bad name, though I don't pretend it is a sanitary or healthy town—far from it. (I was to learn that it is much cleaner and much better kept than most of the miserable Pacific Coast towns further south, and altogether preferable.)

There are signs of dilapidation and disaster everywhere, as the town has been frequently burnt, and fires are of almost daily occurrence. Naturally the gimcrack marble palaces burn like paper. It is very hot, the sun blazing down fiercely. There are no chimneys or fireplaces so far as I can see.

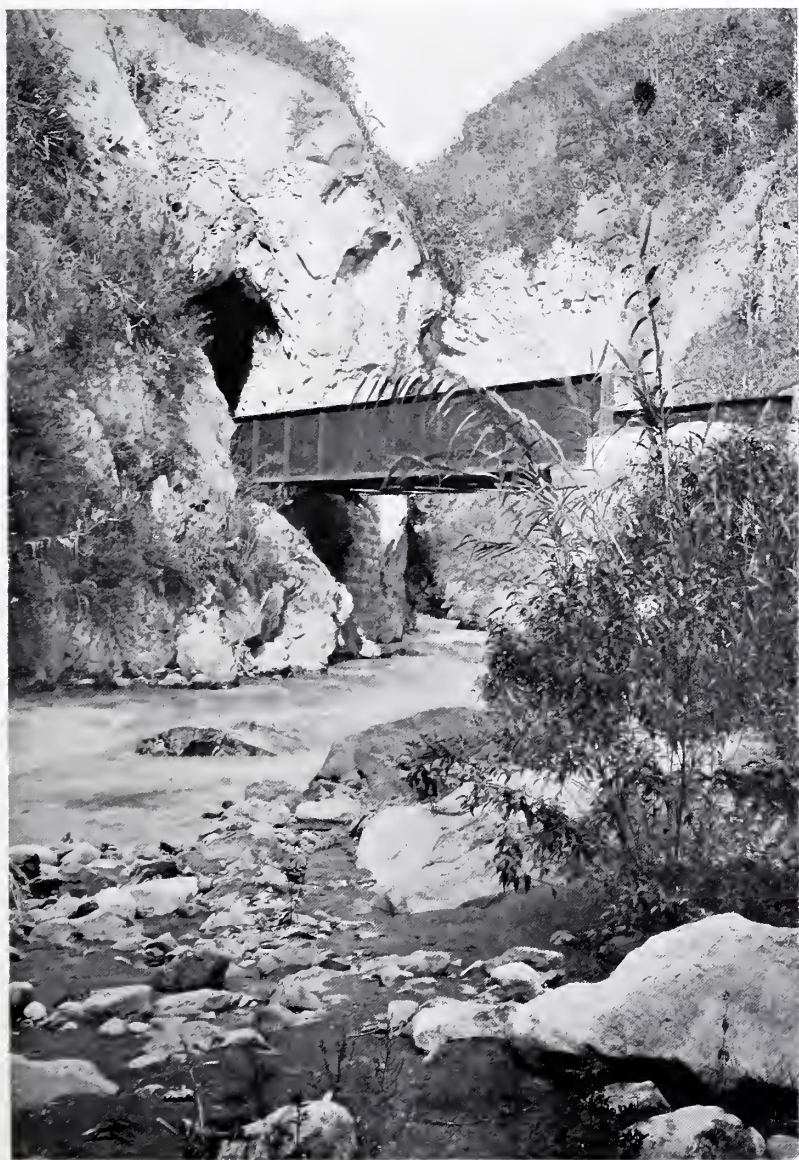
In the morning after I arrived, Mr Cartwright, the British Consul, called on me. He has been over thirty years in Guayaquil, has a large business here, and is agent for both the P.S.N. and South American Steamship companies. He took me to the Club de la Union, and put me down as a member, and introduced me to a cocktail. It is quite a good club—and is not the only one—and has amongst other attractions a good ballroom. Then we adjourned to a café where he and several of the British colony meet daily for their morning whisky and soda. There I met Mr N—— and Mr W——, local personages. None of them would hear of Guayaquil being such a death-trap as it is said to be, and as they have lived here many years and survived everything—on a bottle of whisky a day—it cannot be so black as it is painted. But alas! a “rare occurrence” has just taken place. An English yacht, the *Cavalier*, with her owner, Colonel Maude, on board has just been in; her captain promptly got yellow fever, and died ere he reached Panama. They say here he brought it with him from Panama, for everyone of these unhealthy, unsanitary seaports vows that illness is non-existent save in the other ports. Panama faints at the name of Guayaquil, and Guayaquil says Panama is a mere charnel-house, and “no better than she ought to be.”

At the club I read in the papers of another massacre by the savage cannibals in German New Guinea, the Catholic Mission being almost exterminated; and this was sad news for me, when I thought of the bishop and his coadjutors in their enterprising settlement, and of the kind hospitality I had enjoyed there—and those poor nuns, some of them British—and the little children!

I dined at the British Consulate to meet Mrs Cartwright, her daughters, and one or two English, also a young German engaged to (and since married to) one of the Miss Cartwrights. The *patio* is full of orchids and palms and many birds in cages. Everyone most kind, and Mr Cartwright gave me local photographs taken by himself, alligators' teeth, and an ivory vegetable nut. The young ladies played a duet from Tannhäuser whilst the German conducted. I was not pleased at the anything but imperialistic ideas of my fellow-countrymen there, and said so. Mr Wheeler, who was there, hailed from South Africa, and was half a Boer, I think, by birth and sentiment. Let us hope "he will amend in time coming."

Mr Cartwright showed me his cocoa sheds, where the cocoa nibs were drying and being packed. Many are spread out in the streets to dry. He introduced me to a pleasant Englishman, Mr Higgins, who is consul for—I think—Chile, France, and Spain, and he amused me with the story of an author writing a book about the country, who was soliciting subscriptions and calling on the consuls, for Spain, France, and Chile was dumb-founded to find them represented by one man, or





GUAYAQUIL AND QUITO RAILWAY.





as Mr Higgins put it, found the Trinity or Three in One!

Mr Cartwright despatched my letters of introduction for the interior for me, and insisted on telegraphing to Quito and elsewhere, and is very kind in every way.

But when I came to make inquiries as to how to get to Quito, I could obtain little or no information. No one seems to have been there, and I soon discovered that Guayaquil, as the port and the business place of the country, is very jealous of the famous inland capital. They don't appreciate the Guayaquil and Quito Railway, and there are many stories anent it. They would like this to be the capital, and ignore Quito; but it does seem strange to me that Mr Cartwright has been here for thirty years, and others nearly as long, and they have never been to Quito, or indeed in the interior at all. There are very few British subjects—leaving out niggers—here or in the country; perhaps a dozen all told here, if that, and they tell me there is *one* in Quito, and “he is only a Scotchman.”

I go by train from Duran for a day, and at Colta, the present terminus of the railway, I find “two new hotels,” and coaches do the rest of the journey to Quito. I can take all my baggage. This is all I can glean, and it seems very simple. So I have got my train ticket to Colta, and have booked my seat by coach for Quito. I want to leave a large trunk at the hotel here; but everyone is doubtful if I dare do that, and none of them think I shall see it again if I do. I shall risk it.

I have so often read and heard such tales of the

famous road to Quito, of its difficulties and discomforts, and have seen pictures of it and the famous *camelones*, and it has been regarded as the most trying road in the world. Formerly it took over two weeks of hard travelling on mule-back, but the railway has altered all that. Mrs Beauchlerk, wife of H.M.'s Minister to Peru, Bolivia, and Ecuador, told me about the official journey she and her husband made to Quito, and though she is a famous traveller, and they naturally travelled with as much "state and comfort" as was possible, yet it seemed quite an undertaking. They had an escort of soldiers, and one morning soldiers and baggage-mules disappeared and were heard of no more! Then Mrs Beauchlerk made the greater part of her journey on foot or in a litter carried by Indians, the journey being then much as Whympers describes it in his *Travels amongst the Great Andes of the Equator*. When she remarked I could yet see the *camelones*, I asked what sort of animals they were, and if they had horns! They really are mule paths, puddles, and stairways.

QUITO, ECUADOR,  
Sept. 22nd, 1904.

After a few days at Guayaquil I got up early one morning, Mr Wheeler kindly coming to see me off and bringing his boy (Indian servants are always called boys) to get my luggage on to the ferry-boat for Duran, on the opposite side of the river; the boat left at 6.30 A.M. On reaching Duran, I at once boarded the waiting train, and

started with pleasurable excitement on my journey to Quito. For years and years I had looked at it on the map with longing eyes, and at last I was bound for it. The train consisted of two cars, seated in American fashion, and at the start was very full. Luckily for me I found Mr Morley, whom I had met in Guayaquil, on the train. He is by birth a New Zealander, and a British subject, though living here and having an American wife, and is treasurer of this railway, and owns a *hacienda*, and the hotel at Huigra on the line. He pointed out all that was to be seen, gave me much information, and made the time pass pleasantly.

The railway is, of course, *the* event of Ecuadoran history, and great is the controversy over it. In Guayaquil you hear little good of it—but we all know there are two sides to a question. It was for a time a French syndicate that had to do with it; now, I understand, that most of the capital is British and especially Scottish, but it is practically an American concern, and is to be a link in the great trans-continental line, which is to traverse and join the North and South American continents some day. Now that the Yankees have got Panama, as they have, they mean to have Venezuela, Colombia, and Ecuador, or, at least, they are to be within their “sphere of influence.” Consequently every detail concerning this railway goes to Washington. The line is “bossed” by one family, the Harmans, an old Virginian family, I think. The “head boss,” is Mr Archer Harman, its “brains and sinews”; his brother, Major Harman is manager of the line; another Harman is in charge at Duran, and Mr Kenton Harman, a

nephew I think of Mr Archer Harman, is traffic manager. One hears them called "the Harman Gang," and some are against them, some for them. It seems to me that they are having a very hard fight of it to get their railway built, and have much to contend with. Undoubtedly, Guayaquil stories must be taken with a grain of salt, so great is the jealousy there, and one can easily understand how the forcibly energetic ways of the Americans are unpalatable to the children of this Land of Tomorrow. Mr Archer Harman is away in the Galapagos Islands at present. The railway will make a revolution in Ecuador and open up the country. The contract made with the Ecuadoran Government by this railway is, I hear, somewhat of a curiosity, and has given rise to differences of opinion. Amongst other things, it empowers the company to "use the roads of Ecuador" as they see fit. There was practically only one road, the famous road to Quito, so they have built the line along it where it suited them, destroying the road, and thereby forcing the people to use the railway. This road to Quito has been the only outlet from the interior; all goods of every description had to be and still have to be carried on mule-back or by Indians by this route from or to the coast level through the great mountains. The journey formerly took about two weeks for travellers, more or less according to where they came from or went to, and for the goods in transit, months sometimes go by ere they arrive at Quito, if they arrive at all. The railway of course has changed all that, but the same conditions prevail from its terminus to-day. The Ecuadorans were perhaps "done" over the



railway, but at the same time the railway has had to deal with and contend against shady governments composed of unscrupulous and very ignorant members, whose one idea of keeping a bargain is getting out of it. The "stations" so far on the line are Duran, Taguachi, Chobo, Matilde, Milagro, Venecia, Narangito, Pesqueria, Barraganetal, San Rafael, Bucay, Chimbo, Huigra, Chunchi, Sibambe, Alausi, Palmira, Guamote, and Colta, the present terminus. The line is now building to Riobamba, an important town. The highest point is the Palmira Pass, 10,625 feet above the sea. It is a single line.

At first we traversed flat lands densely clothed with the beautiful tropical vegetation, a regular jungle. The stations on the way were poor and the settlements somewhat ramshackle places. Then we began gradually to ascend, and as we turned and twisted about it was very interesting and beautiful. High mountains were splendidly wooded, and clothed in great luxuriance with beautiful tropical trees, plants, palms, and gorgeous creepers, names unknown to me. There was a fascination in watching all this beauty unfolding before one as the line curved about, now bridging a stream, now winding round a corner, and always ascending.

The passengers were a motley horde, but all very friendly, and "Hail fellow, well met," with everyone else.

Mr Morley told me of many of the difficulties met with in inducing the proprietors along the line to part with their land. Some did not want the railway, and wished to be left in their proud and dirty seclusion; others asked fabulous prices for the



land. In one case the landowner stuck out against them with determination, but on their naming the station after him or his *hacienda*, gave in at once, giving the land, and had spent his time ever since gazing with pride at the station name.

When we arrived at Huigra, which is 4000 feet above the sea, we stopped half an hour for breakfast, and I was taken to the "hotel," a not very imposing wooden building, and introduced to the hostess, Mrs Julia Kennedy, a gay and handsome lady in blue silk blouse, gold brooches, and many black ringlets, and presented a note of introduction I had brought from the Consul at Guayaquil requesting her to give me a "good breakfast." Mrs Julia Kennedy, who is a Chilian by birth and the wife of a Scotsman, whose father, she told me, was "Sheriff of Scotland," received me graciously, and I took her photograph.

The breakfast was waiting for all passengers, and I cannot say much in praise of the meal, which I partook of in company with the Messrs Sommers, Baker, Kenton Harman, and the father of Mr Morley. These young men were Americans in the employ of the railway.

I remarked to Baker that he was surely English, but he replied, "Certainly not, nothing of the Britisher about me!" which of course was not his fault, poor fellow, though undoubtedly his misfortune.

Huigra is a small collection of wooden houses, with railway cars drawn up in sidings in which dwell the railway people, and Major Harman, the manager, has a house here. Letters of introduction to the Harmans had been sent ahead of me, but

Mr Archer Harman is away, and Major Harman is in Quito. Mr Kenton Harman—the freight manager—is, however, here, and took possession of me. Apparently a very hard-headed Yankee this, for having been pitched off his horse head first on to a large boulder, he, though injuring his head somewhat, smashed the boulder to pieces!

I found him a most pleasant companion in the train, and always and everywhere he showed me very much kindness and attention, and I trust feels for me the warm and sincere friendship I feel for him.

Huigra is shut in by mountains, and on leaving it we soon ascended into different scenery, both interesting and fine in its way. The mountains were somewhat disappointing, as one could not realise their height. They were mostly of rounded hill formation. Many *haciendas* were dotted about, and groups and plantations of eucalyptus, a tree which thrives marvellously here and goes most naturally with the scenery. Of course I was much interested in the Indians at the stations and by the wayside. The *poncho*, which is worn by everyone and not by Indians alone, is a coloured blanket with a hole for the head to slip through. It is in every colour of the rainbow and all sorts of patterns, and is a most useful garment. Naturally the Indians go in for more gaudy colours than the Europeans or “white people”—blue, green, purple, scarlet, what you will. Most of the people in Ecuador have a strain of Indian blood in them, and though some deny it, it is only too patent. But there are some very good old families of Spanish blood, and with old titles which they

cannot use. The Indians at this part, mostly *arrieros*, that is mule or donkey drivers, were by no means attractive.

The line is an interesting one in many ways, and the difficulties encountered and surmounted in its construction were no mean ones. It is built mostly on loose soil; landslips are frequent, and during the heavy rains a source of great trouble. Time will remedy all this and consolidate the road. As we ascended higher many of the passengers appeared unwell, especially when they looked out of the windows to a curve of the line directly below them and noted the loose earth road on which we travelled. The feature of the line is the Devil's Nose, which is a very pretty piece of engineering, the line making various zig-zagging curves round this obstruction. Here occurred a landslip blocking the line, so we got out and walked some distance, and the beauties and difficulties of the work were pointed out to me. When there is rock to build on or bore through it is very simple, as once done it is a permanent thing, but here the loose friable soil requires unceasing attention. Getting into the car again other passengers offered glasses of brandy, which one had to accept with a friendly handshake. This was supposed to be a preventive to any ill effects from the pressure of the air at this high altitude. Not only do women and children—and men also—get sick, have headaches, bleeding at the nose, and fainting fits from the altitude, and I think from nervousness at the eccentricities of the line, but they are sometimes much more disagreeably affected. Many showed symptoms of being affected by the



DEVIL'S NOSE, GUAYAQUIL AND QUITO RAILWAY.





*sorocche* or mountain-sickness, but I felt nothing and was very well.

It was my intention to go on to Colta, the terminus, sleep there in one of the "two new hotels" they told me about in Guayaquil, and proceed next day by coach; but Kenton Harman would not hear of it, and begged me to break the journey and stay with him, which I was nothing loth to do. When we got to Guamote we saw an agent of the coach company, who wired to Guayaquil that I had transferred my seat in the coach to a later date, and I was assured it was all right. My baggage went on to Colta and I remained as Kenton Harman's guest at Guamote. His car was there, and in it we dined comfortably together. When not living in camp the railway people live in these cars drawn up on a siding, and compared to anything else in Ecuador they are very comfortable. Each car has two compartments, a bedroom and sitting-room, and has the attraction of fresh air and cleanliness. This car was given over to me to sleep in, and Kenton Harman bestowed himself elsewhere. After dinner we went for a walk through the Indian village, inspecting the dirty unsavoury houses, and drinking glasses of the *majorca* (?) or *chicha*, the native liquor. We entered one abode tenanted by an Ecuadoran and his wife, which consisted of one room, and they regaled us with *chicha*, we and our hostess sitting on the bed. I cannot say I liked the drink, but was told that when good it is excellent. Possibly an acquired taste.

Alas! when I went to bed that night sleep as usual fled from me and I never closed my eyes,

though I was tired after the long day's train journey. Very early next morning I turned out, and after breakfast about eight o'clock Kenton Harman and I climbed on top of a coal truck to ride to the camp. Part of the journey we performed on the coal truck and the rest on the front of the engine. The line had only been opened a few days and was scarcely "set." It was an interesting ride, and we scattered various Indians, pigs, and so on, who *would* use the road to travel on, and on the way we flew past the now famous boulder my companion had split with his head. The railway camp—a group of tents above which floated the Stars and Stripes—was near the line, and here we alighted and went to breakfast (lunch, always called breakfast in South America), and I was introduced to various of the camp inhabitants, amongst whom were two Colombians, the Perez brothers, a man Jones, and others. All were very kind, frank, pleasant, cordial, and hospitable, and we had a merry breakfast.

It here began to dawn on me that it was only too certain that pleasure-pilgrims of my idle, lazy stamp were unknown here, as they all assured me they had never heard of anyone going to Quito before as a simple tourist, and naturally they had met and known every stranger who traversed the country. Everyone going to Quito, or travelling in the interior of Ecuador, had some object, some business object, and I was, it seemed, an absolute curiosity being there without any motive and only to look-see, as the Chinese say. (I was to hear enough of this later on.)

Jones showed me some Indian curiosities he

had, including one of the dried and reduced Indian heads. It was a very good specimen, very small, and was said to be only a year old. It is forbidden by law now to practise this strange process—a secret of the Indians—but I was laughingly told that at Quito I could pick out my Indian and have his head in a year. It is quite extraordinary how they can reduce a human head to the size of a small orange, preserving all its features, hair, eyebrows, and eyelashes.

I photographed the camp and its cheery inhabitants, and then it was proposed we should ride to Riobamba for a night, so horses were procured, and for me the loan of the prize pacing mule of the district, as I wished to try one of them; and with Kenton Harman, Perez, and an Ecuadoran youth I rode by way of the railway line to Colta, the terminus. As we approached it, Chimborazo—to whom I doffed my cap—loomed up in front of us in glorious snowy majesty. I was to see much of this magnificent mountain in the future, and I never saw it but I admired it. When we reached Colta, which is 10,815 feet above the sea, the railway line ended abruptly in a plain, on one side of which was an Indian adobe village and on the other a reedy lake. Beyond the mud huts of the Indians and a few tents there was nothing; no station, no village, and as for the “two new hotels,” they were figments of imagination. All the goods brought by the train lay by the side of the line in the open, and included all my own luggage. A few cars were drawn up on one side. I rescued my rugs and a suit-case, and they were handed over to the care of one of the railway

people, and a contract was made with an *arriero* to transport the rest of my baggage to Quito on mule-back for a stipulated sum, and if he did not deliver it there in six or seven days the payment was to be reduced. They said I *might* see it again! It might take weeks, or never reach Quito at all, so I just had not to worry about it.

Before leaving England, Mrs Beauclerk had given me most excellent advice. "Never worry about things or lose your temper in South America, whatever mishaps or disagreeables occur. Treat it all as a joke. No one will care a bit about what happens to you or your belongings, and less for your complaints." I replied that, being a Scotsman, I was not supposed to see a joke, but that whatever one side of my mouth was doing I would try to smile with the other. (This excellent advice I always tried to remember, and though I often forgot and had to try, try again, I managed to scrape through and appreciate the usefulness and wisdom of the advice—and I don't think I left any very bad memories of me behind in Ecuador. Though that I should keep my temper and be amiable under many intensely annoying circumstances was owing a good deal not to my noble nature, but to the difficulty of expressing what I felt in Spanish. I trust yet to learn some very bad Spanish words and phrases, but always in the hasty moments would only come across such things as did not apply. *Caramba!* was much too tame for me. I often had to bear things silently when inwardly raging.)

It was a blazingly hot day. We visited various tents and were treated to drinks by all sorts of



people. I never grasped who they were, and could not tell who were the governors of provinces and who the mule-drivers; but a vigorous hand-shake, a Havana cigar, and a glass of red wine made everything go smoothly. Here in Quito several times people have greeted me with friendly hand-shakes as if I was an old friend, and I can only presume I met them somewhere on the way. I, however, was nowhere at Colta, or elsewhere in railway territory, allowed to return the hospitality shown me, but was met everywhere with smiles and informed that they had heard of me, and that in railway territory and on the road to Quito *my money was bad!* This was thought a great joke, and was a polite American way of making me everywhere their guest. Every one was cordial and friendly, but I was thankful they did not think it necessary to throw their arms round me and embrace, as they do amongst themselves. I asked why I was always introduced as a tourist who had come all the way from England for nothing but to see Ecuador? There was great wonder over this, and no one quite believed it. I must have some deep design about mines or railways. I was told in reply to my query that I was a good advertisement for the railway, and that it pleased the Ecuadorans, flattered their vanity—of which they have enough—to think of a Gringo coming all that way merely to see their country! Pretty speeches galore were made to me, but in their hearts all were, I am sure, wondering what the silly Gringo had come forth for to see, and it was just what the silly Gringo was doing himself!

Needless to say, every Ecuadoran gentleman



offered me everything he possessed, as is their custom, he and all his were mine. I always thanked equally politely, and thought no more of it. I had taken warning by a story I heard of a young Englishman, new to South America, who, visiting some person somewhere, had admired his host's favourite horse. "It is yours," said the host, "pray accept it." "I couldn't do such a thing," exclaimed the flattered youth, "your best horse!" "But I insist—it is yours—saddle and bridle and all. I insist you must have it." So in the afternoon the guileless youth went and got that horse, mounted it, and rode away, mightily pleased with its fine pacing qualities, but not liking its long tail, so he went and had that docked. Then as he rode down the street he met the generous donor, who stared and exclaimed, "Why! you have got my horse—and what have you done to its tail?" Explanations followed, and that youth learnt that words are merely words, and that he was not expected to take all these polite offers seriously. I remembered this story, thanked every one gratefully and politely and took nothing.

These festivities over, we set out on a fifteen-mile ride to Riobamba, four of us, a Yankee, an Ecuadoran, a Colombian, and the Pleasure-pilgrim. The sun was very hot and the road very dusty, but the prize mule I rode paced along with the ease of an arm-chair. All the horses pace here. We went slowly, for Kenton Harman was feeling the wound on his head, which was bandaged up. The country was open, dotted about with *haciendas* and eucalyptus trees—the familiar old blue gum, which kept Australia continually in my mind—and the

road was bordered with cactus plants. Some Indian villages or adobe houses bordered it here and there, generally gay with scarlet geraniums or masses of pink oleanders; and the dusty road itself was occupied by a continuous procession of Indian men, women, and children in their gaudy garments, with their mules, *burros* (donkeys), and llamas. They were very dirty, unattractive people. Now and again we met Ecuadorans, sometimes "swells" on pacing steeds—and a smartly dressed *caballero* on a fine pacing stallion is a sight to see—pride and vanity personified.

Riobamba lies at the height of 9023 feet, on a plain encircled by great mountains, and has about 18,000 inhabitants. On one side towers Altar—a holy mountain—with its snowy peaks, and on the other the ground slopes up to the summit of Chimborazo far away, of which we had magnificently clear and beautiful views. Its aspect from Riobamba is I think superb, with its eternal cap of snow and ice towering clear-cut in the sky. Riobamba is not an imposing place. The houses are low, sometimes only one story, and there is the usual large *plaza* or square, without which a South American town could not exist. It is an aristocratic town, the residence of some of the "high-born," but I should not have known it had I not been told of it.

It swarmed with Indians. Scarlet, orange, bright blue, or vivid green seemed the favourite colours for the ponchos. The effect, therefore, under the brilliant sunlight was gaudy in the extreme. In the town and round it are many eucalyptus trees.

I heard of a well-known Ecuadoran family who lived in this province who had their dinner-table decorated with silver and plate bearing the names of well-known European hotels. They had made a tour in Europe and every hotel they entered they took away a silver or plated fork, spoon, salt-cellar, mustard-pot or something of the sort as a souvenir. They were quite proud of this collection. I heard too that being pleased with the attention the captain of a coast-steamboat they had travelled by had shown them, they wrote him they were sending him a little souvenir, and when it reached him it was a silver salt-cellar from his own ship! They really did not seem to feel or realise they had stolen the things! (A year or two ago in Germany there was a sensation when the wife of a member of a well-known princely family was accused of having stolen chest-loads of silver and plate from hotels—all with the names on them—and which even included soup-tureens and dish-covers! When I read this I thought surely this is like South America, turned the lady up in the *Almanach de Gotha*, and sure enough she hailed from Buenos Ayres! It will be remembered that the hotel-keepers who had been deprived of these things treated it as a joke, saying they had been well paid and the lady only wanted souvenirs—but how very clever to take away a dish-cover!) I suppose it is a sort of amiable simplicity—they offer you all that is theirs—so when they admire or want a thing and don't want to be impolite and worry you for it, they just take it to save trouble! It seems quite a pleasant idea!

We alighted at the Hotel California, an odori-

ferous abode. Perez, Kenton Harman, and I were given a room with three mosquito-netted beds, with a sitting-room adjoining. There was the usual small *patio* or courtyard with balconies round it, and this *patio* fascinated me, for the walls were frescoed by some local genius with fanciful pictures of Riobamba. There was one of the Almeda—a broad road bordered with trees and the vista terminating in Chimborazo. Down this Almeda drove and cycled the aristocracy of the town. Far in the distance two gigantic cyclists rode towards the foreground, where a very diminutive carriage full of gaily dressed ladies drove to meet them. Far away as they were, the cyclists were much larger than the carriage and its contents, and I calculated that by the time they reached the front of the picture they would be 40 feet high. It was really a fascinating composition.

The sanitary arrangements of this dirty little hotel were all *en évidence*, and unspeakably, unbelievably horrible. I shuddered at the thought of food after a glimpse of the kitchen and the cook. No policeman—not even an Indian one—could possibly love *that* cook! When I returned to our room after a tour of exploration, I found my companions yelling with laughter in anticipation of the opinions I would express—and I expressed them.

We found a sick American connected with the railway, installed in one room with an Englishman in attendance. This Englishman had come from Quito, where he had been resident for a time.

We explored the town, visited various stores, where we were “treated” to drinks and treated in return, at least the others did, as even here, my



"money being bad," I was not allowed to do my share.

In the evening we three went to dine with Señora Dillon, whose long, low, one-storied house bordered one side of the plaza and had the usual *patio* inside. Señor Dillon is one of the wealthy land-owners of Ecuador, is highly thought of and respected, has been Governor of the Guayas province, and was once a candidate for the Presidency. He was away in Quito, where I have met him since. He is of Irish origin, and he and his family have been much in the States.

Señora Dillon and her family received us most graciously and cordially, and to my intense relief she, her sister, and her charming young daughter spoke English. They had with them her young sister, Señorita Victoria Valdez, two young ladies in deep mourning for their father (who had lately been murdered in the Galapagos Islands, where he was governor), and a smartly dressed, good-looking youth, who was a cousin of Don Rafael Elizalde. *We* were not smart, as we were in our dusty riding-breeches and leggings, which, under the circumstances, Señora Dillon kindly excused.

Though the family was in deep mourning, as was also the piano and even the vases of flowers, tied up with crape, we had a gay and merry dinner and a very pleasant evening. The young Ecuadoran ladies were full of life and spirits, and the gayest of all was the particularly bright, pretty, and clever young Señorita Victoria. The piano, being in mourning, could not be touched, but after dinner, as we sat round the *salon* in rocking chairs — one of the customs — Señorita



Victoria, who had an excellent voice, sang song after song without accompaniments, and imitated in the cleverest manner some local would-be singer, sending the company into fits of laughter. Even I, who did not know the person taken off, could see it was a clever imitation.

I told these young ladies that I had had an idea that the girls of Ecuador were brought up in strict seclusion, as they would be in Spain or France, but they laughed at me. No doubt their residence in the States made a difference in their ideas.

When we returned to our hotel and went to bed, the other two instantly fell asleep and never moved till morning. I alas! with my usual perversity, and though tired, could not close my eyes. I thought of Prince Löwenstein in his home on the beautiful Neckar, and how he had for a time entirely cured me of insomnia, and what he would say now to see me as bad as ever—what a hopeless thing it is! In desperation I at last got up, and without striking a light, and trying to be very quiet so as not to disturb the others, attempted to feel my way in the dark into the adjoining sitting-room. I fell over every blessed thing in the room, and as it was strewn with our saddles, bridles, boots, leggings, and so on, it was a procession of falls. I whispered soft nothings and failed to see any joke in it. I stole out on to the little balcony looking down on the plaza, and there I remained for hours longing for dawn. It was cold and very dark. After a time dim forms began to move in the darkness, Indians with their *burros* and mules, and soon many motionless and scarce visible figures

were squatting in the plaza. There were queer sights illustrative of the by no means pleasing ways of these degraded beings. Then gradually their forms became more defined; hundreds of them came flocking in; the colour of their ponchos gradually began to show, and at last the sun rose on a gaudy and brilliant scene, the whole large plaza a mass of colour, for it was market-day.

Two days and two nights without even five minutes' sleep did not tend to make me feel very cheerful; how I longed for a tub of cold water, an impossible luxury! We made a hasty and by no means refreshing toilet, had some nasty coffee, and an equally nasty roll of bread, and sallied out into the town.

It was a pleasure to get out of the dirty hotel, but the plaza and streets were just as filthy. The Peruvians, who hate the Ecuadorans, say the latter "are monkeys just down from their trees." (I thought some of the Peruvians were still in their own trees.)

About eleven o'clock we went to breakfast with Señora Dillon and her family, and had a cheery meal with these kind, pleasant people, and how thankful I was not to have to eat the hotel food! After breakfast, we amused ourselves with purple pansies, which we, with our cigarette smoke, turned into wonderful colours.

We then visited a monastery, where the Prior received and entertained us most cordially, and he and three German monks from Alsace-Lorraine were delighted to talk German to me, and were most amiable. We walked in the garden, sampled the fruit, and I for the first time ate a tomato which

grew on a tree. Kenton Harman had to interview the prefect or governor or some "swell" of the sort about some trouble, and he had wondered if he could settle the matter with a five-shilling bribe. He came back full of glee, having settled it for nothing.

When the railway reaches Riobamba it is expected it will become an important place, and already people are said to be buying plots of land to build houses. (The railway was opened to Riobamba in 1905.) It will be the principal terminus for some time.

Kenton Harman and I rode back to Colta together. It was dreadfully hot; the road a cloud of dust, as countless Indians were trooping in and out to market, and we went slowly, as his horse and my mule appeared knocked up. They had been in a *corral* somewhere all night, and it was evident the *peons* had disobeyed orders and had not fed them. The dust in Ecuador is very trying, being a dry, volcanic dust mixed with pumice stone, the result of many eruptions. Ere we reached Colta rain came on, the road became deep in mud, and we were splashed from head to foot. Colta was a quagmire. We installed ourselves in the car of Sommers, one of the "Yankee boys" of the railway. He was not there, and I devoutly hoped we would be left in possession of it. I wanted my suit-case and rugs, as I was dying for toilet necessities and a change of linen, but the person who had them in charge had locked them up and gone away. Meanwhile we awaited the arrival of the train from Guayaquil, and heard there had been a landslip somewhere. Very late arrived the

passengers, on an engine. They had had to walk some distance over the landslip, and had come the rest of the way on the engine and in a coal truck. Mr Sommers' car had been placed at the disposal of an American couple, Mr and Mrs Will. Staver, and presently they arrived with Doceteo, their *Mestizo* servant. Mr Staver was manager for the South American Development Company at their gold mines at or near Zaruma, in the south of Ecuador, near the Peruvian frontier, and they had had a very hard journey of several days on horse-back from there to Guayaquil, where they took the train at once for Colta, and consequently arrived this night, dead tired and very thankful to get into the car. Mrs Staver promptly retired to bed in the bedroom partition, and everyone went foraging to find them something to eat. Kenton Harman kept calling out to her not to go to sleep, and enumerating all the delicacies which were coming for her supper—a cruel thing, as all that could eventually be obtained was coffee, bread, and some eggs.

It was retailed to them that “for a tenderfoot I had done very well, and never squeaked once!” but I was squeaking inwardly, for I was very dirty, very tired, and very hungry.

At last, about 8.30, we left the Stavers in possession of the car, and walked through the rain and a quagmire about a quarter of a mile to the “hotel,” where we hoped to get some much-needed food.

The hotel was a small tent, the front part of which was a bar and the back part the eating-room. In this back part was a table and some benches, and it was in semi-darkness, being lit by



a candle in a bottle. Various Ecuadorans in ponchos joined us, and I was introduced to all, and a dinner of many courses was served, each course being apparently a steak or lump of meat buried in garlic—but I was glad it was too dark to see what it was, and that the others could not perceive I was only playing with it, for swallow it I could not, hungry as I was. We had some wine and coffee, and this sumptuous meal over, we went to an adjoining tent where two beds had been reserved for us. It was a small tent, and was occupied already by eight Ecuadorans, two of whom were in possession of our beds. These two Kenton Harman promptly turned out, and they had to join others, sleeping two in a bed, and the beds were narrow stretchers! We took off our boots and leggings and lay down on the beds, and Kenton Harman placed an empty revolver-case on mine, whispering that they would think the revolver, which was under his pillow, was in it, and that it was as well to be on the safe side. Then he put out the light, and soon he was sound asleep. But alas, not I! The Ecuadorans were very sociable, and talked for long; the rain was pouring down outside, and though none came into the tent, it was yet damp and chilly, my clothes were wet, and it was by no means pleasant or savoury with ten people in such a small space.

Tired as I was, and so badly wanting sleep, it would not come. I spent miserable hours turning and twisting about, every nerve in my body on edge, and with a violent attack of rheumatism. At last in despairing disgust I rose, put on leggings and boots, sallied out into the rain and mud, now knee-deep, and walked about up and down till



daylight came. My third night without sleep. When daylight did come it found me a dirty, dilapidated object sitting on the step of the Stavers' car, hoping they would be up and have coffee—something hot.

Not a bit of it! They all appeared simultaneously, announcing it was time to walk to the coach, which started for Quito at 7 A.M., and was nearly a mile from us. I got my suit-case and rugs—they all declaring I could not possibly take them in the coach—and we started off for a mile through the slush. I would not believe the coach would not take these small things. When we got there the coach, the famous "Rapide," was ready waiting with four mules. It was a small covered waggonette, held six passengers with a squeeze inside, the driver and whip-boy outside. It makes the journey to Quito in two days, halting for a night at Ambato. We found Mr Wheeler from Guayaquil and others there, and found we were seven passengers, whereas it only held six. The way-bill was produced, and they discovered my seat had been transferred from an earlier date, declared I was the one out, and they all mounted hastily to their places. (I afterwards found out that my transferred seat was the first one booked for this day.) None of them were strangers to the country, all spoke Spanish; they knew I did not, but they seemed amused to see me stranded there. Kenton Harman reproached me; I ought to have mounted and retained my seat whatever they said, he urged. I said I could not do that. "No," he said, "that is just what you English gentlemen do, and it is how you get 'left.'"



ON ROAD TO QUITO.



MILITARY PARADE, GUAYAQUIL.

[To face page 70.]



There was nothing for it but I must hire a horse and ride to Ambato, where one passenger was to leave, and I would have a seat on from there. Meanwhile, my suit-case and bundle of rugs lay on the ground, and it was obvious the coach had no place even for a small bag. They said I must send them by a pack-horse or mule to Ambato; they might arrive there that night, or to-morrow, or some time! Part of my baggage was in Guayaquil, part already on the road to Quito, and I would not have these left, perhaps also to disappear. I bribed the driver with a sovereign, a large sum there, to tie them on in front of the splash-board, and Mr Wheeler promised to see them into the hotel at Ambato, and the coach departed.

I then managed to hire a horse, of a sort, borrowed a saddle from Mr Grau, a German on the railway, and got an Indian "guide" to accompany me to Ambato. I got a cup of coffee at the "hotel," tried in vain to buy some biscuits at a tent store which was being set up, but though they opened some cases they could find nothing eatable, so that I had to go without. So I bade adieu to Kenton Harman and the others, and started feeling very fagged and altogether unwell. Then my Indian disappeared, so in disgust I went off alone. One person said Ambato was 45 miles, the next said 50, and someone else 60. I only knew that for a certain distance I took the road to Riobamba and then branched off somewhere. At the first village I halted, thinking I might get someone to show me the way; but here I found my Indian and Doceteo, the servant of the Stavers, who had also to ride, and meant to accompany me. They were

having a terrific row about the price of the fodder, for we had a pack-horse also, and for their horses, and appealed to me to settle it, which did much good. However, I did settle it by some forcible expressions, and whilst they got ready I witnessed a cock-fight, a great form of amusement here, and at last rode off, calling to the others to follow.

The day was warm and sunny, and became overpoweringly hot; the road having dried up was extremely dusty, in fact the cactus hedges bordering it were white with dust, and the continual stream of Indians kept clouds of it flying.

In Ecuador I carried all my money about with me in English gold, and had a heavy belt of it round my waist. How heavy and painful this became I can only explain by saying I frequently felt inclined to throw it away! I who never know I have an inside, or that I possess a "Little Mary" (whom I introduced to Ecuador, and who is known there as "Mariquita"), knew it on this occasion, for I, this long, weary day, suffered tortures with an intense inward pain, which my rheumatism, combined with no sleep for three days and three nights, did not tend to improve. There are two banks in Ecuador, the Bank of Guayaquil and the Bank of Quito; they do not co-operate very well, and I had been advised my safest and simplest way was to have nothing to do with the banks, but carry my money about me—but if anyone had guessed I had all that gold on me, I never should be writing this now. They had dozens of chances to do for me had they known about it, and I carried no revolver. But I never thought of that or the money, it was its weight I objected to, as,



not having had practically anything to eat since breakfasting at Riobamba the previous day, this belt nearly cut me in two. "*Con dinero no te conoceras, sin dinero no te conocerán*" is a wise Spanish saying, meaning, "With money you will not know yourself, without it others will not know you."

Yet I enjoyed that ride immensely, and how much more would I have done so had I been fit and had my horse been fit also; but it was tired when I started, and had to be kicked and urged along all day. Also, Doceteo and the Indian had trouble with the pack-horse, and their own gees were not up to much. I was always far ahead of them, and had sometimes to wait for them in case I went wrong.

The sun so near the equator is almost vertical, and at this height, the air being rare, pours down on one with fierce force, and of shade there is none. The dust blew in clouds, and the dry, scorching air burnt up one's skin and eyes. The country was open, the mountains rounded in hill fashion, the roadside hedges white with dust. We passed an unending stream of Indian *arrieros* and *peons* with their animals laden with every imaginable sort of thing. There were llamas also, but they never carry more than 100 lbs. in weight; a fraction over, they lie down and refuse to move for anyone. One must pity these poor, degraded Indians; but I own I had already begun to take a dislike to them, which afterwards became so great that I tried not to look at them. They are the only native race I felt like this to, and I have known so many—yet I reproach myself that it is so.

Chimborazo towered above us, always beautiful,

always magnificent. Often as I saw it, it never once was veiled in clouds, but always particularly clear; yet for months sometimes it and its other great neighbours are invisible through their cloud mantle. Yet all unveiled for me, for I always had exceptionally clear views of them. As we rode over the Great Arenal, the great plain at its foot, I was struck by the strange procession of dust whirlwinds travelling across the country in battalions at a great pace towards Chimborazo. It is really an extraordinary sight, and why it should always take place at this particular spot is a mystery. One saw the dust, or probably it is sand and dust, eddying about, being caught up and in no time whirled round into a great and high, most compact pillar perhaps 100 feet high, which then advanced with others across the country. The more compact, the greater the height and the pace. One passed across the road directly in front of me, I reining up to let it go, and at such a terrific pace, that when it struck a shepherd, his sheep, and donkey, it turned them all over instantly, and probably would have done the same for me and my horse had it struck us.

Looking at the snow-cap and great glaciers of Chimborazo—the top of which by the lowest given height is 20,498 feet above the sea—I could recognise every part distinctly from the photographs in Mr Edward Whymper's book. One imagined you could see a pin on it, it was so clear. Strange that for long people said there were no glaciers on it, when they are strikingly visible, the blue and green of the ice quite conspicuous under its snow covering. Humboldt thought this was the greatest

mountain and highest summit on earth, but we know now that is not so. Yet it is a very grand mountain. The actual mountain itself covers an amount of ground equal to or greater than some of the principal *ranges* of the Alps. At a height above 9000 feet from S.E. to N.W. it is 30 miles across; whilst above 14,000 feet from Abraspungo to the Grand Arenal it is 10 miles. Beyond it is Carihuairazo, 16,500 feet, the northern slopes of which extend to Ambato. It was in 1879-80 that Whymper made his two ascents of Chimborazo. How little has changed in this country since he wrote about it. Chimborazo is the highest of the Ecuadoran Andes, and slopes all the way down to Riobamba, beyond which rises Altar (17,730 feet), the fifth highest mountain in Ecuador, and all around rise in parallel lines the other great snow-capped peaks of the Andes.

After a time we ascended over the shoulder of Chimborazo, saw vestiges of the famous *camelones*, which are deep furrows across the roads full of mud and water ascending stair-wise. Mr Mallet at Panama had shown me paintings of these *camelones*, but this was on another road no longer used now.

On the shoulder of Chimborazo we drew rein at the famous or rather infamous Tambo of Chiquipoquio, which stands at a height of 11,704 feet, and is about 25 miles from Ambato. It is a guest-house—the only one on a long stretch of road—and consists of a thatched barn, with one or two other hovels beside it, enclosed in front by a wall and gateway. It was here that Mr Whymper met with his absurd experience at the hands of its

proprietor, Señor Chiriboga, the head of an old Eucadoran family and Marquis of Chimborazo. As I here in Quito have met the present owner of Chimborazo, I presume he is the son of Mr Whympers's friend, though I did not think it was the same name. It is a mere roof to shelter *arrieros*, but everyone has to use it as there is no other place. It is exactly now as it was more than twenty-five years ago! Is it not an extraordinary country, where no one has enterprise enough to open a good guest-house on this great road? Doceteo, after an inspection, shook his head, and as I had no fancy for refreshment—could it have been had, which was doubtful—in this hovel, we rode on, ascending the bleak, desolate road round Chimborazo. Soon we struck the famous paved road built by Garcia Moreno, the president who was murdered. It is very broad and wearisomely long, paved with round cobble stones, which make it a penance for man and beast. Everyone avoids it—there are miles of it, and for over two miles it is perfectly straight—and makes paths for themselves on the level ground alongside it. If they would only break these cobble stones into metal and crush it down it would be a fine road. Here, though, it is all bare, bleak, and desolate.

I was thankful when we got over the worst of this and beginning to descend struck a dilapidated village. The day was wearing on, but our sorry steeds, poor, useless, and jaded things, would not be hurried.

The country now became better, yet the heat and dust were trying. We met, too, very few



people this part of the day. We left the road by a path which led us by very steep descending ways to a narrow river, the sight of which was welcome. In a pool of this river an Indian woman was washing herself vigorously, and yes—really—was actually washing her hair too! It must have been some great event of her life, some great day of joy—her husband's funeral day, perhaps. From the river we toiled up steep winding paths to the old village of Mocha, which is a really pretty place with blooming hedges and plantations of eucalyptus. The coach road does not come near Mocha now, so that it is not visited save by the *arrieros*. It is, in its way, a charming spot, and there are lovely views of the mountains all around. I saw no signs of the Ynca ruins of which Cieza de Leon speaks of as to "endure for ever." The village itself is small and without interest, though we supplied the interest this day. A Gringo all to themselves was something for Mocha. We alighted in the dirty little *patio* of a dirty little inn about four o'clock; and all glad of the rest. Green fodder was spread for the horses, and Doceteo and the *patroña* engaged in a voluble conversation as to refreshments, which we all needed. I had had nothing all day but the cup of bad coffee at Colta. Here we got a cup of coffee and some boiled eggs, and the rest in the shade was most welcome.

Leaving Mocha, we rode on by winding and descending roads through pretty country; but it soon became dark, and much as I like driving or riding in the dark, I was as jaded as my horse, and as I was always far ahead of Doceteo and the Indian, I had over and over again to make long



waits for them lest I took a wrong turning, as here were some lanes branching from the road.

In the dark I was joined by a *caballero* on a prancing white stallion, who, discovering I was a Gringo, and unable to make much way with Spanish conversation or reply to all his questions, went to Doceteo for information. This swell—intent on showing off even in the dark—would suddenly appear and circle round me and disappear again. I imagine he wished to cheer me on the way, but he only annoyed me. I saw some queer sights indeed in that solitary, dark ride, especially as we approached Ambato, and dark figures of Indians were dimly seen by the roadside. The Indian and Doceteo joined me, even the pack-horse brightening up, and we rode down by steep ways to the welcome lights of Ambato, and at last rode into the *patio* of the Hotel Guyas about seven o'clock.

The coach people had of course arrived long before me, had taken all the good rooms, and had retired to bed. The hotel was a dirty, one-storied place with two small *patios*, one of which was a miniature garden, and each surrounded by a verandah into which the rooms opened. No one appeared at first, until at last the *patroña*—an old lady of shrill and voluble tongue—and two Indian boys strolled leisurely forth. One of these boys was about fifteen and the other looked ten, but I afterwards learnt was really fourteen, and had been married three days previously to a woman aged thirty, against his will! These two boys ran the hotel. The old woman left me to their tender mercies.

I discovered there was a small room. It had

a bed, a table, a chair, an iron washstand, and in one corner a child's cot. I inquired for my baggage which ought to have come by the coach, and which Mr Wheeler, the Englishman, had promised to see safely landed in the hotel. They knew nothing of it. So I went to Wheeler's room, found him entertaining Ambato friends there, and asked him where it was.

"Oh," he said, "it was heavy, so we handed it over to a mule-man on the road. I daresay it will come to-night, or to-morrow, or sometime!" They knew I had paid a sovereign to the coach-driver, and I found out afterwards that the minute they were out of sight of me they had handed it over to an *arriero*. My first idea was to wash. I had soap in my pocket. I called for a towel and for water. For half an hour the *patio* was filled with my angry demands for hot and cold water. They did not want to bring it. I could not get the hot till to-morrow—the eternal *mañana*. Then Doceteo came, and, pointing to the child's cot, intimated he wanted to sleep there. "I very quiet," he pleaded in English, I only then learning that he knew any at all! He knew very little, but that little would have been most useful on our long ride. This made me very cross. I would not hear of his sleeping in my room—and how he meant to double up in that cot I know not—and drove him forth; but I have since learnt that it is the custom for the Indian servants to sleep in a corner of their master's room, and that poor Doceteo, who had attached himself to me for the time being, was much hurt at my refusal. I expect, too, he had to roll himself in his poncho and sleep in the chilly verandah.

A meal was got ready, at which Doceteo and two local men joined me. It began with the inevitable potato soup floating in yellow grease, went through the usual garlic-covered "beef-steaks" to dessert, which is invariably another plate of potato soup in red grease! How nasty Spanish cooking is! Doceteo, however, got me some eggs, and we revelled in bottles of ginger ale! During this meal a West Indian nigger who spoke English came in, and told me he was driver of the "Rapide" coach going on to Quito in the morning, and that as seats had already been engaged by others in Ambato there was none for me. As I was entitled to a seat before anyone in Ambato, this annoyed me, and I produced a letter I had to the coach agent, in which he was requested to do everything for me and attend to my comfort, and bade the nigger give it to him and say I must go in the morning. He came back and said the agent was very sorry—placed himself, with his ox, his ass, and all that was his, at my disposal—but a seat I could not have.

The nigger then advised me to wait over two days in Ambato, when I would get the public omnibus to Latacunga, stay there a night and go on by it to Quito the next day, and though it took much longer, he assured me it was much more comfortable than the "Rapide." This I agreed to do, not sorry for the rest. This West Indian nigger was a gentleman compared to most of the people I saw from Colta to Quito, and bestirred himself on my behalf with the old *patroña*, lecturing her as to what was necessary; and how welcome was his ready "Yes, sah! Yes, sah!"

Then a procession appeared—a very pleased and smiling procession—of Doceteo, the nigger, the two Indian boys, an *arriero*, and my suit-case and rugs! How happy I was to get to bed all by myself in a little room; to spread the warm tartan of my name and clan over me, and to sink into a real genuine sleep, from which I did not wake till late in the morning! What glory, what happiness to sleep all night! Who knows, who can imagine what it means, save those poor victims of insomnia like myself?

When I at last emerged pyjama-clad on to the verandah in the morning, the coach people were already gone. Doceteo and the boys came up beaming. Now I had sponge and soap and clean things to put on, and wash I would! After immense trouble, both hot and cold water were brought in relays and poured into the tin basin on the floor, and with the aid of a sponge I proceeded to have a bath of sorts. More, more water for a cold douche, I cried; and, screaming with laughter, the old *patroña*, the boys, Doceteo, my own Indian, and some mules all came to assist, the thirsty animals lapping up the soapy water as it flooded the verandah. So much water they had never seen used before, and so great a joke was it that even when I was dressed the old *patroña* kept running with more. Other *arrieros* too came in and assisted, and relays of water in small tins were handed across the *patio*. It was a public bath but I did not care, as it was such a blessed thing to feel clean and fresh again. The chatter and excitement showed it was quite an event.

I paid off my Indian and sent him back with



the horses, with strict injunctions to deliver the borrowed saddle to Mr Grau at Colta; and as he was a good old thing I paid him what was far too much, though I had been told if I did so he would get drunk, and he, the horses, and the saddle never turn up again. But I knew he would, and he departed beaming. (He turned up at Colta in good time, and restored the saddle all right.)

I had now a whole day before me, had plenty of time to explore Ambato, and a dirty hole I found it. It is 8608 feet above the sea, and has 10,000 inhabitants. The churches were picturesque, and there were some old buildings and the usual play of light and shadow with the brilliant colours of the ponchos everywhere. It was market-day, and the two plazas were crammed with thousands of Indians. I strolled about with my kodak, followed a good part of the time by the hotel boys, who discoursed largely about me, shoved the people aside so as not to be in the way of my camera, and I could hear nothing but "the Gringo" and "hot and cold water." Groups of people collected to stare and laugh at me, a Gringo to themselves was an amusement. Many people came up to speak to me and went smiling away when our conversation wouldn't go, my Spanish being most original. But all this was in good humour and not meant to be rude; on the contrary, whatever the boys and Doceteo had said, the result was to make everyone amiable to me. Doceteo increased his own importance by blowing my trumpet, I am afraid, and retailed afterwards that they thought I must be a great *caballero*, because I made everyone wait on me and do just what I



pleased ! Doceteo also said afterwards that it was scandalous how everyone had cheated the Gringo on the way up. The cheating, however, did not amount to much, and foreigners always expect to be cheated in money matters when travelling. At the meals in the hotel other people were present, residents I suppose, and also Doceteo, a gentleman at large for the time being. He looked after me as best he could, and at meals worried the establishment to provide eggs and so on for me. He led the conversation at table, and was quite a personage. I had offered him a tip for his trouble, and he had flushed up, refused it, and had been quite offended. After that I treated him as a friend, and he swelled with pleased importance, and poor Doceteo was quite devoted to me. He explained to me that his master had given him plenty of money for his expenses to Quito, and he noted down everything in a little book. He intimated that he meant to take care of me till we got to Quito. A little judicious flattery on my part about his English gave him courage to produce more of it.

Then he came in great grief and said he had been to the coach-office and there was no seat for him the following day. An American—detained also for lack of room on the coach—then appeared and went with me to the coach-office, where we saw the agent to whose good offices I had been recommended, and after much argument and talk it was arranged that both I and Doceteo would go on next day. I pointed out that my seat had been paid for from Colta, that I had never had it, had had to hire horses, and that I had all the extra

expense of waiting in Ambato. He shrugged his shoulders indifferently. Then I told him I would wire to Guayaquil about it, and the instant I arrived in Quito I would have the coach company sued for all this extra expense and delay—instantly he turned round and became flatteringly polite, regretted he could not speak English and show me round, etc., etc. What he needed was a good thrashing, but I was not up in Ecuadoran ways and did not know that that was a usual thing to do!

Standing at the door of the hotel I learnt where the water of Ambato came from. Down the centre of the sloping street ran an open ditch or drain of running water into which I saw garbage of every description thrown; saw it used as a public latrine by the Indian men and women, and whilst they so used it saw the hotel people come out and take water from it. Anything more loathsome and shameless there could not be. I had never touched water since landing at Guayaquil, and needless to say made up my mind to avoid it for the future. (I never touched water once in South America, and it is partly owing to this, I am sure, that I went unharmed through all the various epidemics of illness raging everywhere; and also in all these insanitary places I smoked cigarettes incessantly, as they are one of the safest protections I know. Microbes abhor them!)

It is quite impossible to describe the filthy ways and habits of not only the Indians but also of many of the so-called "whites." Once for all I will say, that a sight that meets your eye all over Ecuador (and in many other parts of South



MARKET-PLACE, AMBATO, ECUADOR.



America) is the picking of lice from each other's heads and crunching them between the teeth. In these inland towns you see it at every doorway and in every street. Garcilasso de la Vega tells us that when the Ynca king conquered Quito he found the people "very vile and dirty, badly dressed, and full of lice"; and on those in the province of Pastu he "imposed a tribute of lice, lest they should die from being devoured by them"—it being they who now do the devouring. The Tribute of Lice was paid in points of cane full of them.

Don Ludovico Soderström told me a story of Ambato which occurs to me here. Many years before this he and a friend were at the Hotel Guyas, and after they had left and had journeyed 60 miles, the friend suddenly discovered he had left all his money in a bag behind him. It had been under the pillow in his bed, and he had forgotten it. Of course it was useless to think of ever recovering it. A month later he was back in Ambato, had the same room, and discovered the bag of money still under the pillow! The bed had never been touched since he left it! I can well, well believe this. All sanitary arrangements are non-existent. If by chance there are any, it is always *beside the kitchen*. This is a custom of Spanish origin. All this is the chief feature of South American countries, cannot be ignored, and is best mentioned as an illustration of what life here really is.

During the day all the hotel work went astray, and the shrill voice of the *patroña* never ceased its revilings; and I was the cause, for I exercised quite a fascination over the two boys who ran the



establishment, and everyone and everything was neglected for me. The contents of my suit-case, its silver fittings, leather-covered bottles and the like, entranced them. There was the fine roll of soft leather bound with ribbon and fitted for holding bottles, a most useful article, as nothing in it ever got broken—despite mule-back riding—and greatly prized by me as the work of the hands and the outcome of the kindly good-nature and interest of dear Mrs “L. B. Walford,” the authoress of *Nan* and *Troublesome Daughters*. (Her best work, and they are not troublesome at all, but charmingly frank and merry young ladies. An author's best works are not always those known to the public, and I agree with Charles Godfrey Leland when he said Mark Twain's best works were those bound in silk and muslin—the three Miss Clemens.)

Mark Twain—how he could write of this country and its ways. It seems but the other day since I was drinking tea with him and one of his “best works” in the huge and gorgeous yellow satin *salon* of his Florentine villa—and here to-day I am in the capital of Ecuador, under the equator.

Well, when the youthful and reluctant bridegroom of fourteen—a most merry, impudent youth—and his not so pleasing coadjutor and shadow were done with examining my belongings, they insisted on conducting me somewhere, and ushered me with great pride into the *salon* of the hotel—quite a good-sized room looking on to the street. It was tolerably furnished with gaudy furniture, the usual rocking-chairs, and a piano modestly

dressed in green baize. The baize skirts were lifted, the piano opened with a flourish, and I was entreated to perform. Now everyone who knows me knows what a wonderful musician I am—an exponent of the music which no doubt will be appreciated in far, future ages, since it is not in this. With malicious thoughts of the pain I had inflicted on others, I yielded to their entreaties and sat down on the music stool. Off came the top and so did I. Having picked me up, dusted me, and "kissed the place to make it well," they again entreated. I threw my hat on a gilt console table, and it at once collapsed, being only propped against the wall. To recover from the dismay caused by this accident I plumped down on the sofa, and at once there was a rending and a crashing, and down came that—I do not exaggerate at all. I learnt later that most Ecuadoran furniture, especially if assertive in appearance, is for ornament and not use, is propped up against the wall for show and must be gingerly approached. The cane rocking-chairs which occupy the middle of the room in a circle are alone for use.

I know there is some great charm in my music, whatever so-called friends may say to the contrary. Don't I remember years ago, in Mrs M'Nulty's hotel at Thursday Island in Torres Straits, how I sat and played "The Wearing of the Green," and how the door opened and the Irish banker appeared and with tears in his eyes said, "Oh! don't play that—I cannot—I cannot stand it!" Of course you may say he meant it in a way I did not take it, but that is mere ill-natured spite.

I went through my *répertoire*—the boys were

delighted. Flattered and encouraged, I broke into song—it enraptured them. What did I not sing—plaintive wails of Tosti—“Won’t you come home, Bill Bailey”—“Sam-ee, my little Sam-ee,” with my own words made up as I went along, and many more choice things. The *patroña* stormed and raved, stood listening, then burst out laughing; Doceteo regarded me with astonished admiration (any way that is how I interpreted his expression), and half Ambato filled the *patio*! This concert was a great success—the boys went “Sam-ee, my little Sam-ee-ing” all over the place, and considered the day to be a *fiesta* and no work to be done. The *patroña* was half-angry, half-amused, and whilst she stormed at them laughed at me, but ran after me discoursing volubly in Quichua, and always ending by being overcome with amusement. *Perro ladrador nunca buen mordedor.* (A barking dog is never a good biter.) I could not go out but the boys darted after me, and called attention to the Gringo and related something to the bystanders. I explored Ambato thoroughly, and amused myself very well.

On the following morning, Doceteo and I betook ourselves to the coach-office accompanied by quite a body of friends, including the bridegroom and his shadow. The latter was a scamp, and when the American and I were having a drink the night before, attempted to cheat in giving back change, and was not at all ashamed when the American seized him, opened his left hand, and found in it the money he had vowed he had returned. Whilst waiting for the coach to start, my doings and sayings were retailed to the crowd, who all dis-

cussed me with interest, examined my belongings, asked and spelt out my name, and questioned Doceteo about me. The next excitement was when I persisted in taking a seat outside on the coach instead of the higher-priced one to which I was entitled inside. No one could understand that I would gladly have paid double to sit in fresh air, instead of in the hermetically sealed interior with the very uninviting other passengers. Strangers tried to explain to me that my seat was inside—but at last they understood. It was all quite kindly meant, and we departed waving adieux to the whole crowd, Doceteo, I, and an old German occupying the seat behind the driver and whip-boy. It was certainly a much more comfortable coach than the “Rapide,” and my belongings were on the roof; and I was really fortunate in my misfortunes, and saw more than if I had got my original and rightful seat in the “Rapide.”

We left Ambato at twelve o'clock, and arrived at Latacunga in time for dinner in the evening, so that it was a short journey. It was hot and dusty, of course, but I enjoyed the drive. The old German beside me was very talkative. He had been thirty years at Guayaquil, and was now taking his first holiday and paying his first visit to Quito. He had been nowhere in the interior, and all was as new to him as to me. The views of the many mountains were magnificent and all most clear, and Cotopaxi—great, wonderful, beautiful Cotopaxi—more than answered all my expectations, and was in full eruption, belching forth an enormous cloud of smoke and steam. How I had looked forward to seeing it, and how grand it was when I did see it!



I have seen Vesuvius, Etna, Stromboli, Hecla in Iceland, wonderful volcanoes in New Guinea and elsewhere—but Cotopaxi excels them all in beauty. It perhaps is not so beautiful as divine Fujijama in Japan—but then Fuji is unique—but it appealed to me greatly. Its form, its perfect cone, is splendid; it wore its snow-cap well, and was no tame, barely living mountain, but instead was in such full activity that any attempt to ascend it was out of the question. It is the highest active volcano in the world, is 19,613 feet high, and the second highest mountain of the Ecuadoran Andes. The cone alone is 6000 feet high, and when Whymper ascended it in 1880 the crater was 2300 feet by 1650, and the bottom of it lay 1200 feet below the edge of the crater. It is in a state of perpetual activity, and has never been known to be otherwise. There have been many disastrous eruptions, and the last great one took place in 1877, when a deluge of water, blocks of ice, mud and rocks erupted, rushed down over the whole country, in places at the rate of 50 miles an hour. The flood going north to Esmeralda went at 17 miles an hour. The crater bubbled over with lava, and the flood poured forth in every direction. Blocks of ice, part of the glacier, were borne a great distance, remained for months, and when they did melt left hillocks of rubbish 4 feet in height. Towards Latacunga the flood destroyed road, houses, bridges, and overtook and destroyed many *arrieros* with their animals. The traces of it are everywhere visible now. It is 30 miles S.E. of Quito, and is visible from the garden of the Consulate here where I am writing.

In 1797 there was a great earthquake which



destroyed 40,000 people in Quito alone ; but the country has had many upheavals ; in 1868 whole towns and villages and 50,000 people were destroyed and perished, in the Cotacachi and Imbabura districts in the north ; also in 1896 was another great earthquake.

When I could take my eyes from Cotopaxi it was only to rest them on the quiescent dome of Chimborazo or the snowy peak of Illiniza. The latter for many months is never visible, yet I always saw it perfectly, and my luck in this matter was wonderful. Cotopaxi too, often invisible, was always particularly clear. It has been ascended frequently, and in the actual ascent is no great difficulty ; but it means camping at the mountain for some time, as there is no place near it to stay at. Then, should the wind change, the amount of steam and smoke is impossible to face.

No one could travel through these great mountains and think of the discomforts of the way. We had little incidents—the changing of the mules—a quarrel between the driver and the whipman. There is always a youth to wield the whip and throw stones at the mules.

The evening light was lovely as we drove into Latacunga, which is 9141 feet high and has 15,000 inhabitants.

The hotel situated in the inevitable plaza was two-storied, with the usual *patio*, and was distinctly better than the Ambato one. My room was tolerable and airy. Doceteo and I dined together at a little table in the dining-room, where actually a few signs of civilisation were apparent, such as vases of flowers on the tables. When I paid my

bill at night, Doceteo was most indignant because they charged me double what they did him.

The coach from Quito had come in, and an Englishman who arrived by it—a Mr Roberts, a commercial traveller—introduced himself to me, told me I had been expected for three weeks at Quito, and that Don Ludovico Soderström, the British Consul, had rooms ready for me at the Consulate. I knew letters and telegrams concerning me had been flying about, but I had had no personal communication with the consul, and had intended going to the hotel. Mr Roberts assured me that would never do; and he had promised to wire to Quito if he came across me on his way down, which he promptly did.

All the youths of Latacunga were drilling in the plaza for war with Peru—a war always about to take place. Chili and Ecuador are friends, but Peru and Ecuador hate each other. The plaza itself is of some size, surrounded by the cathedral, the hotel, and the public buildings, all having a good effect; and above it towered the cone of Cotopaxi. Latacunga is always in danger from Cotopaxi. The evening was superb; the most lovely rosy light flooded the town and the great mountain. As I stood at the hotel door watching Cotopaxi clearly defined with its snow-cap against the beauty of the rose-tinted sky, the smoke or steam which was pouring forth in a dark cloud assumed a strange form. It elongated out into a long neck, and gradually the great mass at the end, towering many thousands of feet into the sky, perhaps over 20,000 feet, assumed the shape of a strong likeness to Gladstone; this gradually

changed into the head of a satyr, and from that into the head of a donkey! I am sorry, but this is literally true, and it was a curious sight.

I slept tolerably well that night in a passably clean room. At 5 A.M., after a cup of coffee, we left Latacunga, in the omnibus with its four mules as before, and in addition to Doceteo, the old German, and I on the outside seat, we had an old Indian woman with a terrible *goître* sitting amongst the baggage on the roof. Unluckily, I happened to arrange the things more comfortably for her, and this making her grateful, and she regarding me as a friend — for they treat the Indians as mere beasts — she would creep near my back, and at every jolt of the coach that terrible *goître* bumped against me, and her near presence was not pleasant otherwise, but had to be borne. It was intensely cold in the early morning, and my tartan rug over our knees was most necessary. When we came to the bridge on leaving the town, we had to alight and walk over it, as it is not safe.

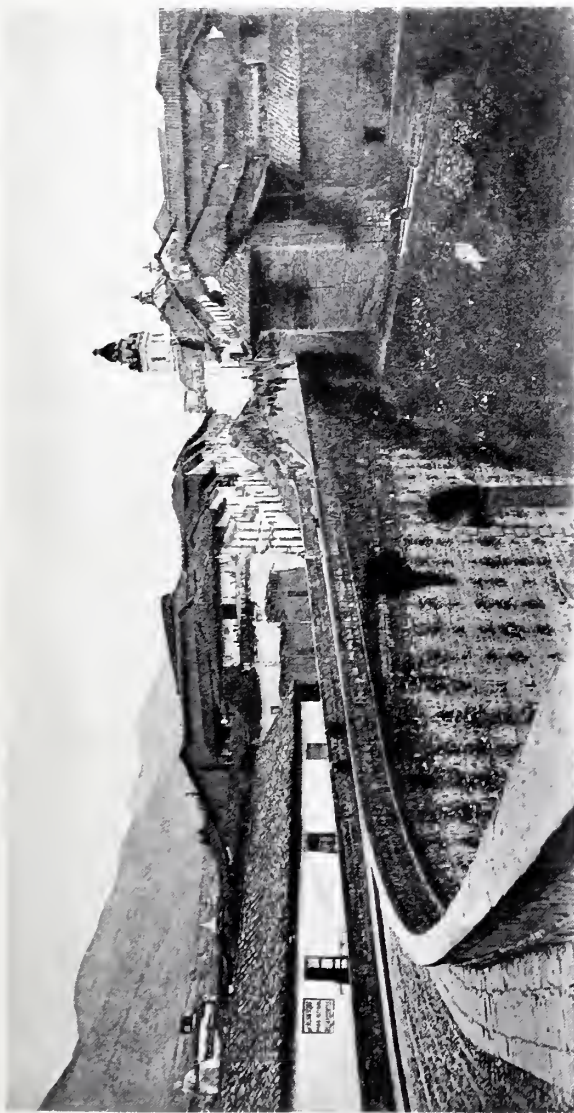
As we drove on in the early morning light through the grand avenue of volcanoes — for volcanoes living and dead are marshalled there in magnificent array — the scene was wonderfully beautiful. On the right, Cotopaxi stood out clearly, with its cone and steam-clouds tinted in lovely colours; and straight ahead rose Illiniza (17,400 feet), its lower slopes veiled in mystic gloom and only its snow-cap sailing high and alone in the sky. The Indians on the straight road were purple and rose-coloured, and lovely lights were everywhere. As the sun rose and the day broke into clear light, the glory faded, but each mountain stood out in

vivid relief, every inch most clearly visible. The glaciers of Cotopaxi were discoloured by ash and smoke, but the great glaciers and ice-cliffs of Chimborazo were vividly green and blue, with a hood of dazzling white. It is seldom they are seen like this.

I do not know the names of all we saw this day, but during the journey to Quito, besides Chimborazo, Cotopaxi, and Illiniza, we saw clearly Cayambe (19,186 feet), Antisana (19,335 feet), Altar (17,730 feet), Sangay, Tunguragua, Carhuairazo, Sincholagua, Cotocachi, Corazon, Saraurcu, Pichincha, and others, the lowest of which was over 14,000 feet above the sea. Most, or I presume all, are of volcanic origin, and some are active. Thirty famous mountains met our view. Yet, as we looked at them from a considerable height, they did not seem so high, and I could not help thinking that even—compared to these—the baby mountains of the Scottish Highlands looked as grand as these and as formidable. But after seeing much of the world, I consider the Scottish Highlands perhaps the most beautiful country I know—few equal it in richness of colour or changing variety.

The dust and heat were intolerable, and the rug was invaluable. We had also to cover up our faces with silk handkerchiefs. The frequent changing of mules was very tedious. They were never ready and waiting for us, for no one is in a hurry—it is indeed the Land of To-morrow. One place we drew up at there was not a house in sight, nor a mule in the *corral* by the wayside. After waiting half an hour the mules were seen being driven





BRIDGE OF LA PAZ, QUITO.





leisurely across the plain. Then another half-hour went by ere we started. One mule was very obstreperous; it kicked, plunged, bit, and did everything an obstinate mule can do, and that is much. I had returned to my seat on the coach. The whipman sat there idly cracking the whip, whilst the driver laboured hopelessly with the obstinate mule. At last my patience was exhausted, and I broke out into a torrent of good old English d——ns! The effect was splendid. The bystanders cried “Inglés! Inglés!” the mule stopped its tricks, turned round on me with an astonished stare, and then allowed itself to be harnessed up like a lamb; the whip-boy jumped down to assist, and all was well. Everyone laughed, and we started in a refreshed humour.

Two much beflowered, befeathered, and be-painted ladies had preceded us in a private coach, and here they left it for two waiting palfreys which were here to meet them in charge of two smart young *caballeros*. One horse had a pale pink velvet saddle much decorated with silver, and the other saddle was pale blue—both much the worse for wear. They were all deeply interested in me, and stared me out of countenance, going from one side of the coach to the other to do so. They departed apparently across country to some *hacienda*, after all saluting me, whilst they ignored the others. I suppose at Latacunga or somewhere they had heard of the Gringo who was travelling “for pleasure,” and thought me a curiosity.

As we neared Quito the country became more populated with many *haciendas*, Indian adobe huts, and the eucalyptus tree everywhere. The planting

of this tree, which suits the landscape admirably, must have quite changed the aspect of the country. We breakfasted at San Aña on the way, a miserable place, and also stopped at Machachi for refreshment. At one place a terrible-looking old Indian with long claws and a distorted body bent in two tottered up begging. When I gave him something, he grabbed it from my hand like a wild beast and ambled off in haste. They told me he was one hundred and twenty years old—one said one hundred and forty—he was scarcely like a human being. Death seemed to have forgotten him—what can it mean, that he should be destined to go on apparently living for ever this miserable existence? Undoubtedly he was of a very great age, you could see that at a glance.

At five o'clock we drove into Quito, and at the coach-office I found Mr Wheeler with Don Ludovico Soderström, the consul, and others awaiting my arrival, all in frock-coats, high hats, and gloves—and a nice dusty, dirty object I was to alight amidst all these much-dressed, over-dressed people of Quito. I was taken off at once to the Consulate, and the minute I entered the door Don Ludovico turned round and presented me with a Quito walking-stick carved with figures of the Quito Indians, the arms of Ecuador, the arms of Great Britain, and my own monogram! It was there ready waiting for me, and I prize it very much, and feel honoured that in common with the British ministers in South America, I am the possessor of this souvenir of the consul's kindness.

We dined at Carpentier's Restaurant in the town, and various people were introduced to me;

but I was very glad to have arrived at last and to get to bed. It was only on arriving at Quito that I discovered that all my doings, and worse, my sayings, since leaving Guayaquil had preceded me, were known and discussed, and I met them all face to face! This taught me to be more discreet for the future, especially as regards remarks about the railway. But, as they say here, "*Oir, ver y callar recias cosas son de obrar*"—"To see, hear, and be silent are difficult things to do." I had been expected for weeks, and all Quito awaited my arrival—so few are the real strangers who come here. I had had no idea of this, and was somewhat taken aback. It is possible to have very unpleasant experiences in Ecuador, and for occasions to arise when you are not particularly safe; but I had nothing to complain about, and these sort of things never happen to me, because I never think of them. At Guayaquil they said it was *necessary* to carry a revolver in case of trouble; it may be for certain people, but I found all of them inclined to be most friendly, and, barring one or two incidents, both amiable and polite. In fact I think they took more to me than I did to them, and my one regret was that I had been so lazy about learning Spanish that I knew only the necessary things and could not converse, and of course knew not a word of the Indian tongue. They seemed at Quito surprised that I had come through the journey absolutely unconscious that I might have had unpleasant adventures—I really believe some people seek them, or lay themselves out to be insulted or attacked. I never even

thought of it. *Quien mal no hace en mal no piensa.*  
(He that does no ill will not think any.)

QUITO, ECUADOR,  
September 1904.

Often and often have I looked at Quito on the map, and felt I wanted to go there. Four months ago, had you told me that I should be here now, I should have said it was impossible.

Yet, here I am in Quito, the ancient Ynca and Spanish city under the equator, which, as a matter of fact, is 16 miles north of Quito.

The British Consulate stands high on the north of the city, and from one of its gardens you have a view of the Panecillo, a rounded hill which is the playground of the city, and a view over the whole town. It contains several garden *patios* full of interesting trees, plants, and orchids — and humming-birds! Yes, a dear dot of a brilliant little humming-bird is building its nest above the garden door of my sitting-room. Don Ludovico has given me two large comfortable rooms, a bedroom, and a sitting-room, and loads me with kindness and attention. I am the first British stranger guest to stay here, though he must have had Ecuadoran people. The house is a museum filled with old furniture, pictures, stuffed birds, and all sorts of curiosities, for Don Ludovico is a great and well-known collector; and if you visit the British and South Kensington Museums you will see some of the collections presented by him — particularly a very fine stuffed Condor of the Ecuadoran Andes.



Don Ludovico—as he is called by everyone throughout Ecuador—is by birth a Swede, and came to this country forty years ago. He is known and respected everywhere throughout the land, and when I have ridden with him in the country every soul we passed saluted him with a smile, and in Quito itself he has seen the young generation grow up and knows everyone. He is very proud of being British Consul, and in that capacity is in favour with all. A great event of his life seems to have been the official visit of Mr Beauclerk, the British Minister to Peru, who in his capacity of Consul-General to Ecuador, where we had no Minister, came some years ago with Mrs Beauclerk, to Quito. Endless are the tales I have been told of the endurance and pluck of Mrs Beauclerk—a daughter of Sir Robert Hart of China—on the, at that time, very long and trying journey to Quito, for my journey was a tame one compared to what theirs had been. On one occasion they walked the night through in dust, mud, and discomfort, and Don Ludovico assures me that Mrs Beauclerk never complained once, but had shown unceasing pluck and good spirits—but she is a famous traveller. She had written to Don Ludovico from England, long before my arrival, asking him to look after me—of which I was not aware—and this is but one of the many kindnesses I have received at her hands. Then I am able to talk with Don Ludovico about the Kammerherr Magnus Lagerberg, the Cederströms, and other friends in Sweden known to him by name.

In the morning I have my coffee in my own

room, the dogs all coming in with it to bid me good-morning; then we breakfast and dine at the restaurant in the town, and I am never allowed to leave the house without being decorated with a gorgeous buttonhole, generally a beautiful orchid. I am afraid I do not always do justice to the orchid, for I am the worst dressed person in Quito. How I longed for my baggage to arrive, and what joy when walking in the street six days after my arrival, Don Ludovico pointed out to me a mule laden with my belongings! I was ready to rain tips galore on the *arrieros*, but was not allowed. They were paid the exact sum agreed on, and I was horrified at the smallness of the tip bestowed on them on my behalf, but they departed all over smiles, so it was evidently all right.

I was very lucky in getting my baggage so soon, for the Brazilian Minister here told me he had arrived with his family, taken a house, and had been waiting for nearly two months for all his effects. I was able to tell him that on the way up I had noticed many mules laden with his things, and that they were near at hand. Sometimes months go by ere things arrive, sometimes they disappear for ever; but as a rule everything eventually turns up, for the *arrieros* are tolerably honest, and as everything from the coast comes in this manner, they are strictly dealt with if anything happens. Don Ludovico told me that the huge metal shield with the British Consulate arms was stolen on its way up and never recovered, so that he had to get another one. Why they should steal it, and what they would do with such a uselessly conspicuous object when stolen, is hard to understand.

With all this, it is surprising—and aggravating too—to find that smart-dressing is the chief thought of the people of Quito! The men are dressed in frock-coats, white waistcoats, pointed patent leather boots and high hats, the latter made in Quito. The ladies going to church or about the streets dress in black, with black *mantillas* over their heads and round their faces, giving them a demure nun-like appearance; but the same faces are painted red and white, the brown neck showing the original tint, and the eyes are by no means demure. Shops for the sale of perfumes and cosmetics abound, and you can obtain all the preparations of Pinaud and other well-known Parisian houses which cannot be so easily obtained in London. Everyone is deluged with perfume. Black is the favourite wear, following the Spanish custom, and mourning is worn by everyone on every pretext for very long periods. The ladies, however, when they don lighter attire, are gorgeous in the latest Parisian fashion—or what Quito thinks is the latest—and break out into muslins, pale blue and pale pink silks, many flowers, feathers, and the like. Some are good-looking and many have fine eyes—which they naturally use—but all are too much painted. Even young girls who might be attractive in the beauty of youth, spoil themselves by a mask of red and white. That I have come to Quito for pleasure—merely to see it—is not believed. I must have some deep designs, and everyone wants to know if it is railway or mining business or what.

Unluckily for the first week here, I was very unwell, and felt unfit for anything. Perhaps the

altitude of Quito, which affects many newcomers, affected me, but I do not think so, for I felt none of the proper symptoms. It was the want of clean, wholesome food on the way up, and the long, hot, dusty journeys. I know my inability to undertake the long exploring journey with Don Ludovico into northern and almost unknown places, and which he hoped I would do, is a disappointment to him, and I am rather a trouble on his hands.

When we go forth in the mornings I lock the doors of my rooms, Don Ludovico locks his and then the large outer door, for otherwise the nimble thief would break through and steal. This I do not like, and if left to myself I would never do it. But I am so carefully looked after here that I am never sure whether I am a state prisoner or a guileless maiden of sixteen who must be chaperoned everywhere. The consul never ceases his attentions for my comfort and welfare.

The Stavers are installed in a pink silk and red plush *salon* in the "Royal Palace Hotel"—the only one in Quito, and dined us at Carpentier's one night. This restaurant is poor, and the food—to my taste anyway—is here, as elsewhere in Ecuador, horrid. It is sometimes supplemented, however, by partridges and pigeons brought by Don Ludovico. There had been hotels—of sorts—in previous days, but the present only one was opened last year. Before that, strangers had to engage an empty room and hire in some furniture, and eat out. The hotel is a good enough and suitable building, but already looks dirty and neglected. It is the eternal servant question—the Indians are impossible, and seem incapable of learning. Those



Don Ludovico has, come for the day. The one who attends to me has to be told each morning afresh to bring my water, etc. They cannot understand that they must do the same duties daily. Gorgeous furniture is the fashion, but you must only look at it, not use it. What is made in Quito is somewhat rickety—yet there are good wood-carvers here, and I saw at Riobamba some beautifully carved wooden figures of Christ and the Apostles which were made here.

I am frequently about with the Stavers, who are only visitors to Quito, he having come to interview the President on the subject of a railway. We have done some walks together, and used our kodaks unmercifully on the people. Once Mr Staver turned his on an old woman in the market-place who was a particularly savoury or unsavoury and tattered person, and she screamed loudly and rushed for cover till it was explained by the laughing bystanders that she was not going to be shot. The Stavers managed to pick up a nice and very cheap old cabinet and several good old silver articles. There was a splendid old silver basin, the size of a washing basin, which I did envy them ; but I do not want to collect anything, as I have too much baggage as it is.

With Don Ludovico I dined with a Dane, Mr Morgenstein, long resident in Quito, at the house of his parents-in-law, an old Quitonian couple of Spanish origin. His sister-in-law was also there, Mr Wheeler from Guayaquil, and my countryman Mr Buttar, the only British resident in Quito at present. We had a very good dinner, and spent a very pleasant evening with very kind and hospit-



able people. The old lady was like a picture by Murillo, and I greatly regretted when she said kind things to and about me in Spanish, not to be able to make the return compliments in pretty and proper Spanish phrases. She said I was "a perfect type of an English gentleman," and was much surprised when I repudiated the compliment, and said I was not English, but a Scottish Highlander. This family owns the largest druggist's store in Quito.

The other Danes resident here whom we have visited sometimes are Mr and Mrs Vorbeck at the Victoria Brewery, the beer produced at which brewery seemed to me to be excellent. Mrs Vorbeck is a charming young Danish lady, of that fair, clear-skinned Danish type I so often admired in Copenhagen. She was so pleased to hear I knew that bright and cheery capital, and had visited the Danish possessions of Iceland and the Faroe Isles, and we had talks about Stockholm, Copenhagen, the famous Tivoli, Thorwaldsen, Queen Alexandra, and the future of Scandinavia. She had been in Behring Straits, had spent two winters in Greenland—and how interested I was to hear about that life there and her acquaintance with the Peary family—and little had she ever expected to be living one day in Quito under the equator! I feel quite sorry for this young Danish lady living so alone, so far from her land and people, for she has little in common with the Ecuadoran ladies.

The Vorbecks gave us a delightful dinner, and I could not help complimenting Mrs Vorbeck on her beautiful embroidered table linen, her pretty

china, and table appointments—such a contrast to anything I had seen since leaving England—but she said it was a pleasure to have an excuse for using her pretty things. They possessed a wonderful solid silver figure of an Ynca, inlaid with bands of gold and about a foot long. It had been found by an Indian in a grave and bought by Mr Vorbeck. It is the finest specimen of these silver figures I have seen, and is fit only for a museum.

Before I came here I asked if there were no British subjects in Quito, and was told “there is one, and he is only a Scotsman.” This was Mr John Buttar. At present he and I represent our country here, as Mr Wheeler has gone. Mr Buttar, who is young, was once employed on the railway, and has now set up in business here buying, drying, and selling hides. He lives in some rooms on one side of the town, and on Sundays the hides are cleared off the drying ground, and the Foreign Colony of Quito assembles as his guests for tea and tennis; and how terribly energetic they are over tennis in the broiling vertical sun at such a height!

Is it not curious to find only two Scotsmen in this city of 80,000 inhabitants, and they the only British subjects? What has become of the enterprise of the Briton? He is an almost unknown quantity in Ecuador.

The Americans are represented by Mr and Mrs Hallock, and Mr and Mrs Mayers, and the Comptons? The American Minister is away, and the first-named couples live together in his house in his absence. Don Ludovico has charge of American interests for the time being, whereat

there is great rejoicing, for he is so liked and respected that they see a better chance of their wants and desires being attained by him than through their own minister. The American ladies wanted Don Ludovico to hoist the Stars and Stripes at our Consulate on Sundays, but I said I would haul it down if he did, for our glorious old rag must float there alone. Mr Hallock is Superintendent General of Public Works to the Government, and at present has no one under him to carry out any works he plans! Mr Mayer is here on electric light business. Mrs Hallock, a most cheery, kind, and hospitable lady throws open her house every Friday evening to the Foreign Colony, augmented by some of the young Secretaries of Legation, and we spend pleasant evenings there. One room is devoted to bridge and in the other "we frivolous young things" have music, coon songs all about Caroline who is sleeping by the long Californian shore—and what she does that for I always want to know—valsés, Sir Roger de Coverley, and the cake-walk! It would make you laugh to see us all doing the cake-walk. Mrs Staver's presence in Quito makes three American ladies. There is always great excitement, as each guest is ushered into Mrs Hallock's *salon* to prevent them making rash dives for the ornamental furniture, which is to be admired, not used. There have been several collapses of rickety legged chairs amidst general merriment. Mr Molleno, a pleasant young Chilian and Naval Attaché to the Chilian Legation is always one of the party, and very popular. A Chilian Naval Attaché in Quito seems somewhat odd, considering



QUITO AND THE PANECILLO.





that the Ecuadoran Navy at present consists of one vessel stuck in the mud at Guayaquil. One evening when we were visiting him at his house, which has a pretty and interesting garden, he informed us that he had just heard that he and twenty others had been made captains—though why twenty youthful naval officers should suddenly develop into captains was a mystery to me. Of course I could not keep my tongue still, and asked, and he said he had no idea either! He had always been in Legations, never on a ship!

We paid visits to the various foreign ministers, and I called on Señor Dillon, whose family I had seen at Riobamba. The Colombian Minister, Don Emiliano Isaza, I did not see, though we exchanged calls. The Peruvian Minister has a very nice house, well furnished, with a quite handsome *salon* in red damask. He is going shortly to Lima, where, he said, we should probably meet again. All these South American Legations are very important, and their ministers, secretaries, and attachés might belong to European Embassies, to hear them talk.

One day we went down to a convent and called on the nuns. The Mother Superior and some of them were Canadian. They received Don Ludovico as a very welcome old friend, and were very amusing and kind. The Government had been threatening to turn them out of the convent and take possession of their property. There is now equality of religion in Ecuador, though, of course, the Roman Catholic Church is, and will remain *the* Church, and there is no other; but there is a Liberal Party, which wishes to overthrow the power of the

Church. The nuns, however, were in great glee and full of worldly delight at having so far defeated the Government, and hoped to be victors all along the line. Whilst we were there Mr Stapleton, an American or Irish-American, or something—the Americans say he is not American, and the British say he is not British—came in. He is a Catholic, and had given large orders to the nuns for embroidered linen—which work they execute beautifully—and they produced it all finished and ready, and with much merriment the bill also, which they suggested he should settle on the spot. They laughed over the long face he pulled when he read the total of the bill—and it was evident they were first-rate business women.

Mr Stapleton, a pleasant man, is manager of the mines and works at Esmeraldas on the Coast, and gave an interesting description when I saw him elsewhere afterwards, of that part of the country.

The "Presidente del Ecuador" is General Don Leonidas Plaza Gutierrez, whose four years of office expires next month (November 1904). He is a young man, not yet forty, and on the whole his term of office has been a good one and also a peaceful one. No one seems enthusiastic about him, but also they are not his enemies—and in South America you ought to be one or the other. He has neither, I am told, banished his political opponents from the country, nor imprisoned those who are continually plotting against him, and plots and attempted revolutions are the order of the day here, as throughout the rest of the Continent. This surely is a sign of strength and

wisdom. All other presidents as soon as they come into office revenge themselves on their enemies and opponents by banishing or imprisoning them, and in these South American republics there is continual political agitation and much shooting in the streets. Here in the plaza is the spot where President Moreno was assassinated—other presidents can view it daily as a gentle reminder.

When Don Ludovico had arranged a day for my visit to the President, I imagined we were going to his private house. Of course we went high hat and all that, it being *de rigueur*. The day being wet, and Don Ludovico discovering that my umbrella was in holes, a fact I had concealed, thinking it would not matter, insisted on lending me his much-prized one with a fine carved ivory handle, relating to me how many times it had been lent, lost, and stolen—it was quite a storied article—and so I felt I must be careful. We set out, and descending the slippery, wet street I stepped on an unpaved bit and went straight down on my back. Endeavouring to pick myself up, I pitched forward on the open umbrella and it went out just like a star! Instead of apologising for this mishap, I somehow was seized with a frivolous mood, and laughed so much that Don Ludovico had to join in—when suddenly we were at the Palace and were ushered into an ante-room, and first paid a visit to the Minister for Foreign Affairs, a very smart, well-dressed personage, who was very civil, and said my audience of His Excellency the President was arranged. After international courtesies we went to another ante-room, where

were various people and some young officers in uniform, and to one, an A.D.C. I presume, I handed my hat and after it the dissipated-looking umbrella which hung down in tatters showing its indecently bare and broken ribs, and the astonished expression on the officer's face nearly made me collapse, and I had not recovered when we were bowed into a long room, where to my surprise I found the President and all his ministry assembled in state round a long table at the end. We made our bows, the proper presentation took place, and I was introduced to all the members of the Government in turn. I was a little taken aback at this formal state reception, which I had not expected. Then I suddenly perceived Don Rafael Elizalde, beaming all over, he being there paying his first visit to the capital of his country ere going to Chile to take up his post at the Ecuadoran Legation at Santiago. He moved to the chair next mine, he, Don Ludovico, and I sitting facing the President, who was behind the raised table, with the others on either side of him. Instantly, Don Rafael commenced murmuring in my ear, *sotto voce*, "Won't you goom 'om wid me, Beel Bailey? won't you goom 'om?" and I nearly expired whilst trying to ignore it and keep a straight face whilst the most elaborate compliments and phrases were being exchanged. On learning of my projected tour into the northern and almost unknown parts—which is not now to come off—General Plaza placed himself, his country, and officials at my disposal, and I duly returned thanks. He was very pleasant and civil, and they all were. I, of course, was charmed with Ecuador, and especially with the



mountains; and when he asked, did I mean to ascend Cotopaxi? I said, yes, if Don Rafael Elizalde would go with me. This broke the ice, and there was a general laugh, as that was not in his line. Then, of course, they wanted to know what I had come for, and I and Soderström endeavoured to explain I had not come for anything, but merely to "look-see"—that seemed impossible. Was there anything he could do for me? the President asked; was there nothing I wanted? Now, you know, no one goes to a South American President except to get some something, a railway or mining concession or the like, and you get that by giving the President something—delicately, of course—shares in your concession or whatever it is. They have no use for anyone who wants nothing. At first I said I wanted nothing, but seeing His Excellency's eyebrows going up, I hastily asked for Chimborazo! With a smile and a bow he said it was mine—so mine it must be. Of course, it belongs to someone else, but that does not matter, as in any case I have no room in my portmanteau, and I am not collecting antiquities. Afraid lest Don Ludovico would think I was too frivolous, I asked him to express my thanks for the reception in proper form, and to say how much I was interested in and delighted with my visit to Quito and Ecuador, which he did in Spanish, and with many compliments, handshakes, and bows we withdrew. In the ante-room the smart young A.D.C. handed me back the umbrella quite gravely, but I made a remark as to its disreputable appearance and all was right. Don Rafael Elizalde told me afterwards that they thought me so very genial—but they didn't know



the cause of it, and I reproached him for nearly making me disgrace myself.

We then went into the Congress building, as I wanted to see what a sitting of Congress was like and to view the law-makers of Ecuador. It was not a large chamber, and our entrance turned every face in our direction, especially as just at that moment Mr Soderström's name was mentioned in the matter under discussion. Everyone had a look at the Gringo who wanted nothing—that was a joke, if you like—and Mr Soderström chose this moment for imparting information to me. He is, though he may not be aware of it, rather deaf, and did not realise how distinctly he was heard.

“Do you see that man,” he said, “sitting so-and-so—look well at him—that is so-and-so, the man who murdered Garcia Moreno.”

The indicated Senator instantly turned round and glared at us. Every soul heard; even if he had not understood the words, they said the name Garcia Moreno uttered in his neighbourhood let him know what was being said! I thought it time to clear out, and said so.

One day, with Don Ludovico, I rode out of Quito by the North Road, part of which is pretty, towards San Antonio, and at a village about 16 miles from Quito we paid a visit to Mr Schmidt, the German Consul, who had a small villa there. He was very ill in bed, but seemed pleased to see visitors. Mrs Schmidt gave us breakfast, to which Don Ludovico contributed some tinned things he had brought in his saddle-bags. I took to Frau Schmidt, who reminded me a little of my dear kind friend and kinswoman, Her Excellency Frau

Generalin von Wurmb, *née* Campbell, of Craignish, in Germany. Frau Schmidt, though a German, had been brought up and educated in England. I truly sympathised with her when she told me she had been thirty years in Ecuador, and she hated every minute of those thirty years! This is a tragedy—for it seems likely she will have to spend her whole life here. The men have their business, and are here for a definite object—but the poor ladies! (They left, went to the States, but soon returned to Ecuador as home!) Breakfast over, Don Ludovico, who is an ardent sportsman, walked me all over dusty fields under a blazing sun, intent on shooting doves, which were plentiful and are very good eating, but very poor sport. Above towered the two peaks between which the line of the equator runs, and which two peaks are borne on the arms of Ecuador. We went also to a river where there was a natural mineral bath and spring, much used by the Indians and others, and supposed to be of great efficacy in the cure of many diseases. Near it were great beds of coal of a sort. It has been contemplated to exploit both the mineral spring and the coal-beds, and no doubt some day much will be made of both. (I suppose this was the Guallabamba River, and the village may have been Malchingi or Alchipichi, as we rode down the great Quebrada of Guallabamba; Cayambe on the equator is 19,186 feet, and Moganda N.W. of it is 14,088 feet—a very large mountain. North of these, Cotocachi and Imbabura, over 16,000 and 15,000 feet respectively. East of Cayambe and Sara-Urca, 15,502 feet, the country, all mountainous, is unexplored.)

There is much fine country north of this, into unexplored parts. Don Ludovico was full of information, talked incessantly as we rode back to Quito, but a good deal was lost on me whilst he paced gaily and gallantly ahead—like a knight of old, in his flowing poncho and mounted on his pacing stallion—I was always behind him, for I did not pace proudly and gallantly, as my horse, a black stallion, most kindly lent to me by Mrs Hallock, would not pace properly and needed much spurring on. As Mrs Hallock thought much of her black stallion, and said that with her it paced well, I expect it was owing to my not understanding the way to keep it to its best in the pacing line that it kept continually breaking into a heavy trot, which bored me. A good pacing horse has a very fine action, and it and its sombrero-crowned, flowing poncho-clad rider, with his bridle and saddle ornamented with silver, make quite an imposing and old-world effect. Not a soul could we pass—Indian or Ecuadoran—but every hat was doffed, every face smiled, and everyone passed *Buenos Dias* with Don Ludovico. Not only the Indian men, but also the women take off their hats—and it did seem odd to see an old hag raise her hat to you.

In Quito and its neighbourhood specimens were often seen of pure-blooded Indians of the wild, uncivilised tribes unconquered even by the Spaniards—those who dwell in the Oriente or in remote wilds towards the sources of the Amazon, and occasionally come to Quito. They are supposed to be much superior in every way to the *Mestizos*, or those with a drop of Spanish blood in them;

but I cannot say they impressed me favourably, and the more I saw of Indians the greater became my feeling of repulsion towards them, and yet I am usually in such sympathy with all native races. I thought of my splendid Papuans in New Guinea, savage cannibals though they be, who have killed and even eaten many of the people I knew there, but who yet were such stately gentlemen in so many ways, and so physically superb. How superior they seemed to these wild-looking, strange Indians.

With the consul I traversed all the streets and lanes of Quito, and what lanes! I smoked vigorously and stepped gingerly, as I thought of the old Scottish proverb, "A ganging foot is aye getting," and what in God's name might I not be getting there. I spent a whole afternoon with him in the Foreign Cemetery, a pet hobby of his and supported entirely by him. For some reason or other, we gained it by scaling a high wall and descending by a ladder. It is a quaint spot. There is a walled enclosure, and outside it a thickly planted garden and wood. It is full of orchids and strange plants collected by the consul. In the enclosure are buried not only all the foreigners, but also a negro, or some negroes, and the suicides! Nowhere else can the latter sleep in peace. It has seen strange scenes, too; for some years everyone buried there was continually dug up again by the Indians, probably seeking for the treasure they thought would be with the body. An American minister was dug up more than once, and eventually his remains were taken to the States. An Englishman was dug up many times, and the last time was in



fragments. The Europeans had to watch the cemetery and make raids on the body snatchers. Now the dead are buried 12 feet deep, and a caretaker resides in the grounds. The door, too, was used by the soldiers as a target when practising rifle shooting, and the walls and even gravestones bear marks of the bullets. A new door, on Don Ludovico's remonstrances, was given by the Government, but it also bears the marks of many bullets. For a time the consul induced the other foreign residents in Quito to contribute a very small sum towards the upkeep of this place, but that lasted no time—how much to their credit that is—and now he supports it entirely himself, and often buries people for nothing there. He pointed out the spot I was to have, and said he would give me a free burial 12 feet deep—some people are so kind! It is extraordinary how everyone seems to take for granted that I am to die in Ecuador, but it is the last thing I think of doing.

Near by is the racecourse, and there are pretty views everywhere. We visited near here a house with a pretty garden full of roses and brilliant plants, and how delighted I was to discover a lovely little jewelled humming-bird half-buried in a rose, having a dainty meal. The owner of the house was away, but his domestics welcomed us and offered refreshments. There is a university in Quito, with about 32 professors and perhaps about 300 students—also universities at Guayaquil and Cuenca. The theatre here is quite an imposing building, but at present it is closed, as the manager is in prison for not paying the salaries of his variety troupe, some of whom are Americans and one English; and I



expect it was this English youth who, looking like a groom, once greeted me in English in the street, and I passed on, thinking he was a beggar who was "trying it on," airing an English word or two. I have thought often of it since with regret, as these poor people were in great distress and had to be helped to get away, and had I but known, I certainly would not have left a countryman stranded here. There was also another Englishman I came across and entertained here !

One day at the Consulate, when some people were calling, Mr Soderström ushered in and introduced a well-dressed young man as Mr ——. He spoke with an American accent, and had just arrived from the States, and from the similarity of names, I jumped to the conclusion that he was "an important personage" who had just arrived in Quito, and whom I had not seen though I had had a letter of introduction to him ; therefore I was very civil, had him on hand for long, wondered he was so young and why he always called me "sir" in a way familiar to English ears, until it suddenly dawned on me that he was not the great man himself, but the great man's English valet ! I had heard of him, he bore the same name as his master, was quite a superior person, and indeed quite a personage. When the situation dawned on me I nearly laughed out loud, as, thinking him to be his master, I had been utterly puzzled during our talk to make head or tail of it !

The great volcano of Pichincha towers over Quito, and it is the thing "to do." I was not very keen about it, for it never appealed to me much, yet a volcano is always a volcano, and to be regarded

with curiosity and respect, and Don Ludovico insisted I must ascend it. Mr Vorbeck and Buttar—the latter never having been up it—consented to join us, and one afternoon we set off, four of us, for a *hacienda* situated on the slopes of the mountain, where we were to sleep, so as to be able to reach the summit at daybreak. The consul and Buttar were well mounted on their own good horses, but not so either Mr Vorbeck or I, and I had a sorry, hired nag. We had a pack-mule with us, a mounted *peon*, and a supply of provisions.

Pichincha is a huge mountain, covering an enormous extent of ground, and some say it has two craters, whilst Mr Whymper, I think, contends it has but one—but his account of this mountain is most confusing. It is 15 miles from peak to peak, is the fourteenth highest mountain of the Ecuadoran Alps, and its summit is, at the lowest estimate, 15,918 feet above the sea—in reality it is believed to be over 16,000 feet.

It was an interesting ride, though part of it very rough, as we had to surmount and then descend for a long time a steep spur, and this descent was by one of those extraordinary fissures, paths, ladders, water-courses, or whatever they are, which are a striking feature here, and called *quebradas*. This path was as steep as a ladder, was frequently a water-course, was strewn with large and small boulders interspersed with deep mud holes, and was so narrow that your feet grazed the rocks on both sides. Trees and shrubs met overhead. Down this steep place for a length of time we plunged, scrambled, slipped, staggered into water-holes, grazed our shins on the rocks, and so on;

but the horses are used to these places, and when left to themselves get on all right. I thought *one* of these places interesting, but there are so many they become monotonous.

In a very narrow part I met a smartly attired, good-looking, well-mounted *caballero*—the owner of the *hacienda* we were bound for—and wondered how we were to pass, as the high rocks jammed me on both sides. He smiled and saluted, my horse slid down a big boulder into a hole, and somehow it was accomplished, but how, I know not. I think he and his horse climbed the branch of a tree, or did some acrobatic feat.

When we got to the *hacienda* it was night. It was a small place, surrounded by a few Indian huts in plaza fashion. One room contained the owner's bed; another had a table and horse-hair sofa full of hills and valleys; the third room contained nothing. The room with the picturesque sofa opened by a door on to a verandah, and I pleaded hard that I might go to bed on the horse-hair hills and valleys, for I thought I could slip out in the night, if sleep came not; but no one would listen to me, and all insisted the bed of honour with pillows, and a—well, a white counterpane—must be given to me. We had an excellent supper on the provisions brought with us, and various bottles and tinned things were left as a present for the owner. I now understood Mr Mallet's advice at Panama to present such things in return for civility, as really in this country there seems little to eat. We had intended going to another *hacienda* owned by a lady, which was higher up, but on the way Don Ludovico learnt that a number of young men

with their horses were there, and that it was impossible. It was supposed to be a gathering of youthful plotters of revolution all met together to develop their plans. How I should have liked to go there and meet them.

After supper we all turned in, and soon all were in the arms of Morpheus, as was apparent by the chorus of snores all round. Don Ludovico declared he never closed an eye, but I said from that room came two distinct snores, so that Vorbeck must have snored twice at once! Anyhow I—on the bed of honour, too—had not a minute's sleep, but spent the night counting the hours, and was afraid of waking Buttar if I passed through his room to the verandah. How thankful I was when I heard Don Ludovico stirring, and I was up and out at once. It was pitch dark, but not very cold. We had some coffee. It is easily made in Ecuador, as it is always essence in a bottle, and you need only pour in some hot water, and there you are—or are not, for I never got to like it.

At three o'clock in the morning, in dense darkness, we started for the top of Pichincha. It was a queer ride. For hours we ascended by a *quebrada* of the sort I have described; going in single file. Thick trees and shrubs interlaced with creepers closed it in overhead, and one lay along one's saddle so as to avoid catching one's head in them and hanging there, for the horses plunged, climbed, slipped, and fell; branches caught you a smack in the face, stakes dug into your legs, and then, when the person in front fell with his horse—and Don Ludovico, who fell several times, once fell under his horse—you came on top of them. The dark-



ness under the thick foliage was inky. Scratched, torn, battered, bruised; falling over unseen things, being whacked in the face by stinging branches, jamming our legs and feet against the sides of the narrow way, we went on for hours, always steeply ascending; yet I enjoyed this queer ride in the night and had no fall, though my horse came down once or twice. We at last emerged on clearer ground and a more open path, and gradually as it grew lighter, gained open, but by no means interesting ground. The bare slopes of Pichincha are not beautiful. Once as the light came, a snowy peak somewhere loomed far up in the sky, but soon the clouds hid it. It was cold, of course, but not very trying.

The last part of the ascent was more interesting, and much harder climbing, especially the steep slopes of débris leading to the edge of the crater. Don Ludovico, who never parts with his gun, which might have been battered to pieces with its many falls, shot a brace of a sort of ptarmigan called here partridge. I was glad to reach the crater at last, and it was a strange scene. Our horses stood in a group and gazed curiously over, and the consul's stallion ceased from worrying the ladies with touching attentions. Now and again a mountain peak showed, but an ocean of billowy clouds rolled beneath us, and we had but a glimpse of the world below. The crater, however, was all plainly visible, and was of enormous extent and 2000 feet deep. We did not climb down into it, as it would take too long a time, though it is feasible; but we rolled great rocks and boulders down the steep slope, and watched them crashing over the precipice below,



and hurtling into the unseen deeps. A cone of sulphur was smoking with some volume far below us, and the crater was streaked with sulphurous ochre, and many tints. Great cliffs were around, and down one into the crater led a little yellow winding path, where the Indians descend to gather the sulphur. It was a grand crater, but not active enough to please me, and I wished it would burst up a little.

Suddenly the clouds rolled away, as they do at dawn, and the rising sun shone over peaks, valleys, and winding rivers, a great extent of land ; mountain peaks and valleys merging into unexplored lands. It was a beautiful sight whilst it lasted—the veil lifting to let us look on those far lands where never, so far as known, has the foot of white man trodden—and the consul rejoiced over our good luck, as frequently nothing is to be seen. We all felt the effects of the altitude a little, as did also the horses, which during the last and steepest part of the ascent had panted terribly, and I thought my gee was going to burst. But had I not been tired by want of sleep, I don't think I would have felt anything, and none of us were much affected. It was naturally cold at nearly or quite 16,000 feet at dawn, but not particularly so. I wrapped myself in my warm tartan rug, which had been on the pack mule, and propped up under the lee of a big rock, and the tartan rug said to me : "Oh, laird, what are we doing up here?" and I whispered : "Dear, warm, old comfy friend, we are here for pleasure!" "Really?" said the rug.

Cold chicken and other refreshments were produced and done justice to, and were very

welcome. Poor chicken—dear tough old hen—you never expected to be amongst the eagles, 16,000 feet above the sea, did you? No more did I. Pichincha is a tame, active volcano, and great mountaineers like Whymper despise a mountain whose summit can be gained on horse-back, but the rug outside me and the chicken within me, and I, who then was loving both, all felt we had at least done our duty in doing Pichincha. Then suddenly I saw something—a tiny bright little thing flashing past. Was it, could it be, a humming-bird at such a height, and the snow round us? And a humming-bird it was, one of a species dwelling only on this mountain; and afterwards we saw others. Chimborazo too has its own distinct species. I was very much surprised, for I had no idea these tiny creatures dwelt at such a height, and imagined they were denizens only of low-lying lands. But Don Ludovico was there to tell us everything.

“Be comforted,” said I to the remains of what had once been a hen inside me, “you are not alone in solitary grandeur on the mountain, for here is a humming-bird—a humming-bird which dwells here on equal terms with the great condor of the Andes—no less!”

And how about the great condor? I thought they swooped round you and down on you, and did battle with you; and had had visions of being borne aloft in their great claws and dropped amidst the glaciers of Chimborazo, or down the fiery crater of Cotopaxi—and never a condor had I seen! The snow that lay around us in patches and decked the peak, was more like large coarse

hail than snow. Indians bear it down to Quito to make ices. At last—after being photographed—we mounted and commenced our descent. No sooner had we started than I saw a black and white bird sailing aloft and swooping down nearer us. My first condor! As it swept down nearer, Don Ludovico and his gun were after it, but it was too far off. It was the only one I saw on Pichincha. As we descended to where trees commenced, as did also streams, gullies, and all sorts of things, our way became both trying and hard, despite of which, or on account of which, we lost our way. It is such a huge mountain, one may easily do that. We rode up, we rode down, and gazed at heights before us to be scaled, and time went on. Then we got again into those terrible ladder-like, narrow *quebradas*, steep as the wall of a house, strewn with boulders and mud, and the stumbling, slipping, falling—and swearing—commenced again. Now it was daylight and one could see what sort of riding we had done in the dark—I preferred it in the dark. You leant back with your head on your horse's tail, screening your face with your arms from the mass of strong branches, and slipped bumping down, catching your feet in countless projections on both sides; and often forcing the branches aside with your arms. Everyone kept repeating it was "fierce"—wearisome it was anyhow, and interminable too. We met some Indians and were misdirected, and so the long day wore along. We were by way of descending right on Quito in quite a different direction to the way we had come. My wretched pony was dead tired—so was I, only I pretended

I was not, "to save my face"—and so were all. Don Ludovico on his powerful stallion and Buttar on his good horse had the pull of Vorbeck and I. At last we began ascending some beastly tree-clad hill—precipice I call it—by one of the *quebradas* which quite outdid the others—it went straight up like a grey stone ladder! To me, looking at it from below, it seemed an impossibility, and everyone drew rein; but there was no place else to go. It got so bad at last that Don Ludovico and I both got off, and leading our horses climbed the d—— I mean the tiresome thing, and it was actual hard climbing, the only result of which was I got so blown that I coughed myself weak and continued coughing the rest of the day. So we mounted again, and at last gaining the top, descended by steep and slippery slopes to Quito, which lay like a map at our feet, the rounded hill of the Panecillo looking quite flat, and all the interior of the *patios* open to our gaze in the clear rarefied air. It was a fine view—but I thought a finer would be something to eat on my plate when we got down. I and my steed did *not* prance through the streets of Quito; we were modest and demure, and ambled along, hoping no one was noticing us. After a good wash and some dinner I did not feel in the least fatigued, though the constant strain of descending is really very tiring. I was glad to have done my duty in doing Pichincha, and so far as I am concerned that mountain may rest in peace for ever more.

I am not very sure if Pichincha is worth the trouble of ascending, yet I am glad to have seen those humming-birds in their cloud-wrapped home.



(I have one of these in my collection, given me by Mr Soderström, and prize it much.)

QUITTO, ECUADOR,  
*October 2nd, 1904.*

I have been asking everyone if they believe it is true that during eruptions the crater of Cotopaxi threw up enormous quantities of small fish, and they say it really was so. Humboldt and most of the scientific men who have been in the country believed it, and though Whymper denies its being possible, he still seems doubtful. These fish, unknown elsewhere, were said to be blind. Probably the eruption-caused floods carried them out of their rivers or haunts all over the land.

The other day I was invited to be present at a review in honour of Don Rafael Elizalde, at 8 A.M. He had purchased the horses—eighty of them—for the cavalry branch of the Ecuadoran army when in Chile, and so was paid this honour. I too was honoured in the invitation.

I thought I would walk to the review ground, and attempted to do so, but could find it nowhere, and consequently saw nothing of it. Don Rafael on his way back met me and drove me home. Lunching with him one day at the hotel, I made comments on the backward state of the country, and he begged me to remember how short a time it was since they had gained their independence from Spain; to this I retorted that in half that time some of our colonies had developed from unknown lands, peopled only by aborigines into





CHIMBORAZO AND ROAD TO QUITO.



STREET IN QUITO



populated, highly civilised countries teeming with great cities, thousands of miles of roads and railways, and so on—but Ecuadorans quite seriously compare Quito with London or Paris, and the Republic of Ecuador with the British Empire. One subsides into hopeless silence before such vanity as this. They know little and care less about Britain—France is everything to them, a Paradise.

I was greatly amused, on being taken to call on a young Ecuadoran man, by his excited pleasure in his rooms. The instant I had been introduced to him, he said: "Let me show you my apartment, the best arranged apartment in Quito. You see it has four doors, one in front on the street, one in the side street, one at the back, and one opening into the *Porte Cochère*. So when a lady comes to visit me on Sunday after church—for that is the time they usually come—and there is risk of discovery, she can slip out at any one of the doors in safety." This gallant youth had been much in Paris.

I paid an interesting visit with the consul and Mr Stapleton to Padre Sodiro, a kind old priest, who is a great botanist, and who presented me with one of his works on Ecuadoran plants; but I stupidly left it behind, and so do not possess it.

I thought myself very smart in purchasing from an Indian a large number of humming-bird skins, and showed them to Don Ludovico with pride. He was quite indignant with me, said they were rubbish and badly preserved (when I got to Lima I found them all in fragments), and disappeared, to return after a time with a carefully selected collec-

tion for me, which included some beetles. He has also presented me with carved wooden figures of Indians and various other things, and I am afraid to admire any object in his house lest it should be given to me, he is so generous. He got a number of the dried Indians' heads for me to see, and I chose one, which I refuse to carry with me, so he is to send it direct to England. It is a good specimen, being very small indeed. (It is now in the Ethnographical Section in the Natural History Museum at South Kensington. It came by post in a very small wooden box covered with seals. I took it myself to the Museum, when they said they would like to have it; and going along Piccadilly with it in my hand, met a friend, who asked me what I was carrying in that funny looking little box. I said: "A dead man's head," and persisted in the statement till he got quite cross. "I suppose there is a joke somewhere," he said, "though I do not see it." "No," I answered, "it is in the box, so you can't see it." As the box looked only large enough to contain a small orange, it was no wonder he could not believe "a dead man's head" was in it—doubters can see it for themselves in the Museum.)

In the evenings we often take a walk in the plaza which is large, well laid out, and surrounded by arcaded buildings, the cathedral, and the Government Palace. The turning of the plazas into gardens is a good idea, as they cannot be so freely used for revolutionary meetings. Before the cathedral stretches a long terrace, and this is a favourite evening promenade. I have been introduced there to many people, but never knew who

they were. A military band—or sometimes two—plays in front of the President's private house. They play very well, and always very inspiring music, and are very smart as to uniforms and equipment. One evening the whole Foreign Colony met in the plaza by accident, and as the military bands were serenading someone, we all walked many times round and round the square, this procession of Gringos making a small sensation. Gringo, you understand, means stranger. There is a club in the plaza, which I visited with Captain Molleno, the Chilian Naval Attaché and Don Rafael Elizalde, but it is not much of a place. The street corners of the plaza are always decorated by the usual bands of over-dressed and much-perfumed young men, who openly criticise the fair sex, and at times are very impudent. Don Ludovico told me he saw a band of these youths, of the better class, too, annoying a young girl whom he knew, and remonstrated with them. One was impudent, so Don Ludovico thrashed him. The thrashed young man took off his hat, made a low bow, and said: "Pass on, Señor!" A British minister too once found it necessary to bring his stick across a youth's face. But people in Ecuador are used to being beaten.

Besides the great square there are other plazas, and a favourite walk is to the Almeda, a prettily laid-out garden with a pavilion, and near which is the observatory. The life in the markets and streets is characteristic and full of local colour—but the dirt is not to be got out of one's mind. The fountains where the public water comes from are all polluted by the Indians, so particular people



have it brought in big jars, for a small payment, from a distance. These water-carriers are picturesque figures. Such loads as these Indians carry! Staver photographed two who each carried a sofa and many other household things on their backs.

There are many quaint old Spanish churches, very tawdry inside, but with fine stone carving outside. The church of the Jesuits is magnificent. The houses are built of stone, and there are some really fine large old houses with the usual arcaded *patios* often laid out as pretty gardens, or at least adorned with flowers.

And there is progress. Electric light is installed, and tramcars are to be!

In the evening it is necessary to walk very close to the walls of the houses under the balconies, or else out in the middle of the street, as the ladies of Quito and of Ecuador retain the ancient pleasing custom of throwing the contents of their bedroom utensils into the street from the windows or overhanging balconies. I had eyes everywhere, lest any fair creature should give me a bath. There is a story that an Englishman was so favoured, and rushed into the house and belaboured the fair one. This custom is forbidden now; but such customs die hard, and mine eyes have seen what they have seen! Before the town was lighted by the authorities each householder had to place a lighted candle in a lantern in front of the windows, and in some streets I noticed it was still so.

When you go a-courting—at least, they tell me so—you stand all day and night before the house of the lady you admire, till you attract

attention. Then papa comes out and invites you in, and asks you which daughter you want to marry, how much you have got, and so on, and all is arranged. Romance begins at a very youthful age here, and according to all tales morals are somewhat lax. In fact, at this very time the Guayaquil papers are full of articles about Quito, saying there is not a virgin in the town; but Guayaquil and other people laugh, and say that Guayaquil ought to be the last place to say that of any other. I do not know—all I can say is that you see no outward sign of vice of any sort, and the people seem most quiet and orderly.

There are amusing aspects of the sex question, though, in Quito. Looking from the house here one day, I saw a number of boys breaking a large hole in the high garden wall of a house opposite, and mentioned it to Don Ludovico, who said they had done it before, and it was to get at the youthful daughter of the owner of the house, with whom they were all in love! Why all the rivals should join together I could not see—and I never saw the end, as Don Ludovico was unkind enough to interfere.

The surroundings of Quito are pretty and there is much fine country within reach of it, both for grazing, agriculture, and for plantations of various sorts; but it all awaits capital and development. When the country has roads and railways, it will develop rapidly; and above all it needs Europeans. A few days from Quito and you are in unknown, unexplored lands. It is really a wonderful country, full of possibilities, and is a much maligned one. The people are devoid of brains or energy, so that

for foreigners there are many chances. I am full of amazement that the Germans have not started decent hotels—one really good one in Quito when the railway is completed (it is now completed, 1908) to Quito, would always be full. There is the servant question—the Indians are impossible. Chinese servants, however, would solve that problem, they are so good.

The large landowners mostly live in Paris or abroad, and some possess enormous tracts of country, the limits of which, stretching to the unknown, are undefined. But they as a rule are very poor indeed. One large Ecuadoran landowner I met told me he was the proprietor of the infamous Tambo of Chiquiposqui and of Chimborazo, so I presume he is the Marquis of Chimborazo, but I did not catch his name. I was on the point of discoursing on his Tambo when he told me this, and was just saved from a terrible *faux pas*. Various of the families bore proud old Spanish titles, till the advent of republican government deprived them of them.

Having now learnt something of the difficulties and delays of travel in Ecuador, and hearing countless tales of the delays on the coast by quarantine and so on, I felt I must leave Quito, and tried to hire for myself a special coach, for which I was asked £26. That was out of the question. It is easy enough and pleasant enough to ride, but then the baggage going by mule pack may not arrive at the railway for so long. Now Mr and Mrs Staver, who want to get away and who know the transport people, have managed to hire a special coach for £15, and have invited me to share it

with them, so that now I shall only have to pay £5, and will have their company. Then Doceteo is to be despatched with the *arrieros* in charge of their and my baggage, and will see it safely and quickly to the railway—so all is luckily arranged.

People often have to wait weeks ere they can get a seat in a coach or hire anything to get away. Now the railway will alter all that. It will really be a revolution when it reaches here. Everything and everyone must go by it then, as they will, I presume, use the road. What is to become of the *arrieros* and their means of living, I know not. Many of these people will at first do their best to disrail and wreck the train—but all will adjust itself in time. Quito, I am certain, will go ahead, and if sanitation is introduced, ought to be one of the pleasantest and healthiest cities in the world. I have the greatest faith in the future of Ecuador, if only they can attain a decent, settled, honourable government, and will try to raise the status of the people. It is a wonderful country, and ought to attract many strangers, mere tourists, or those on business bent. It is astonishing to think how little it is known (it is not better known in other parts of South America, and I found it to be in some ways ahead of some of them). I have a very friendly feeling for this country and its people, and have really met with so much amiable kindness. Truly it is extraordinary in many of its customs, but that will all vanish. Roads and railways—a large addition of common sense and energy—that is what it needs. I see no reason the railway should not pay. On the contrary, it must *in time* I imagine pay extremely



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well. All depends on an enlightened government—if they can get such a thing. Some day, *of course*, there will be a railway to Bogota, in Colombia, and from there to Quito—that is certain, but it may be many years yet ere it is built.

My great regret is, I must leave, I have so much before me to see and do. But *Vanse los amores y quedan los dolores* as the Spanish say—"Pleasures pass but sorrows stay."

GUAYAQUIL, ECUADOR,  
October 17th, 1904.

The Stavers and I started at 5 A.M. from Quito, in our special coach with four mules. We were enabled to take some things with us, and the hooded vehicle was comfortable enough. Needless to say, Don Ludovico continued his unceasing kindness and attention till the last moment and escorted me to the coach, bestowing on me a final orchid, a cooked partridge, and various other things for our provision basket. The heavy baggage had gone under Doceteo's charge.

The day was terribly hot and the dust choking; it permeated everything. I lent Mrs Staver my motoring dust coat and cap, which latter, strange to say, unlike most motoring atrocities, makes a very becoming headgear, and buttoned all round the face gives the wearer the appearance of a nun! Over this costume Mrs Staver and I had a great falling-out. At one place where we halted an old woman dropped down and kissed the hem of Mrs Staver's garment, evidently thinking she



COTOPAXI IN ERUPTION.



COTOPAXI, FROM SAN AÑA.



belonged to some holy order. I declared the old woman kissed the hem of *my* garment, but Mrs Staver would have it that it was the hem of her own skirt and not of my dust coat that had been kissed, and insisted on depriving me of the honour.

We bought fruit on the way, alligator pears and the like, and did a certain amount of photography. Again we had magnificently clear views of all the mountains, and never ceased admiring them. We stopped for lunch the first day—after having also rested at Machachi and elsewhere—at the little Tambo of San Aña, from which is a good view of Cotopaxi, it indeed being the nearest place to it. At lunch the butter was modelled after Cotopaxi, and we greatly admired this work of art. With international discussions as to our respective countries and their ways, the time passed on the whole quickly, though it was a long, tiring day, as we made no more than a short halt at Latacunga and went right on to Ambato, where we arrived at 7 P.M. From 5 A.M. to 7 P.M. was sufficient for us all, and we longed for rest. We went to the Hotel de Pares, which had been recommended as being better than the other, but turned out to be an awful place, much worse than the other. When I carried some of our belongings into the verandah of the *patio*—for no one was visible but an extra stupid boy—I found Mrs Staver somewhat excited.

“Nothing,” she said, “will induce me to have you sleep in my room to-night.”

“But I have no desire to sleep in your room,” I replied in amazement.

“But see,” she said, “the boy says it is the only room, and it has three beds, and he insists



that we three must occupy it, as there is no other."

How we laughed over this; but I soon discovered a small room or cupboard adjoining, with a bed in it, and took possession of that. I had, however, to knock on the wall and warn the Stavers that I was practically in the same room, as there was but paper or canvas between us, and everything they said was plainly audible. We dined—in a way—and had our partridge, or rather Don Ludovico's, were glad of it, and wished it had been three!

It was 6 A.M. when I was up and dressed next morning, and not a soul was stirring though they knew we meant to leave exactly at seven. I opened the front door, kicked up the Indian who lay asleep in his poncho inside it, and explored for the boy, who, with various other Indians I found sleeping on the verandah, all wrapped in their ponchos. Mrs Staver and I cleared a table of the remains of our dinner of the night before, and hunted out clean cups and spoons, etc., whilst Staver lit the fire in the kitchen and set the water to boil for coffee, which was all we required—or could get! This is an "hotel" for you, in a town of 10,000 or 12,000 inhabitants. Then we paid our bills. However, by seven we got away again for our final day's coaching.

At one place, I forget which, as we approached it, we met a bull careering along the road followed by various horsemen, and on driving into the plaza found a bull-fight in progress and the place crammed with people. We lingered till the bull was recaptured, brought back, and the fight had commenced.

We stopped for lunch at the Tambo of Chiuqui poqui, eating, however, our own provisions, though eggs and coffee were provided by the dirty Indians, I, however, refusing to touch the coffee. The room we lunched in was a large shed, and contained in one corner a heap of green fodder for the animals; several four-post wooden beds, minus tops and all equipment, but the posts were meant to support mosquito curtains; and as well were some long tables and wooden forms. The floor was the earth, and all was very dirty and I am sure very lively. Here generations of travellers have camped—sometimes in crowds—for the night, as best they could, and no doubt glad of even that shelter. They have inscribed their names and impressions of this *tambo* on the walls, and some of these are “iligant” reading. There are no two opinions about Chiquipoggia—which is the way it is pronounced—and the recorded impressions are couched in very strong language. “This is a h—l of a place, if you like,” in English, is about the mildest and most refined. Truly it is extraordinary that for so many years, this, the only resting-place on a long stretch of road, should remain as it is.

Don Ludovico told me that when the British Minister and Mrs Beauclerk made their famous journey to Quito some years before this, he, Don Ludovico, arrived there and found it crammed with travellers. “Clear out,” he said, “everyone of you, the British Minister is coming, and the place must be empty and in order for him.” When they objected, he gave them a beating and turned them out himself, telling them the British Minister was too important a person to be incommoded by such

persons as they—and then the Beauclerks did not arrive till the following night!

When we passed along that part of the road—after being photographed on the way, with a glimpse of Chimborazo as a suitable background—where across the plain the whirlwinds of dust are always advancing in great processions, I was anxious that one should strike the coach, to see what happened, but Mrs Staver was alarmed at the idea. Truly it is a curious sight. The others saw some sheep overturned by one, but I did not notice it. We reached Colta about five o'clock, wondering what we should do for the night. The Stavers wanted to throw themselves on the hospitality of the railway, as a matter of course. I, remembering my last night at Colta, proposed that we should inspect the "Hotel Marina." This was a *hacienda* on the hillside, a little distance from Colta, which on the approach of the railway had hung out a board with that name on it. It was one of the "two new hotels" the Guayaquil people had talked about, the tent being the other. We were received by the usual boy and a friendly landlady. There were some outbuildings, with the kitchen, etc., which I carefully avoided looking into. The main house had a verandah in front, and was one room; but a corner with a window had been boarded off as a bedroom, and this the Stavers thought would do them for the night, as we meant to go on by train in the morning. In another corner a small space was partitioned off, and this I took. The main room had six beds and one tin basin. I captured the basin, found a jug and got water, and annexed a towel which was hanging out to dry. The

*patroña* was an amiable lady—perhaps the owner of the *hacienda*, perhaps the Marchioness of Colta, who can say—anyway she was quite ready to sit down and chat, and absolutely indifferent as to what we did or got. As to where we were to eat, on the floor or on our beds, I don't know, or what we were to eat. She did not seem to know or care, but we said "get something somewhere," and I pleaded for tinned things. I was in the midst of modest ablutions when we learnt our coach had been sighted somewhere, and in came Kenton Harman and Sommers, full of indignation—how dared we, they said, go anywhere but to them, in railway territory? I suggested that I should sleep where I was, but would walk down and feed with them. All the answer I got was Kenton Harman seizing my traps, pushing me out with: "Now you get right along! Not a word, just get!" So we shook the *patroña's* hands, pressing some money into them, leaving her still as amiably indifferent and unruffled as we had found her, and went off to the railway cars. Here we met the "boss," Major Harman, whom I had not seen before, as he was in Quito when I was at Colta, and left Quito just before I arrived there. He gave up his car to the Stavers, and Perez gave me shelter in his. With Major Harman and various of the kindly hospitable "Yankee boys," we dined in a tent.

The next day, at Major Harman's invitation, we went by train with him to Huigra to stay at his house there. It is a plain wooden building, with bamboo lath walls, very simply furnished, but very clean and bright. It seems funny to say one's host's house is *clean*! But this was so simple and



bright after the awful places we had been in that that was one's first impression. It has a verandah in front, with steps descending directly to the railway line, and the train drew up at the steps to allow us to alight. Major Harman's wife and daughter were away in the States.

All along our journey the Stavers had revealed to me that they considered me a sort of enormity, a person who did nothing and had come to do nothing. They had never been in Europe and could not understand my point of view. They hoped to go one day to Europe to see it, as all Americans do, and I pointed out I had come to see South America in the same way, to learn a little about it. Now, as I lay—doing nothing—in a hammock on Major Harman's verandah, I heard, through the open window, the Americans discussing me again, and had to go in and join them so as not to be an eavesdropper. We are such different peoples, with such different outlooks on the world and such different lives, that the two sides of the question are rather amusing, and Americans have a quaint original way of expressing themselves that always amuses me. Their ceaseless quest of the Almighty Dollar never appeals to me—it is the things the dollars give I like; and it seems to me that, by the time many Americans have acquired the dollars, they have so learnt to do without those things that they don't care for them.

I went down to Morley's car to have a chat and smoke a cigar, and in the evening before dinner, Kenton Harman, who had also come to Huigra, took me to visit the American Dr Davis, in his car, and we had our before-dinner cocktails with him



and his wife, an American lady who found railway camp-life in Huigra very tedious, which is not to be wondered at. Dr Davis prepared, from some recipe of his own, wonderfully taking cocktails—but cocktails are always a mystery to me.

After dinner, in the evening, Morley came in, and we had a long yarn. Talking of the expected war with Peru, they discussed, in the event of war, the fate of the railway, and I was amused to hear Major Harman say that the railway would go on as usual, and they would transport the Peruvian-invading soldiers as passengers at the usual fares! That was one idea of war. Whoever interfered with the railway would have to compensate the Company, for the United States would see to that, as Washington is at the back of that railway. Ecuador and Colombia are eventually to come completely under the Yankee influence, and every phase of the warfare between the Railway Company and the Ecuadoran Government is noted and docketed at Washington. The interests of the British shareholders must, I suppose, one day be a matter to be settled between our Foreign Office and Washington. However, it remains to be seen what the eventual fate of the railway is.

Shortly before this there had been a robbery on the railway of a large sum of money out of the mail car. The Ecuadoran employees in charge were suspected by the railway people. But the Ecuadoran Government accused and arrested a negro long in the Company's employment. "If that nigger is not let out to-morrow," said Major Harman, "I chuck all the mails out of the train

and refuse to carry them longer." The nigger was forthwith released!

Major Harman came to my room in the morning as I was dressing, to ask how I had passed the night, and I was able to assure him I had revelled in the luxury of a real comfortable bed with beautiful clean linen, and, think of it, only think of it, there was a real bathroom with loads of water, and what a luxury that seemed! How I did enjoy that blessed night's sleep and that lovely tub in the morning!

The Stavers remained, but I departed at 12:30 next day, as I was afraid of missing the boat, which was due at Guayaquil, and by which I wished to go south. At Huigra, before I left, I went to the hotel to see Mrs Julia Kennedy, and bestowed a little silver crucifix on one of her children as a souvenir. Going down to Guayaquil, I experienced the effects of the change of altitude, which everyone else experiences going up. I felt unwell and faint, had a violent headache, and thought my head and throat would burst. You go down so many thousand feet so quickly that the change of atmosphere is marked. I arrived at Duran at 5 P.M., and crossed in the ferry-boat to Guayaquil, and was soon installed in the room at the Hotel Victoria I had occupied before. I found all my baggage was with me in the train—I and it passed on free!—and recovered the portmanteau I had left in the hotel, and was delighted to have all my belongings round me again, all intact. I had lost nothing, and no one had robbed me of anything, as I was told they certainly would, and I am sure they had had plenty of opportunity. I like to record this, for the

people and the country have a bad name, and I saw little to justify it. It must be seen that when I, a stranger, perfectly at sea as to the country and its ways, unable to speak Quichuan and very little Spanish, travelling with piles of unnecessary baggage, which I seldom saw or knew where it was, lost nothing and had nothing stolen, the people have a worse name for dishonesty than they deserve. I daresay they cheated me in paying for things, just as foreigners are cheated in any country under the same circumstances, and it did not amount to much.

I found I need not have hurried down, as the boat from Panama had not arrived (I waited in Guayaquil for it eleven days, it being that time overdue)! The Stavers came down the following day and put up at the Hotel de Paris, which hotel I found on visiting them there frequently was much better than the Victoria, especially as regards the meals. There was a tame deer in it which used to come into the dining-room in search of tit-bits, and if startled would gallop along the corridor with a great clatter and bowl over any unwary person ascending the stairs! A strange pet to inhabit an hotel. I was all right, though, at the Victoria, as the landlord, his son, and the hotel boys welcomed me back in quite an affectionate way, were I think pleased at my leaving the portmanteau with them, and were full of interest in what I thought of the interior and Quito.

Mr E. Whymper records and illustrates no less than fifty terrible-looking beetles and other animals he collected in his room in a Guayaquil hotel—I was careful not to look for them, and what you

don't see, you don't think about. I did, however, always look in the hammock for scorpions, as I believe it was in this very room and very hammock that a lady was bitten, and died or nearly died from the poison, I forget which. Then I was afraid always of the *jigger*. This is an insect, which is, I believe, about the size of, and something like a flea. You may tread on it, or it may otherwise enter into your flesh unperceived. It burrows in, lays an egg which swells up, and you may lose your foot or whatever it is. The tales I heard of the jigger and other things of the sort did frighten me. The yellow fever, smallpox, and all other malarial fevers, etc., I did not fear at all, or think about. (Major Harman of the railway in 1908 went to Guayaquil for the day, returned unwell to Huigra, and was dead in no time of yellow fever, and is buried in his own garden there—which shows how those long in the country are not safe from it.)

I renewed my acquaintance with the Guayaquil people, and with the Stavers dined one night with the British Vice-Consul and Mrs Ashton. Mr Ashton is manager of the American Cable Company, in which American Company *all* the employees are (or were) English—this sounds hopeful. Also, Mr Staver, who is manager for the South American Development Company (a U.S. concern), at Zarooma in the south of Ecuador, told me that he was trying to replace his Yankee employees by British ones, as the Yankees are so restless and hard to manage. They would sign an engagement for three years and in six months throw it up and depart, or, regardless of their contract, embark in



something they thought better. The British youths, on the contrary, stuck honourably to their engagement, and, as long as they did not take to drink, did well. He was bringing out some young fellows from England on a three years' engagement, at a salary of £10 a month, with passage from and to Liverpool paid, and they got their keep. He had a high opinion of the British youths at his mines, who, he said, did admirably just so long as they did not drink—and drink brings many of them to grief. Zarooma was three or four days' hard journey south of Guayaquil, and they wished me to go and stay with them at the camp for a time; and there is nothing I should have liked better, but I could not afford the time.

I did not feel well the night I dined with the Ashtons, and before I was dressed next morning, Mr Ashton and his little boys appeared at my room to see how I was. They had made up their minds that I was sickening for yellow fever, and were determined to take me into their house to nurse me! Everyone said: "How like the Ashtons; they are so kind," when they heard it. I assured them I had not the faintest intention of getting yellow fever or anything else, and entertained the boys by showing them my humming-birds and Quito gleanings.

The consul, Mr Cartwright, and his family, were very hospitable and kind, and with the Stavers I spent an evening with them, breakfasted another day, and so on. One night, dining there, I found a small black child at my elbow, and Mrs Cartwright gave me quite a shock by saying: "That is my daughters' child!" but then went on



to explain that it was a custom in Ecuador—and surely a very kindly one—for families to adopt an orphaned child and bring it up, and her daughters had taken charge of this little thing. Mr Cartwright is an ardent photographer and gave me a batch of local views. I met various people in the town, Harmans from Duran—Kenton Harman's parents, and that was enough to make me like them—a Mr de Montmorency, an Irishman, something to do with the railway; a travelled French surveyor, whose name I forget, but who was interesting and full of information; the Governor of the Ellora province, and others.

I made the acquaintance also of Señor Lizardo Garcia, of the Bank of Ecuador, the leading candidate for the presidency. He is said to be a very clever business man, and clever business men are needed in Ecuador. He did not impress me as being a very sympathetic man, and I doubt, if he is elected, if his "reign" will be as peaceable a one as General Plaza's has been. General Ventemeilla, a former president, and now an exile in Chile, is another candidate, but his chances are small. (Señor Lizardo Garcia was duly elected President of Ecuador in November 1904, in succession to General Plaza, whose term of office expired peaceably then. The usual revolution took place; Alfaro, a former president, reinstated himself as president, and Garcia fled the country. Some people accuse the Harmans of having engineered this revolution, but I know little about it.)

Don Rafael Elizalde arrived from Quito, and I was glad to hear he is going south with me in the boat we await, to take up his post as Chargé

d’Affaires for Ecuador in Chile. He introduced me to a pleasant Ecuadoran couple, Señor Lopez and his wife, who with their little girl are also going by the same boat. Señora Lopez is a Chilean lady, and very fair; her husband is Consul for Ecuador at Santiago. They are in the hotel in rooms opposite me, and say they think I must be writing a book, as they see me scribbling away at my table—this is it! Carlyle said—“Write a book”—I wonder what he would call all this scribbling?

One day I joined with the Stavers in the hire of a steam launch, and we invited the three Miss Cartwrights and Mr Ashton, the Vice-Consul, and one of his boys to accompany us on a picnic up the Guayas and Daule rivers. It was a lovely day, and we all enjoyed it immensely. Mrs Staver and the landlady of her hotel had undertaken the ordering of the eatables, and we all exclaimed in amazement at the huge repast provided—apparently tons of bread, bottles of olives, cold chickens, egg sandwiches, etc. At the end of the day nothing at all was left, and we were all asking for “something more!” The river is very broad at first, and when it narrows is very beautiful, winding between banks clothed with beautiful foliage and plantations of various kinds. Some of the houses were quite pretty, if somewhat of the ramshackle kind, with charming tangled gardens. Here grew cocoa-palms, bananas, and plantain trees, orange groves—the golden fruit amidst its dark green leaves always beautiful—bread-fruit, and mango trees, both beautiful and with clusters of hanging fruits, pink, yellow, and green; beans, sugar-cane, Yuka—rice

also growing—in fact, everything seemed to be doing well. There were beautiful flowering plants unknown to me, and down the swift current of the river floated great masses of tropical foliage from some far inland place. We fished for these floating islands, we grasped at beautiful purple water-lilies as we glided pleasantly along. Beautiful red and yellow birds darted about—and then there were the alligators.

I had hoped to go a regular alligator shooting expedition up these rivers, but the man who arranges it all was not available, and it being as usual always put off till *mañana*, it never came off. This day we amused ourselves potting away at every alligator we saw on the banks; it certainly amused us, and I don't think troubled the alligators much. True, when we hit them they made a great splashing, and once I fired into the open mouth of a great brute which lay on a mudbank, and it gave a mighty leap into the water. They say here now that these brutes do not touch people—you go and try, I won't!—and that the natives now enter the water with no fear of them. Some people tell you this; others just the opposite.

We also saw a white alligator—quite white. It is true it was a dead one, had long been dead, and as it floated by, its white rotund figure was not pleasing. Still it was an alligator, and white.

Birds, too, we potted at, and nearly got stuck in the mud by going too near a bank to pick up one. We landed and walked about, were objects of interest to riverside dwellers, as they were to us—and all the time kept turning to the rapidly disappearing provisions. We got home in the evening

having thoroughly enjoyed this brilliant, bright day.

There is no sign of the boat from Panama, and the waiting is becoming monotonous. Yet this place is by no means uninteresting to a stranger; and as, so far, I have not got yellow fever or malaria or the other things I should get here, I have no need to complain. In fact, I rather like Guayaquil. My daily programme is to rise when my coffee and rolls come, dress leisurely, surveying as I do so the life on the *maleçon* below and on another street which my window commands. Then I go off to the gardens in front of the cathedral, which, though closed to the public in the morning, are always open for me, the gardeners flying to welcome me and always vying as to who is to give me my daily buttonhole, and there I sit in the shade and in peace and read. These gardens though small are pretty, with many interesting plants and trees. Then I stroll into the cathedral or one of the churches—always cool and a relief from the glare outside—and sit there a time, and enjoy immensely the secret love-meetings which take place daily. Black-veiled ladies with painted faces, some pretty, some not, some devout, some not, enter and do their devotions, and then stroll into a side chapel. Then a gallant cavalier enters, strolls also into that chapel, there is a tender meeting, he departs by one door whilst she goes by another and no one the wiser—save me! But the ladies generally come to have a look at me first. I puzzle them. What does the Gringo there daily? Who can he be waiting for? Sometimes they speak to me—what do they say, I wonder—the



Spanish phrase-book does not provide for this contingency. But alas! I can only sigh dolorously and explain: *No hablo Espaniola*, and they glide away amused and laugh over the stupid Gringo. Then a stroll through the streets or into the market, which is full of interest. Meet acquaintances in the street, look at papers in the Club, and then generally look in on the Stavers at their hotel, and often lunch with them. Doceteo has blossomed out into gorgeous raiment and beams whenever he sees me, regarding me as a special friend. I was anxious to give him a present, and consulted his employers as to what it should be—they could only suggest clothes—but eventually I found an elaborate pocket-purse-book and deposited a sovereign in it, and Doceteo was gracious enough to be pleased. He looked after my luggage all the way from Quito. But his master says his journey with me to Quito turned his head, and he is “a good servant spoilt”; and that now that he has got himself a double-breasted white waistcoat, it is the end, as, once they attain to that, they are done for! But Doceteo is a good soul and fond of the Stavers, so I trust he will stick to them.

In the afternoon I go with the Stavers to eat ices at an open-air café, to pass the time, and then stroll about with a kodak. Sometimes we take rides on the trams to get a little air, or go over to a place behind the town where an arm of the sea comes up, and where we fondly imagine we feel sea-breezes.

One evening, riding on the open tram, someone exclaimed that there was Chimborazo. Everyone saw it, save me, and in vain I looked across at



Duran, above which it should show. At last I saw it, I had not looked high enough, and only then did the full beauty and grandeur of this mighty mountain dawn on me, for there, high, high in the sky floated its magnificent white dome. I never dreamt of looking so high for any mountain top—and this one so far away—*my* Chimborazo! This was the only time I have seen it from here, as it is seldom visible. In the evening we go to hear the band play in the gardens and watch the gaily dressed aristocracy of Guayaquil parading there, and after a stroll on the *maleçon* I turn in, get into pyjamas and a hammock—for it is dangerous to breathe the damp night air, laden with malarious microbes.

I am pestered by the West Indian or American negroes who are always about this *maleçon*, for of course they all know I am British and a stranger, and am here to kill time, waiting for the boat. They are amusing, but impudent. One stopped me once and said: "Now, look here, sah! you fine rich English gentleman; you come here to travel in this land for pleasure and go to Quito. I am British subject too, but I very poor nigger, and now I get employment from Mr Staver to go to Zarooma mines. When I get there I get good wages; but here I have no money and no clothes. You must feel shame to see your countryman dressed like this. You got fine tie and a new front to your jacket (what he meant by that I know not), and so you must give me your old clothes." I said I had none: he would not hear of that. I said then he must go to Mr Staver, who would, no doubt, advance him enough to get clothes; but that

would not do. To beg from anyone but his own countryman was a shame; it was a matter between him and me. In the end I gave him something, and his parting salutation was: "Well, so long, dear chief!" He went away, got drunk and into trouble, was locked up when Staver left, and Mr Ashton had no end of trouble over him!

Another night, when strolling up and down, I caught fragments of a conversation between two niggers which I only wish I could reproduce.

Said one: "I have been a nigger for thirty years, and I am tired of it! What is the good of being a nigger—everywhere you go everyone says: "Only that dam black nigger"; I am tired of it—nothing but kicks and blows, and moving on, and dam black nigger. I want to die now. . . . Only way is to kill off all de white men, eberyone ob dem, and then all the niggers will do golly well what dem please and get all de money. . . . What is England? Fine country—finest in dis world, but she is so slow. What she say? When de Boer War is ober, plenty work for ebery man—fine country Africa, full of gold—where am de gold?" It was such fragments that I caught; but the pathetic boredom of the tone in which he bewailed having been a nigger for thirty years and being tired of it, came home to me. They all, too, have the same plaint in almost the same words about England, the war, and nothing coming of it.

October 9th or 10th was the celebration of the Day of Independence, and of course the people saw in it a chance for some excitement. Rumours of a revolution were in the air, and hints of all sorts of things. Since General Plaza's four years' term of

office is up next month, it does seem useless to have any upheaval. I know nothing of the ins and outs of it—if anyone does—but I admit I was dying to see some fighting! However, the soldiers were all confined to barracks and the fire brigades turned out to demonstrate. Great preparations were made. All the streets were gaily decorated, wonderful arches erected everywhere, much noise and confusion. Liberty, a lady in sky-blue and gold, adorned in tottery fashion a great arch just under my window, and made me nervous lest she should not behave with becoming dignity, as apparently she had been imbibing freely. Nothing at all happened, as expected, when the exciting day came, and I was so disappointed. The fire brigades are *the* feature of Guayaquil, where fires are of almost nightly occurrence, and everyone seems to belong to them. All wear gorgeous uniforms, and the "Commander-in-Chief" and his A.D.C. wore plumed cocked hats, gold-laced coats, decorations, swords, and white trousers with gold braid, and were mounted on prancing steeds. The beautiful (to look at) engines were all scarlet and gold, wreathed in flags and flowers, and all—for three days—were hauled and pushed about the streets with no apparent object. Unless the river is at full tide there is no water, hence though you fell over the fire hoses in every direction, no water did you see. Then there were no horses to draw the engines. I suggested the General and his A.D.C. should give up their horses to draw the engine, but that horrified them. Once under my balcony a big block of stone was displaced from the pavement and the wheels of the engine were jammed

against it, yet no one thought of moving it. Hundreds hauled in front, hundreds pushed behind, great was the excitement. The General pranced about on horseback, waved his sword, delivered orations, but the engine would not budge. My balcony being low, I leant over it speechless nearly with laughter, and forgetting in the excitement they would not understand English, kept calling to them to move the stone, and pointing to it—they could not see it, but they obeyed all my gestures, and all hot, panting, and excited rushed about, looking up at me to see what I meant. It really was the funniest thing; and when I realised how I had interfered, I laughed till the tears were in my eyes, yet no one seemed to at all mind, they were so excited. In the end they left the stone and the engine there; they are still there, and may remain there for ever—it would not be improbable. Blue and gold Liberty got excited too, and swayed about, and in the morning she was down on her nose on the ground, looking, well, really not quite proper. At dinner, a local poet delivered a poetical oration from the window; the people in the street were convulsed with enthusiasm, and the General and his A.D.C. rushed upstairs to embrace the poet, and they had champagne all round. Comic opera was not in it.

Then each night after all this great display there were real alarms of fire, and I was always getting out of bed and rushing out to see the fire; but one night I forgot the hammock strung across the room, and fell right over it, nearly breaking my nose and my toes, and said things. After that I let the fire-alarms pass unheeded.



Everyone in Guayaquil has been burnt out, often several times, losing everything. When there is a real fire, no water is available and no engines out. Mrs Cartwright told me that when they heard the first fire-alarm near them, they took no notice; at the second, they got up and dressed; at the third, they began to collect their belongings ready for flight. The houses burn like tinder. No doubt the frequent fires purify the town.

At last the Stavers departed for their mines, and on the day they went the nigger who was engaged by them, and who had begged clothes from me, was not forthcoming, being in prison.

Mrs Ashton at our vice-consulate told me that once, in one of the riots or revolution times, the mob came beneath their windows and howled at them, hooted at Britain, and cried death to the British—why, no one knew. *Not having a flag*, she sat up all night and made a Union Jack, and hung it out in their faces in the morning! I cheered on hearing this. Then she lamented that whilst you could see portraits of the Emperor William of Germany about, no one ever saw a sign of our sovereigns. (This I put right. His Majesty the King was gracious enough to intimate what he thought the suitable portraits for the purpose, and now the Ashtons and many other consulates or vice-consulates have large framed portraits of the king and queen—even Quito has them, and Panama too, and I flooded those countries with other photographs and prints. Even on the railway they had them in their cars, and the Americans said they liked having them, as they thought so much of our sovereigns. I did



not care whether they liked them or not, but was determined they should be there. Their majesties travelled on mule-back to Quito, and I hope enjoyed it; went to Callao and Antofagasta, and so on; and any way, there they are now!)

I have bought up what boxes of good Havana cigars I could find here, and despatched them up the railway line to the "Yankee boys" who were so kind to me, and have promised when I get to Lima to report to them how I think their line compares with the famous Oroya line there.

LIMA, PERU,  
Oct. 25, 1904.

I finished my last letter to you on board the *Chile*. I left Guayaquil on the 17th, and arrived here on Sunday the 23rd. Ashton saw me off at Guayaquil, looking after me and my belongings, and though I was glad to get away I yet left with regret. I liked Ecuador, and even the much maligned Guayaquil is by no means a bad place. Ashton, when he said "good-bye," congratulated me on leaving the country alive, as no one expected me to do so, and certainly not after an eleven days' wait in Guayaquil for an overdue boat, for it is usually the unacclimatised stranger who catches the early microbe—but I had no intention of doing that. I drank only apollinaris and ginger-ale, both to be obtained everywhere; smoked continuously, for tobacco is the best of disinfectants; and having no fear of fevers or malaria, never thought of being ill. I have passed through the fevers

and malarias of other tropical lands unharmed, and did not fancy Guayaquil as a last resting-place. (Don Ludovico at Quito to this day is keeping my grave for me, though I have generously begged him to bestow it elsewhere, and have offered it to several "friends.")

What amused me was their indignation over the bad name Guayaquil has acquired for yellow fever, etc., their insistence that it was perfectly healthy, and yet they all the time expect you to die in it, and are quite put out you don't. I never have been able to do the "correct thing" anywhere yet.

Captain Wallis of the *Chile* was attentive and friendly, and frequently invited me to his cabin, and when I came on board introduced me to a pleasant Japanese gentleman, Mr Shiraishi, who is Director and General Manager of the Toyo Kisen Kaisha, or great Japanese mail-boat line. He and Mr William Avery, the San Francisco agent of that line, are travelling down the coast studying its opportunities for introducing a service of their ships here when the war is over. Both were pleasant men, and with Mr Shiraishi I had many cocktails and talks over things Japanese and otherwise. Señor and Señora Lopez and their daughter, who were in my hotel in Guayaquil, were on board—he Ecuadoran and she Chilian—bound for Santiago, where he is consul for Ecuador. He was a particularly pleasant man. Don Raphael Elizalde was also on board, and made many plans for showing me Santiago, where he was to be in charge of the Ecuadoran Legation. By me at table sat a person I had seen in Quito, the Secre-

tary of the Chilian Legation there, very delicate, and who got on my nerves by always wearing black kid gloves, even coming to dinner in them. A pleasant couple, too, were the Zalles, he a Bolivian and she an American of Bolivian origin, daughter of Señor Calderon, Bolivian Minister at Washington. The Calderons are a very distinguished South American family, and have given two princesses to well-known European princely families. They had an English governess with them, their little boy George, and the dearest, merriest mite of a laughing, dark-eyed baby, who coquetted with all the men on board, who were all in love with her. The other passengers were as devoid of interest as they were of civilised manners. The food was the usual awful Spanish arrangement, but it is what the people like.

The coast was most uninteresting, low and sandy. At Payta, which we reached on the 19th—a deadly looking hole—I did not land. Several passengers came on board, including a distinguished personage who had been a candidate for the presidency of Peru. We were all medically inspected and the whole ship was fumigated—they being absurdly fussy on such matters here, and uselessly so, for common sense is entirely lacking. Whole days are wasted at these ports, owing to the dilatory ways of the customs-house and other officials.

Between Peru and Ecuador is bitter hatred and jealousy, and to spite one another they do everything disagreeable they can think of. Passengers going north to Guayaquil are not allowed to land there unless they undergo a long quarantine, but

are taken on to Panama and take a boat *back* from there! The steamship companies seem powerless to alter anything.

The next day we got to Eten—only sand and a pier visible. Next morning another port, and in the evening Salavery, which seemed even worse than the others, and, from the ship, appeared a dreadful place. It is the most inhospitable and uninteresting coast I know, and so much of it! At these ports we waited for hours or a day, as the ship could not leave till her papers were cleared, and as time is no object in South America, they kept her till it suited them to send out the cargo. There is always a surf, and the ships lie a long way out. Landing in small boats is disagreeable and often dangerous.

There was a Peruvian on board who lives beyond Iquitos, in the interior of Peru. He told me that when he wants to go to Lima, the capital of his country, he goes down the Amazon to England, then round by Panama, as it takes him less time and is easier travelling than doing a two months' journey overland—it made me realise the size of these great South American countries.

As we neared Callao we passed various guano islands, and through shoals of whales, porpoises, and seals—or sea-lions—I never saw such a sight. There were thousands of the seals and sea-lions, and they rode in great battalions like regiments of men—truly a strange and curious sight.

On Sunday, the 23rd, we anchored at Callao about 3 P.M., and this tedious voyage was over. A man from the Hotel Maury at Lima came on



board and took charge of me and all my baggage, and told me he would see to everything. So he put me and my belongings in a boat and sent us ashore, saying he would be after me in a minute. Having paid a fortune for the boat, porters carried my quantity of baggage up the pier steps, and to a bench placed out in the open square, where the customs-house officers were waiting, and where a few police stood on guard. It being Sunday, it was crowded with idlers. Every mortal thing I had was opened and the contents tumbled out, whilst the crowd, principally boys and girls, crowded round and pushed against me, and attempted to finger things. Both the officers and the police were as rude as they could be. This took three-quarters of an hour. Then my things were put into a cart, and I followed this cart to the railway station, where the baggage was weighed and paid on. I got my ticket, waited half an hour, and then went by train to Lima. There my luggage was dumped out, but as I had not the check for it, which the cart-man had insisted on retaining to give to the hotel-man, I left it there, and as no cab was to be had, walked off to the Hotel Maury, which I eventually found by questioning everyone I met. I was not favourably impressed by my landing in Lima, or the want of politeness of the Peruvians. I found afterwards that the man who carted the luggage was bound to show the check for the baggage to the hotel-man, to show it had gone to Lima. This hotel-man—who is the only hotel employee who speaks English—turned up late at night all smiles, as if he had done a lot! I afterwards paid a large bill for his expenses in





LIMA, PERU.

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bringing my luggage to the hotel! It is a beautiful arrangement.

Whilst I waited for my baggage I went in to dinner, and had just sat down when Mr Beauclerk, the British Minister, came in to see me and to take me to dine at the Legation. He had seen my name telegraphed in the list of passengers, and it was most kind of him to come at once. I begged off that night as my baggage had not arrived.

After dinner, A., who had been a fellow-passenger from England, called; took me for a drive all round the town and to the English Club, where he put my name down. Taking a stroll through the town afterwards, I met a countryman, Montgomery, who had also been a fellow-passenger, and he introduced me to some friends of Scottish origin but Peruvian birth, and we went to a café. There a young American jockey who had been riding for the prime minister was introduced to me, a quaint youth, looking more like a poet than a jockey, and whose American sayings and ideas amused me much.

I got good rooms in the hotel, a little sitting-room, a good bedroom, and a balcony dressing-room. The hotel is most gorgeous, and on the whole is satisfactory.

In the morning the British Minister came for me early and took me to breakfast at the Legation, where, in the absence of his wife (in England), his daughter reigned as hostess. They had been expecting me for weeks, and Miss Beauclerk dumbfounded me by asking what I had brought them in my boxes? For, she said, everyone

coming from England had to bring all sorts of things; and alas! I had been asked to carry none of their expected belongings. There was a pleasant Englishman, Mr Lawson, at breakfast—on a business and pleasure visit to Lima—and Mr Fuller, who was the acting clerk or secretary of the Legation.

Mr Fuller told me he had come here from England many years ago an absolute invalid. He quite recovered his health, married a Peruvian lady, and had eighteen children, thirteen of whom are living—and what do you think was my comment—in a moment of absent-mindedness—“What a pity it is not twelve.”

(It is seldom I am given that way, but when I am it is generally something astounding. Never shall I forget how once, when viewing a great procession from the College of St Louis in Bruges, and where I was locked up in a room with a princess and a cardinal, the great Prince Archbishop of Vienna, some priests, and a young boy, I electrified them all by saying anent the boy, “I suppose that is the Principal’s son!”—the Principal being a most austere priest! Someone said the joke went all round Belgium.)

I was surprised, too, when Mr Fuller, thoroughly an Englishman, told me none of his family spoke English, but were all quite Peruvian.

After breakfast, Mr Beauclerk took me to the three clubs—the National, the Union, which is on the Plaza, and the English, which is also on the Plaza, and as A. had put my name down for the latter, he put me down for the two others. Then we visited the Palace or Government Buildings—

originally Pizarro's Palace—the cathedral where are the remains of Pizarro ; and an old Spanish house with some interesting old carved balconies and a charming *patio*—the finest of the old houses left in Lima.

Afterwards I inspected its picture gallery full of “old masters,” and many copies of famous pictures, called here the originals ! There is an old carriage belonging to the family who own it, and one can picture them driving forth in state in the grand old days. It is a beautiful and interesting old house, well worthy of preservation, and where so much has been destroyed and modernised, it would be a shame were it demolished, as I hear there is a talk of doing. If our Government would buy it for a permanent legation and let it to the successive ministers, they would do a good stroke of business and have a suitable and dignified residence for their representative. It was a real pleasure to walk about the town and talk with such a cultured man of the world as Mr Beauclerk, and what a change from the queer conglomeration of people I had been travelling with lately !

A. came in at night and took me for a walk, and we had an ice in some fashionable resort, that being the thing to do. The town is disappointing on the whole, as it has been so modernised, and there does not seem much of interest in it. The Plaza is fine, though the buildings round it, with the exception of the cathedral, are low, and next the cathedral dilapidated boards and hoardings mark “the Bishop of Lima's Palace.”

In the evening the Plaza—which is a garden—is lit by the most lovely rosy light, which also lights



up the picturesque hills which form a background to the long, low palace.

Under the auspices of the British Minister and his daughter I made the acquaintance of the principal members of the British Colony, going with them to a concert and dance at the house of Mr Reid, one of the leading merchants. A fine house and well-done party, good music, and many smart women. Mrs Reid, our hostess, a very pleasant, kind lady. Though introduced to many people I am afraid I never grasped who they were, as it is difficult for a stranger to at first remember new faces and names. At this party I asked a lady to point out any local celebrities. She said they had none, but shortly afterwards indicated a Peruvian man present, and said he might interest me as he had committed a murder. "How did he do it?" I asked. "Tickled a man to death," she answered.

This did sound interesting, so later I inquired into it. One person said it was not true, another said it was. The one who said it was true, said that this Peruvian—the bearer of a well-known name—together with others placed a man in an electric bath, and as he did not die under numerous shocks they cut his throat. "And he goes out into society after that!" I asked. "Oh! but he is quite an agreeable man, and 'Somebody' here."

Some fine houses are situated on the Paseo de Colon, which is a broad, well-laid-out avenue. Mostly, I think, Englishmen's houses. There is quite a large British Colony, mostly commercial people, and they go in much for the usual bridge, tennis, and golf, without which the British seem

unable to exist. Perhaps less golf and more brain would be better here. They have no influence of any sort in political matters, own they are not liked by the Peruvians or others, but claim that they are "respected." Perhaps so. They are as much slaves to convention as our countrymen always are.

LIMA, PERU,  
Nov. 11, 1904.

I am still here, and have been busy since I wrote. In Lima, with its old history and traditions, there are a good many old buildings, but in modernising it they have spoilt it much. The existing buildings of the University of San Marcos—the oldest foundation—were commenced in 1571. The cathedral, cloisters of San Domingo and San Pedro are interesting. The stone bridge over the Rimac, the river here, was built by the Viceroy Marquis of Montes Claros in 1618, and most of the viceroys did something to embellish the town, Don Manuel Amat planting the avenues or *alamedas*. The walls built round the town by the Duke of La Palata in 1685 were demolished and turned into boulevards in 1873. It must have been a beautiful city, even a grand one, in the Spanish vice-regal days, for many old Castilian families resided in it, and also many Peruvian nobles were created. At the Declaration of Independence in 1821 there was one duke, many marquises and counts; and a number of these, or members of their families, remained, and are still

living here, though they do not use their titles except in private. With their fine carriages with Spanish trappings the streets must have been picturesque ; and then, too, they had such fine old houses.

The Indian blood that allied itself with many of the noble families no doubt gave them notable characteristics. I think more than one of the viceroys had connection with the Ynca Indians by marriage, and that the Viceroy Prince di Esquilache in 1615 married a Ynca princess, or at least a descendant of the Yncas. He was a Borgia.

The second President of Peru in 1829, Augustin Gamarra, was an Ynca Indian of Cuzco ; and General Don Ramon Castilla, who was President in 1845, was an Indian of Tarapaca. Nor were there wanting attempts to reinstate the Ynca descendants in power. Tupac Amaru, an Ynca descendant, raised an insurrection in 1780, and many thousands flocking to his standard, he was proclaimed Ynca of Peru. War went on for nearly three years, but the Spaniards gained the victory, and suppressed the rising with great cruelty ; but in 1814 again Pumacagua rose in rebellion at Cuzco, collecting round him a large army, and many discontented Spanish Americans joined him. He entered Arequipa triumphantly, but the rising was suppressed in 1815. It was in this rebellion that the poet Melgar, a patriot, lost his life. In 1862, another Indian, General San Remo, a native of Puno, was President, so that the Indian blood had not altogether deteriorated. In the first forty years of the Republic they had nine years of war.

Then, of course, in the days of the Inquisition there were tragic times. In all there had been between 1569 and 1813, when it was abolished, twenty-nine great massacres, and fifty-nine heretics were burnt at the stake in Lima. Now tramcars and golf do not seem half so interesting. Various of the English here have "wondered" I have not been down to play golf—but surely I never came to South America for that! It is something new I want to see, something that has more local colour than golf; they do not seem to understand that. No doubt the English Colony have many pleasant society amusements amongst themselves, and comprises pleasant people; but they are entirely concerned with their own affairs, which are all commercial ones, by no means patriotic as regards Peru or their own country, and it does seem tame to come here and only engage in the conventional amusements of a small English commercial community. What I long to see and learn something about is the old and modern lives of the Peruvians and their ways, and that is not easy for a mere passer-by. Their history is interesting and appeals to me, though the modern part is by no means devoid of interest either—but one would have to remain here quite a long time to gain much knowledge of the real Peruvian families. Lima is becoming just like any other modern town, and in that losing its interest for one who wants to "look-see."

I had wanted much to go to Truxillo, a city founded by Pizarro in 1535, which is 339 miles from Lima and the most important place north of it, and I believe interesting, but I can find no



time for it. Then I wanted so much to see and study the old ruined adobe Ynca city at Caxamarquilla near here, and the famous temple and city of Pachacamac on the coast, on a mound 500 feet high overlooking the Pacific. Then there is the painted and frescoed palace and fortress of Hervay at the mouth of the river Cañete—I have read so much of them and looked forward so to seeing them, and now I cannot do it. I find those I thought might simplify matters for me, either have their business affairs and cannot give the time; are so familiar with it all, it bores them; or else have not the slightest interest in it. They are laughing at my programme of what I want to do, saying that I have not realised how long it will take, and that I do not know what coast travel here is, the delays, the constant quarantine, and so on. I shall certainly, they say, have a month or six weeks quarantine at Molleño! So it is dawning on me I must just “hustle” and have a glimpse here and there. Peru, and indeed this whole west coast, has suffered terribly from earthquakes and tidal waves. In the earthquake of 1746, which destroyed Callao, the port here, a wave 80 feet in height overwhelmed the place; and in 1877 another great upheaval did terrible damage in South Peru. There have been seventy most serious and destructive earthquakes recorded on this west coast since 1570.

Callao, 6 miles from Lima, is now a large and important port, quite a city in itself, and I believe much has been done to improve it as a port, and it has now over 48,000 inhabitants. Lima has 133,000, and the whole of Peru has 4,559,550—at



the least I should say, for there must be a large number of Indians not included in this. It was in May 1866 that the Spanish Fleet was defeated off Callao, war having arisen between the Republic and Spain over some rather trifling affair. The Peruvians are proud of this naval repulse, and ever so many people have mentioned it to me.

The President of Peru is Don José Pardo, grandson of Don Felipe Pardo, who was a distinguished patriot, and son of Don Manuel Pardo, who was the first civilian president in 1872, and noted as perhaps the best president Peru ever had. He was assassinated as he was entering the Senado in 1878, and his death was regretted by all. The family are highly thought of, and this one is much respected. Mr Beauclerk said he would present me, if I desired it, but they are in mourning, I believe. He either does not speak English, or does not care to, and he is said not to care for foreigners; so I said it was no use troubling about it—besides there is some little frictional question on just now (I was sorry afterwards, when I saw much of his brother, that I had not been properly presented to the President, but no doubt *he* will survive it!).

With Mr Beauclerk and his daughter I have been many walks about the town and an expedition to Borengo, a seaside place, which is not very interesting. A second time we went there, and had tea with the Kingsfords and inspected the cable works. Mr Kingsford took no end of trouble explaining to me all the working of the cable, drawing diagrams and really explaining it all most lucidly—but you know what a brain I have,

or rather want of brain, and I am ashamed to say that though I said I understood it all—Mr Beauclerk giving me a satirical smile at this—I certainly could not explain it to you! Very interesting was the duplicate of the cable which stretches those thousands of miles across the ocean, whilst the duplicate which is its counterpart and completion is a whirligig of a thing in a small wooden cupboard. Had I been honest, I would have said to everything in Scottish fashion: "Why that?" but I did not dare. As you know, I belong to some other planet and got here by accident, and never really understand things here, but, like the Red Indians, accept the greatest marvels as matters of course without showing excitement or surprise, though inwardly always saying, "Why that?" So I was affably interested over this cable in a cupboard; and you ought to know all about it, for it is very ignorant not to, and every time the patient explainer says "Don't you see," when you don't at all, you must really try to do so. Of course, I said "Yes," and "Oh! of course," and "Now I see," whenever it seemed the appropriate thing to say—but that cable in a cupboard—why that? You must not be like me, and think electricity is "something that comes out of the ground." When we got away, Mr Beauclerk chuckled over me, and said, simple as was the explanation and often as he had heard it, he did not yet understand it.

As we were going down to Borengo this day, I questioned my companions as to whether Peruvians were musical. They profess to be, I was told, but their tastes seem to lie more towards

comic opera and the like, than real music. At tea some Peruvian ladies were present, and I asked one if the Lima people were very musical. "Oh, very," she replied, "even the little boys in the streets whistle tunes!" I did not dare lift my eyes and look at the others.

The trams are a feature here, but when you get into them, they always do the usual thing and go the opposite way to that which you want them to go. I heard a story about the daughter of a former British Minister here—a story of twenty years ago—how this young lady made some observation about the tram system, or perhaps it was train system, which so offended a haughty Peruvian, that he challenged her father, the Minister, to a duel, which of course never came off. But from that day to this, Great Britain has not existed for this proud Peruvian. Is it not sad for us?

No bull fight has taken place, and ere some famous toreadors, eagerly expected, can arrive, I shall have gone. I wanted much to see it here, and the audience must be so characteristic.

The National Club is the best, and it is a good one to lunch or dine at, but my great difficulty is to understand the *menu* in Spanish, and I have all sorts of strange things served to me. Once in the Hotel Maury, when lunching with Mr Lawson, I asked him what was the dish he was partaking of, and he said he did not know, but as it was not bad, I had better try some. I said I had not the courage, as it looked exactly like *fried eyes*, whereupon he laid down his knife and fork and stared at his plate in dismay. I had Mr Beauclerk and his daughter and the Belgian Chargé d'Affaires and

his wife to lunch at the club one day, and I was driven to desperation to order that lunch, though the club *chef* and all the club servants came to my aid, and we talked all languages. Luckily an Englishman, Mr Harrison, some connection of the Beauclerks, a nephew, I think, of Lady Amelius Beauclerk, who was also coming, arrived early, and as he knew Spanish settled the question. You are told "everyone speaks English," but except the English and Americans, I meet no one who speaks it, and in the hotel I have to speak Spanish—my own sort of Spanish, of course.

One of the most sympathetic persons here is Mr Alfred St John, our consul-general at Callao. He was two years in Quito, also in Bolivia, knows South America well, and is really interested in it, having married a Peruvian lady. Lunching with him at his house in the Carmen Alto—a rather nice part of the town—he urged me by all means to go to Cuzco and to let nothing deter me, as I should be well repaid for the trouble, and that I must also carry out my project of going to La Paz in Bolivia, and across the desert there; and, also, he said that he had an invitation for me to stay at La Paz with Don Felipe Pardo, the brother of the president here. Mr Renshaw Neile, the pleasant and genial United States Chargé d’Affaires, who was also lunching there, and who had never been to Cuzco, urged me on no account to think of going, and drew harrowing pictures of the difficulties and discomforts of the journey. We shall see. I mean to go, whatever anyone says. I get no encouragement to go anywhere, and even the Oroya Railway trip, which is *the* thing to do from Lima, is, I am



told, full of horrors, what with fumigation, strange insect pests you get if you drink the water, the Sorocche or mountain sickness, and other things. I ask how can I get to such a place, they answer don't think of going, and give twenty reasons against it!

Mr St John took me to the *Senado*—Senate House—formerly the Palace of the Inquisition. The sitting was just over, and the members of the Government departing in carriages adorned with big shields of the Peruvian Arms. I was introduced to a very pleasant man, a senator and formerly President of the Senate, who returned with us and showed me the Chamber, which has a very fine carved ceiling and doors dating from Spanish vice-regal days. At the door occurred the assassination of President Pardo. When Lima was founded in 1535 by Pizarro, it bore the high-sounding name of "*La Ciudad de Los Reyes*"—that is "The City of Kings"—and though Lima is pretty enough, it seems a pity they did not retain the old name—most suitable doubtless for a republic.

A visit that was of interest to me was one I paid to the Penitentiary, having obtained by Mr Beauclerk's kind offices an order from the Minister of Justice to see it. There are two prisons, but I could not see the other, which, it is whispered, is *not* a model one. I had heard they tortured the prisoners, and wanted to see if it was true. I invited Mr Lawson to go with me, and we were very amiably received, and shown all over it. It is very well organised, very clean, bright, and airy, and the prisoners looked quite happy and contented,



and made many jokes at our expense. For some reason, our *boots* or our feet were commented on—why that? In the courtyards or exercise yards, they were all laughing and talking together. The food was good and the culinary department clean. By a combination of our Spanish vocabulary we asked many questions, but got little satisfaction, and our endeavours to see the punishment cells and the torturing were in vain; there were smiles and shrugs of the shoulders, and my remark that they must be very bad or else they would show them only raised a laugh. They are proud of this well-kept Penitentiary, and with some reason. We bought carved trinkets from the prisoners, shook many hands, gave many parting smiles and bows, and shyly gave our backsheesh—though we need not have been shy about that.

The Phoenix Club—that is the English Club—gave a smoking concert, to which I was invited. Mr Reid was chairman, and the other guest of the evening was Monsieur Le Maire, the Belgian Chargé d’Affaires, with whom I had a chat about friends in Belgium and the University of Louvain, at which place he had been at the same time as my friends, Princes Leo and Reginald of Croy; and when I retailed how they and their band of fellow students entertained me so gaily at a banquet, he said he had heard of it—it seemed so odd to recall days in Louvain out here in Lima to one who knew. The smoking concert was very gay, followed by a supper, and the finale was the smashing to pieces of all the club furniture by one or two who liked that form of amusement.

In leisure moments I frequent the three clubs,

but the balconies of the Union and the Phoenix overlook the Plaza, and are therefore more lively. From one of these balconies I witnessed the drawing for the lottery prizes, which took place in the square in public, two boys from an orphan school drawing the numbers. One day I saw a number of well-dressed men crossing the Plaza, followed by a mob of boys, to whom one of the men was throwing handfuls of coin, for which they scrambled. I asked someone if it was the president, but he said it was someone who wanted to be president.

Another evening I saw two men sitting on a seat, one showing the contents of his purse to the other, when suddenly the other snatched the purse out of his hands and tore away across the Plaza and up the steps of the cathedral, snatching off his hat as he entered and vanishing by a door at the other end, followed by an excited throng of pursuers.

In the evening I often sit on one of the seats in the Plaza and watch the promenaders, though I am told this is not "dignified." It is a quiet town, and the people seem very orderly, no drunkenness or noise anywhere.

There have been two functions at the Legation, to which I went. One was a birthday party given by Miss Beauclerk, where she had a number of children and a few grown-ups. The children were delightful, and it was a pretty and charming party. The day before, I met in the street a little English girl I knew, and asked her if she was going, saying I would see her there. "What!" she said, "are you going?" "Yes, I hope so." "Oh! I am so sorry!" she said, "for mother has got me the

ugliest and most unbecoming frock, and I am so annoyed that you will see it." Never did I feel so flattered—to think that I mattered. "Mother," she went on, "has absolutely no taste in dress, and now that you are to be there, I shall refuse to go." At the party I complimented her on the despised frock. "At least it is comfortable," she said, "and I always prefer comfort to beauty, though really mother is quite devoid of taste." Another little duck of a thing I knew also seized my arm as I was passing her at the supper table, and imperiously demanded: "Go and fetch Miss Beauclerk at once, and tell her I have got a pain inside me!"

The other Legation function was a reception on the King's birthday, at which all the Diplomatic Corps and the British Colony were present. The president was represented by his A.D.C., who arrived in the state carriage, a portly, fine-uniformed personage. Madame Pardo, the president's wife, a German lady, had called the day before and excused their attendance on account of mourning. I just missed her, as she left as I entered. But there was also a question of a flag not being hoisted somewhere in honour of the day, and the president's representative was treated coldly.

It seems difficult to avoid treading on corns here, especially so for a stranger. I have given offence, I hear, by not recognising people I have met; but as they know me they might guess a stranger cannot recall them all, and I never know anyone unless they speak to me; I don't know who or what they are, and am always saying the wrong thing. At the Legation one day at tea

some English were there. Unhappily, I got talking about Payta or one of the dreadful coast places, saying it must be terrible to live there—they lived there, and thought it a paradise. Despite warning looks from my hostess in my endeavours to leave that paradise, I enlarged on the dreary ugliness of the coast generally. “It is considered by good judges quite beautiful in form and colour,” I was answered. So leaving the coast, I hastily embarked on a South American coast steamboat—only to find I was talking to the agent! “Anyway,” he said, “you must acknowledge that the South American cooking is splendid.” After that I said no more. Nearly everyone seems connected with steamship lines or railways, or the Peruvian Corporation, which is the Big Mary of the country, so that one is always on dangerous ground.

Do you remember the old opera “La Perichole?” One never hears it nowadays, but I can remember many old favourites singing in it—and would like to hear “The Letter Song” sung again. But did you know “La Perichole”—which pretty name I am informed means “Daughter of a Lady Dog”—was a real personage and lived here in Lima? She was the mistress of a Spanish viceroy, and to-day I saw the house, now a tavern, in which she lived. Some say she lived opposite to it, where now stands a brewery—which I also inspected—but anyway she lived in that street and had quite an interesting history, and I believe she has descendants now living in Lima. It was like hearing of an old friend again long lost sight of.

Now I must tell you all about my trip up the Oroya Railway. This is one of the great engineer-



ing works of the world, and also the highest railway in the world. I was astonished to learn, the day before I went, that it was necessary to send any portmanteau or bag, even a hand-bag, to the station the day before one went, to be fumigated, and that if I did not do so, they would not let me go. I asked about the horrible insect pest I had been warned about, and found that it was only by drinking the water out of some stream at the bottom of a deep gorge across which is a railway bridge, that you could get this horrible thing, the illness produced by which sounds awful. As the train does not stop, and as you cannot possibly get at this water, and if you did need not drink it, it seems useless to have mentioned it as a warning. I determined to chance the fumigation, and being stopped, and take only a small handbag with what I wanted for one night. It seemed absurd to have it fumigated the day before, or at all.

Mr Townsend, the new traffic manager of the railway, most kindly offered to wire to the hotel at Oroya for a room for me, and promised to speak to Mr John Tucker, the English conductor or guard on the line, who would look after me.

So next morning I sallied forth with the bag hidden under an overcoat, and at the station it eluded detection, and I just managed to catch the train and jump into the car, which was crowded, and where I had to stand. It left at 7 A.M., and I had had no coffee or anything, as in the hotel they did not have it ready, though ordered the night before. I was contemplating the crowded car and my coffeeless condition in dismay, wonder-



ing if I should have to stand all day—with the dreaded Sorocche to face—when Mr Tucker, the conductor, came along, and, asking my name, told me he would presently come and fetch me to the baggage car. When I got there, I found myself in clover, as both sides of the large car were open; and I was installed in an armchair, and informed that there were plenty of provisions in the car, that I was to make myself at home, and could see everything comfortably.

Nothing could possibly be greater than the kindness and attention Mr “Johnnie Tucker” showed me on my journeys up and down that line, adding so greatly to my enjoyment and comfort, and I shall never think of that wonderful Oroya without connecting him with it. He had been thirty years on this line, and naturally is quite a “boss” of it. At the rear end of the train is a small narrow platform, and though it is forbidden for passengers to go on it, I was made free of it, and there for long I sat with my legs round a stanchion and revelled in the beauty of the journey. It was ludicrous to see the faces of the people on the stations as the train steamed out and I came into view at its end. Shortly after leaving Lima we began to ascend the Great Andes, with intensely interesting views and some magnificent scenery, and I saw it all to advantage, for as we ascended, climbing always, and curving in and out amidst the mountains, it all unrolled itself beneath me. My back was to the end carriage, so that nothing was in front of me, and my feet seemed to overhang the precipices as we curved round corners. At Matucana, which is 7788 feet above

the sea, we stopped for breakfast in the hotel. "Johnnie Tucker" breakfasted with me, and I was glad of the meal, as the keen air had made me ravenous.

The scenery continued to be really fine. The mountains are terraced to the very tops by the Yncas, and the aqueducts they made for the distribution of the water for irrigation purposes are still in existence and use, and to-day the same terraces and the very rocks are scraped by the industrious Indians to plant their various crops. One marvels at it all, and at the greatness of this conquered race. The line winds about along precipices, round rocky corners, through tunnels, of which there are sixty-three, simply carving its way through these mighty mountains—it is a superb work, and the curves of the line are bewildering. You see them below you, and wonder how you traversed them and got to where you are. Some of the very small towns are picturesque and lie like a map below you. There are remains at places of old Ynca dwellings.

San Mateo, which we reached at 1 P.M., stands 10,534 feet high, is almost twice, or perhaps thrice encircled by the line, and looking down on it, it is confusing to see those lines encircling it, and to try and trace how one ascended from it. Herds of llamas were browsing at places with their devoted Indian shepherds near them. There were many eucalyptus trees, and it seemed odd to see them at such an altitude. At 2 P.M. we reached Chicla, and my enjoyment had in no way abated, and I was too interested to heed the passage of time. Here, however, I entered the baggage car

and took possession of the chair. How lucky I was not to be in the car with the other passengers, who, I was told, were all getting ill from the effects of the rarefied air at this altitude. The highest point of the line is the Tunel del Paso de Galera, which is 15,665 feet above the sea, and lies under Mount Meiggs, which mountain is 17,575 feet high. I did not feel it at all cold, and felt no effects from the altitude—on the contrary felt extremely well and in the best of spirits. “Ought I not to be beginning to feel ill?” I asked of Tucker. “Oh, wait till the return journey,” he said, “never mind now.” I had bought a bottle of cognac at the hotel, and other refreshments and cigars being handed round, we had high festivity. Cognac is supposed to be efficacious in warding off the fainting fits, sickness, and bleeding at the nose, which are some of the symptoms of the Sorocche. I am ashamed to say I could not do the right thing in that way, but enjoyed the refreshments and cigars immensely—but then I cannot even get seasick in a dirty little tub of a steamer in a choppy sea.

The tops of the mountains were covered with perpetual snow, and glaciers were brilliantly clear and visible this beautiful day. The colours of the mountains were extraordinary in beauty, red, yellow, violet, and so on. After leaving the tunnel at the highest point, we descended to Oroya, which is 12,178 feet high, and which we reached at 6 P.M. I enjoyed every minute of that eleven hours’ journey, and much of the enjoyment I owed to Tucker’s care and kindness, his cheery conversation and anecdotes. He pointed out everything of interest.

I don’t know what the town of Oroya is like,

as we arrived in the dark, but there was a broad, dusty, ruddy street. The hotel was opposite the station, and was full of people, including a number of officers. Mr Johnnie Tucker came up to me with a small ulster-clad personage, who he said was a countryman and fellow Pleasure-pilgrim, and whom I greeted cordially, with instant visions of perhaps finding some pleasant *gentleman* to travel about with. When the ulster and wrappings were removed, my fellow-countryman revealed himself as a stout little Jew, with all the easy familiarity and bumptious assertiveness of his race! I invited Tucker to dine with me, and he, I, the Jew, and two German ladies who had come from the silver mining town of Cerro di Pasco, had a gay little dinner together. Afterwards I was invited to cocktails by unknown but friendly strangers in the hotel. Luckily, I got a bedroom to myself, as, thanks to Mr Townsend, it had been engaged for me; but I could not sleep, as the place was so noisy, and it was only in the early morning I did fall asleep.

Tucker had made the proprietor promise to call me early—as the train left for Lima at 7 A.M.—and to have breakfast ready for me. I awoke at ten minutes to seven, to find Tucker at my door. I declared it was impossible I could be ready by seven; he, however, said he would keep the train as late as he could. So getting into some of my clothes, but unwashed and unshaven, and grasping the rest of my clothes and belongings, I tore out of the hotel, across the street, scattering a bewildered group of officers, and boarded the train just as it was moving—followed by the hotel proprietor with



my bill! The last I saw of him was waving that bill and yelling out the amount. It was the first time in my life I had ever bolted from an hotel without paying my bill, and though novelty is always desirable, yet I did not like it. Tucker, however, said it was all right, and he would pay it for me on his return journey, which he did, and sent me the receipt. It was quite sufficient that I was under his care. Instead of being angry with me for delaying the train, he was as kind as ever. The little Jew, self-invited, insisted on entering the baggage car, and we had also a young American from the Cerro di Pasco mines, who was entertaining; showed me some rubies he had found there, and offered me a curious silver article he had found in an Indian grave, but, though much desiring it, I declined it. Though for some unknown reason people persist in giving me things, and this American almost tried to force this thing on me, it is impossible to take presents from casual strangers—yet I do wish I had that curious object.

The correct thing to do descending the Oroya is to make the descent on a hand-truck; it is said to be very exciting and very dangerous flying down at a terrific pace round those curves. But my late getting up at Oroya had rendered that impossible.

A picturesque bit on the line is where they have used a river-bed and turned the river through an artificial arch; but the picturesque bits are unending. When we halted, Tucker climbed banks to get me specimens of a pretty fern, the under side of which is silvery white. When dry, it curls up and looks like a bit of white heath. He also gave me specimens of quartz and other stones. I was



quite sorry when this delightful trip was over, and am not in the least likely to forget Mr Johnnie Tucker. Long may he live to own and run the famous railway—for after forty years on it he does seem to own it. When we arrived at Lima, I ran into the arms of a party comprising Mrs Reid and some others of the smart English people I knew, and was horrified to think how dirty and untidy I was.

At ten o'clock the next morning Mr Beauclerk and his daughter came to the hotel to "view the fragments," but were surprised to find I had not succumbed to the Sorocche or anything else, but was very fit and well. He brought me a letter from Kenton Harman, who gave me all the Ecuador news, and said there had been "a nasty row" on the railway, and Gaunt had had his leg shattered by a pistol shot. Mr Beauclerk also told me that a Scotsman named Stuart Menteith had been murdered by Indians in Bolivia, and it had to be inquired into. (When in Bolivia I asked about it, no one seemed to know much about it, or to care.)

Mr Beauclerk had had a request from the Foreign Office to furnish an official report on the Peruvian Army, and found that the nominal strength of the standing army on peace footing was 6000 men and 2000 officers—an officer to every two men! But as there had been a reduction in number, 4000 men and officers was the real number. Many officers were youths who had volunteered, and had been made officers to distinguish them from the others.

I had had a note of invitation one day from the Belgian Chargé d'Affaires to lunch with him next

day at the club, and posting an acceptance about six o'clock, met Mr Beauclerk outside the post-office, and on his asking me to breakfast at the Legation, said I had just posted an acceptance to Le Maire. "You don't really think he'll get that note to-morrow?" he asked me. The extraordinary postal arrangements of Lima were then explained to me. People, as a rule, go to the post-office—where they have boxes—and ask for letters. True enough, when I went to the club next day at twelve o'clock, there was no sign of my host, and after waiting an hour I was about to lunch by myself when he and his wife arrived, having by accident got my note at the post-office! And yet Lima thinks herself up-to-date!

Large dinners are always being given in the Hotel Maury, and we hotel guests from the balcony above survey the gorgeously decorated tables and listen to the speeches. On one occasion the whole hotel was guarded inside and out by police—why I know not—and when I wanted to go upstairs to my rooms, they would not let me go. So I calmly took the little policeman by the shoulders, moved him forcibly out of the way, and went up, and from above I and the other people surveyed the intense excitement this created. I suppose the banquet was for some political personage who had to be guarded.

There is a museum, but not much of interest in it; even the Peruvian antiquities making a poor show. There are a number of the dried mummified bodies of Indians taken from graves. They are all in sitting attitudes, and bear every token of having been buried alive. The fingers of some are thrust

into the ears and eye-sockets, as if in terrible agony, and yet on the dried faces is a dreadful expression, and they are by no means festive things to view. Though looking like mummies, they are not actually mummified, being merely dried.

I am bidden to breakfast daily at the Legation, and frequently go, and am never likely to forget the constant kindness shown me by our hospitable minister and his handsome daughter (now Mrs J. Talbot Clifton), with both of whom I have made many expeditions to suburban places and walks about Lima. One day we went to Callao, called on Mr St John, the consul-general there, at his office, and then lunched at the club, which has a balcony overlooking the sea and where it is always cool.

My time is up, and I am bound now for Cuzco and Bolivia, leaving so much unseen and undone.

I must tell you a little incident that happened the other night. My dressing-room is a balcony closed in with glass windows, and before going to bed, and having completed my ablutions, I was leaning out of the window smoking a cigarette, and had thrown the towel over my head. The window was in shadow, but if I leant far forward a near street lamp shone full on me. Two young men came along on the opposite side of the street, which was quiet, it being late, halted right opposite, and after some talk, began playing a guitar or mandolin they had with them, and I soon saw this touching attention was directed to me; then it dawned on me that in the shadow of my window they merely saw a face and figure draped in white—the towel no doubt looking like a white *mantilla*. Here was

an adventure. They were serenading one of the "beautiful ladies of Lima" quite in the old style. The music was pretty, and it was quite romantic. Suddenly, however, I leant well forward without the towel, and when my lean old head emerged into the light of the street lamp the music came to an abrupt conclusion, there was a loud "*Caramba!*" and those youths went simply tottering down the street yelling with laughter—and it makes me laugh yet when I think of it.

AREQUIPA, PERU,  
Nov. 16, 1904.

I arrived here from Molleño, the port, and am *en route* for Cuzco, despite every mortal soul having tried to dissuade me from going to that famous but little visited place.

The leaving Lima promised to be disagreeable, as at the last moment I suddenly learnt—you learn everything at the last moment by accident—that the whole of my baggage must be sent to Callao, the port, the day before I sailed, to be fumigated, and that everything I possessed would be ruined. I sent the hotel-man with it, and resigned myself as best I could to this iniquity. I was told they put everything in a room and steamed it well with disinfectant, then opened each package and inserted some awful stuff which spoilt clothes and everything else, and that when I opened my trunks I would find the clothes rags and tinder, and everything else done for.

I went to a farewell breakfast at the Legation,



and then Mr Beauclerk himself insisted on coming down to Callao to see me off. In the train I introduced to him Mr Townsend, the new traffic manager of the Oroya railroad. I had given Mr Townsend the well-illustrated coloured guide to the Trans-Andean Railway, and he had promised to have a guide for the Oroya issued in the same style, which shows the wonderful colouring of the mountains.

Mr Beauclerk wanted to introduce me to the captain of the P.S.N. boat, the *Guatamala*, but he was not on board, and I was quite put out that Mr Beauclerk should have taken the trouble to come all the way down to this uninviting place to see me off, though it was only in keeping with his continual kindness from the day I had arrived. I liked him much and understood him, and he had talked so freely to me about his position and wishes, and all the Peruvian affairs of political interest. He laughingly said that all my long letters from everyone in Ecuador were as much official reports as those that reached him. (Mr Beauclerk died in Lima in March 1908, to the grief of all who knew him. I had just received a long letter from his wife with an account of their official visit to Ecuador, put it down, took up the paper, and saw his death announced by cable; and it was a real sorrow to me. He had before this been appointed Minister Plenipotentiary and Envoy Extraordinary to the three republics of Peru, Ecuador, and Bolivia; having before that been Minister-Resident to Peru and Consul-General for the two other countries. He was son of Lord Frederick Beauclerk, and grandson of a Duke of St Albans.)





THE PLAZA, AREQUIPA.

[To face page 188.]



When the hour for the departure of the boat had arrived, there was not a sign of my baggage, and only at the very last moment did it arrive, so late as nearly to be left behind. Truly, arrangements of all sorts are haphazard here. I opened everything promptly, but could not discover the slightest sign of anything having been fumigated, and certainly nothing had been put inside, so I felt quite injured! We did not, however, leave till long after the stated hour. Mr Birrell, the P.S.N. Company's agent, was on board to dinner in the evening ere we left, and introduced me to the captain, who informed me that Mr Beauclerk had sought him out on shore and bespoken his kind attention for me—which was so like Mr Beauclerk's thoughtfulness. This Captain Gronow was a grand-nephew of the Gronow who wrote the memoirs, so well-known.

We left Callao about 9 P.M., and morning found us steaming down the same desert-like, uninteresting coast. We called first at two uninteresting ports, Tambe de Mora and Pisco, where a liqueur is made. At this latter place quantities of melons and much alpaca wool were shipped. At one part of the coast there is visible a curious thing. It is a figure of very great size, something like a candelabra, cut on the face of a hill. What it means or by whom it was done no one could inform me. We again passed through great shoals of porpoises, a whale, and thousands of seals and sea-lions riding in battalions, such a curious sight, whilst overhead screamed thousands of birds. We passed also some guano islands of curious formation, more than one with an arch through it.

These guano islands were strictly preserved in the days of the Yncas, and still are a source of revenue.

The most interesting group of islands off the west coast of South America seem to be the Galapagos Islands, which belong to Ecuador. The birds and reptiles on these islands are of species unknown elsewhere, and they have a large tortoise, two lizards, and snakes peculiar to them. Even on the different islands the small birds differ, and this makes the Galapagos Islands very interesting to naturalists. There are rumours of more than one country being desirous to secure these islands for various uses when the Panama Canal is completed.

Captain Gronow invited me frequently to his cabin, and told me many amusing yarns. He had once been in the Cocos Islands—those mysterious Treasure Isles—where two separate “treasures” were said to be hidden; one the unholy gains of Morgan the Buccaneer. He said the holes dug in search of treasure were full of water and overgrown with creepers. One man lived there for some years, built a house and made plantations. During his absence a British ship of war came in and the blue-jackets were set to work to dig and search for this much-sought treasure. They destroyed and blew up with dynamite all the poor man’s plantations in their keenness to find something, and could scarcely be induced to leave. There have been countless attempts to discover these hoards, and just now there is said to be an English yacht there, or on her way there, with the same object. But if there was anything hidden there, it was probably found long ago. Those who

found it would never mention it. Besides, if you think it out, however much that treasure was, it could never have been more than would fill one chest, and could not possibly amount to very much—it is only a glamour of romance that makes people imagine otherwise.

Just at this time, too, there are a couple of young Germans seeking in these waters for the Emperor Maximilian of Mexico's treasure-ship which was wrecked. It carried his crown jewels, many valuables, and much gold. These Germans have obtained permission from the Peruvian Government to search for it, have hired a vessel, and have a diver with them. Should they locate the ship and find anything, they give one share to the Government and keep the rest. I am dying to go treasure-seeking also, but then I never found anything in my life, and would certainly not be lucky. On lands of my own, ancient regalia and treasure is supposed to be hidden, and often have I searched for it, but in vain.

There was a very bright, handsome, genial young ship's officer on the boat, called Donovan, who was very friendly and amusing; but shortly before I left the ship, when we were having a cocktail together, we got on to politics, and I discovered him to be a red-hot Fenian. Since then I have been told he is a son of O'Donovan Rossa's, which, if true, quite accounts for his strenuous Irish views. He was a cheery, natural fellow, with much, I am sure, of the genius of his race in him.

We called at various uninteresting ports, Chalca was one—some rocks, much sand and



desert alone visible—and about 1.30 on November 15, three days and three nights out from Callao, anchored off Molleñdo, a famous Peruvian port.

I had so much baggage, and did not want to take it all into Bolivia, and wished some of it to go on by the boat to Antofagasta in Chile, consigned to the care of the P.S.N. Company's agent, there to wait till my arrival. As the head office of the P.S.N. Company in Liverpool had most kindly given me a letter bidding all their captains and agents to do all they could for me and facilitate my travels, and as I also had a letter to the agent at Antofagasta in his capacity as British Vice-Consul, I thought this would be very simple. The purser, however, who was a Peruvian, or perhaps Chilian, and who seemed to spend most of his time playing cards in his shirt sleeves in the smoking-room with some Peruvians, one of whom was the new Prefect of Cuzco on his way to that place, was not at all prepared to be even civil, much less obliging, and when I spoke to him about it, said it was impossible and could not be done; and even when I produced the letters and showed that of his employers, he merely shrugged his shoulders and abruptly refused. However, just then the captain came along and I appealed to him, so he at once said that of course it could be done, and ordered the purser to see to it, and told me to give the purser a letter to deliver to the agent at Antofagasta when they got there with my baggage. So he had to do it, but he and his friends scowled at me whenever they saw me.

At Molleñdo, like most of the coast places, on account of the heavy surf, landing is at times almost

impossible and often dangerous—at Molleño particularly so—and passengers are swung down into the boats in chairs. Except at Callao, you land always in small boats. However, with my usual luck it was that day perfectly calm, and we landed without the slightest difficulty, quite an exceptional thing. Mr Poole, the P.S.N. Company's agent, came on board, introduced himself, telling me that the consul was away, but that he would take me ashore. He introduced me to some other people, one of whom as we went ashore, seized the occasion to attack violently the British Minister, and was rather surprised at my snubbing him on the spot, as I had heard about him beforehand. On landing I was introduced to Mr Clarke, who is British Consul here in Arequipa, and manager of the Arequipa-Puno Railway, and they all escorted me to the Ferrocarril Hotel, where no room could be had, and then to the "1st of July Hotel," where a small sitting-room was turned into a bedroom for me. I paid 16s. for having my baggage brought to the hotel, a very short distance. Mr Clarke and others went with me to the customs-house, and talked the people there into letting my things through unlooked at and for nothing!

Molleño is not only the Peruvian port for Bolivia and the interior of Peru, but is also the fashionable seaside resort for bathing for the Bolivians, so it is an important place in many ways. But you would never guess it. It seemed to me to be a most miserable collection of wooden shanties dotted about anyhow. I remembered hearing how the Beauclerks were detained here a month in

quarantine, and how he had wired for a British man-of-war, on board which they spent their quarantine, and I am not surprised. The people there, though, seemed to think it a charming place. I felt one day of it was sufficient for me. How strange these places should be so unnecessarily primitive!

The hotel was poor, merely a wooden building, but crowded, and the food was the usual thing. The hotel-keeper spoke English, was very civil, and I asked him how it was he did not build a proper hotel or make large additions to it, since it was always overcrowded. He said he might do so some day, but was making money as it was, and people are used to an overcrowded place. A young Englishman, Payne, was introduced to me, and we dined together. He is a missionary in Cuzco, and was down to meet the M'Nairs, a young Scottish couple arriving straight from Edinburgh, and to accompany them back to Cuzco, where they were going to join the mission. This was luck for me, as I got definite information at last about Cuzco, and would have them as companions on the journey.

The following morning I left Molleñdo by train at 8 A.M. Mr Payne came to see me off and help me in getting my ticket, as by his advice I took a ticket to Secuani, the terminus of the line towards Cuzco, which ticket cost twenty-six dollars. Mr Clarke, the manager of the railway—a most kind and gentlemanly man—was at the station, reproved me for having already got my ticket, insisted on having all my baggage sent on free, found me a seat in the train, gave me many magazines, and was exceedingly kind and pleasant in every way. He

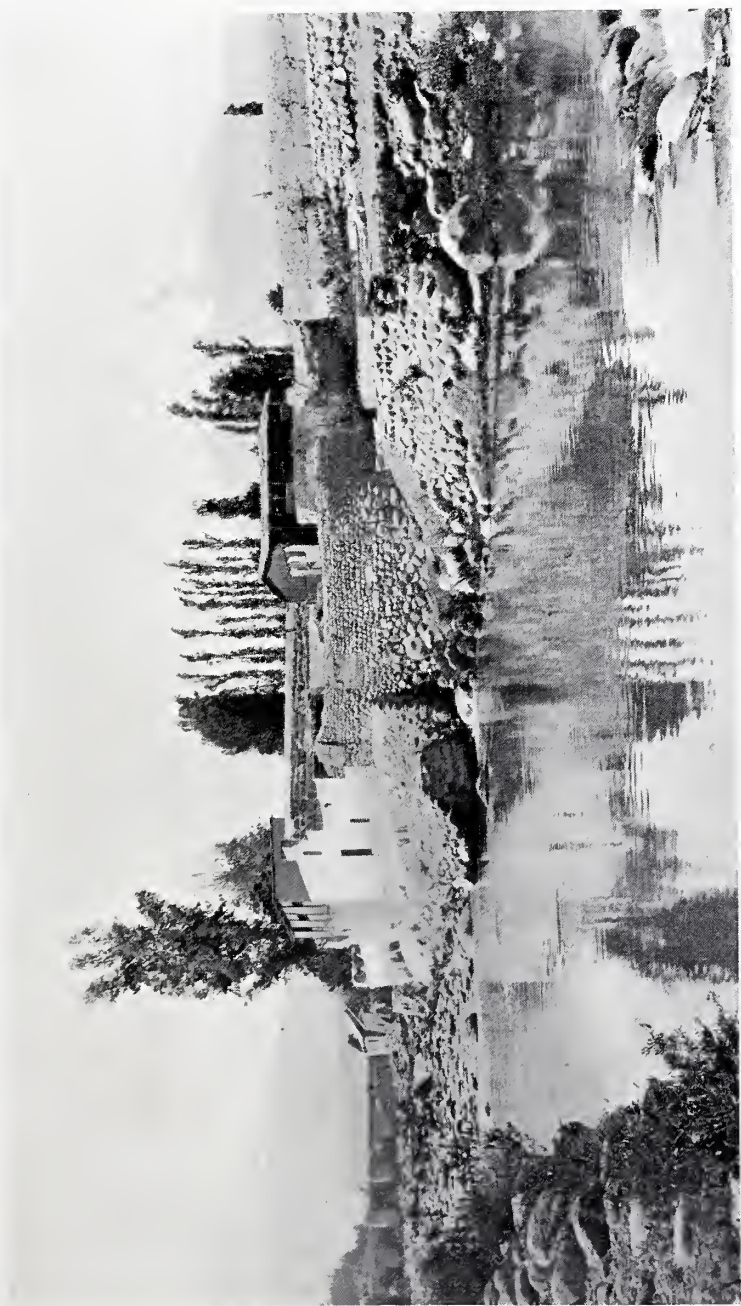
had designed sending me along the line free. He wanted me to stay a day longer and he would take me up to Arequipa in his own car, but I wanted to have as much time in Arequipa as possible. Mr Smart, the consul, also boarded the train to be introduced to me, as he had been away and only returned the evening before, and had not thought I would leave so soon. He sat and chatted till the train left. The car had the usual uncomfortable narrow seats and was crowded with people. Arequipa is 100 miles from Molleño, and nothing but the desert between, which they call the *pampa*. At first the line goes along the coast over a sandy desert, then gradually ascends amidst the most dreary, desolate scenery. There appeared to be a great range of mountains in the distance and at the foot of them a lake, which as we came nearer appeared to be full of huge floating blocks of ice. This, however, was a mirage. The colouring was particularly soft, like a water-colour drawing, and the varied tints marvellous. At 12.15 we arrived at La Joya, which is 4141 feet above sea-level, merely a primitive station planted in the sand, though it had a garden and some trees. Leaving here, the lake mirage resolved itself into a sandy desert, the ranges of apparently snow-capped mountains into ash or sand-covered hills, and the ice-blocks were the famous *Medanos* or crescent-shaped sand-heaps which slowly move over the desert. Most curious they are. The desert being brown sand, they are delicate grey, and the inside of the crescent is white, so that they stand out very clearly. They advance in battalions, and some are from 10 to 20 feet high. You do not see them



move, but bit by bit they advance, and when they strike the railway line are cut through, but form again on the other side—"Why that?" The theory of their formation seems a simple one, yet why are they here and not everywhere on every sandy desert? I had heard about them, but had no conception they were so curious. They and those dust whirlwinds on the Great Arenal in Ecuador puzzle me. Uncanny things!

Gradually we ascended the hills, curving in and out and up and down. At Uchamayo, 6450 feet, with nothing but sandy, rocky, desert hills round us, women came to the train selling neat pottles of pears, strawberries, and other fruit, so that it was evident somewhere near there must be a fertile valley; and soon we caught a glimpse of it, a very narrow, deep valley, very green and fertile, with a river running down it, truly an oasis of delight in this arid waste. At Tiabaya some youths came on board with the card of the Hotel Central y Europa and took charge of the baggage, and about 5 P.M. we arrived at Arequipa, and I came in a tram to this hotel, which is a somewhat quaint building. It has the usual small *patio*, from which a small stone staircase leads up to a stone portico or terrace where is my bedroom, which is tolerable. There are many convolvulus and other creeping plants, and from my door I see the great volcano of Misti towering over the town. The windows look out on the street. There is a large restaurant, and the meals are—well, quite tolerable.

On the way up we had good views of Ampato or Coropuna, a great glacier-clad mountain, 22,800 feet high, and of Misti and its neighbour Chachani.



RIO CHILI AND MISTI, AREQUIPA.



Arequipa is 7550 feet high ; the nights are often chilly, and people suffer from pneumonia a good deal. It was founded by Pizarro—that wonderful Pizarro—in 1536, and has about 35,000 inhabitants. It has suffered terribly from earthquakes, and they are of almost daily occurrence. By the terrible one in 1868 much of the town was destroyed, and the cathedral nearly ruined, whilst a great wave overwhelmed the coast places, the marks of which are visible to this day. It is an interesting old Spanish town, though very ruinous. Most of the buildings are only one story high, though solidly built and with arched roofs to resist the effects of the earthquakes. The cathedral, a large building, has lost its top story, as many of the buildings have done. The town is said to resemble Jerusalem in appearance, but, never having been there, I cannot say. I have been wandering about with a kodak, taking shots at countless picturesque “bits,” as certainly it is a quaint old place and quite different to any other I have seen. It was once called Villa Hermosa. On Mount Chachani, which is about 19,000 feet high, at 16,280 feet—more than 2000 feet higher than Pike’s Peak in Colorado—is the highest observatory in the world, and on the summit of this mountain is the grave of an Ynca—surely the highest grave in the world ! In an old Spanish paper reference was made to this grave, with a plan, and indicating where the treasure was hidden, and Mr Wagner of the Cailloma Mine, who had this paper, ascended the mountain and found the site and made excavations for three days, finding parts of the skeleton of a woman, some pottery, and wooden cups and spoons. The pave-



ment and walls of the grave were of granite ; but it bore signs of having been rifled before, so no treasure was found.

Above the city, its great feature, towers Misti, the great volcano, which is 20,032 feet according to some, but others say it is 19,000, and some say 17,934 feet—who the liar is is not decided. Anyway, it is a fine and imposing mountain and makes a grand background to the cathedral and the town. It is easily ascended in two days on mule-back.

The town is built of white volcanic stone. The *plaza* is very large, surrounded by the cathedral and arcaded buildings, and planted as a garden with palm-trees and flowers. There are some quaint old churches with good carvings.

The ladies of Arequipa are noted for beauty, elegance, culture, and intelligence ; are romantic, and fond of singing the plaintive *despedidas* of the poet Melgar, a native of Arequipa, the youthful patriot who was shot by the Spaniards in the insurrection of 1815. I take this on faith, as I know none of the ladies, and certainly none of the beautiful ones have been taking a walk since I came.

I always miss earthquakes, and even in Japan never experienced one. I imagined that I should be terrified ; but, strange to say, when I woke up in bed about 12.30 and found the bed and the whole room see-sawing about, I was not in the least alarmed. The pictures were swinging out from the walls and everything on the move, and they told me afterwards it was quite a severe shock. I lay in bed and regarded it all curiously, but with no alarm. I believe, though, you do not grow accustomed to earthquakes, but your dread of them

increases. I have had two shocks here, one less than the other, but am glad to have done the correct thing. I remembered as I lay in bed a story of the great earthquake at Nice. In one of the hotels there was an English old maid who was frantically in love with a young German, for whose sake she was by way of learning German. The German word for earthquake is *Erdbeben*, and when the earthquake took place the lady burst into the young German's room in her night attire, shrieking *Erdbeeren! Erdbeeren!* (strawberries! strawberries!). There is a very pleasant American business man here who feeds at my table, and he has walked about the town with me. I had a letter to Mr Canny, who is manager, or perhaps owner, of the transport between Secuani and Cuzco, and was civilly received by him. He gave me letters to the *jefico*—or agent—at either end, and assured me they would see to my comfort, help me on my way, and do the civil every way.

I wish some good artist would visit Arequipa, as there are countless studies to be obtained of figures and groups against picturesque sculptured backgrounds, and the white buildings with their old archways, deep shadows, and glimpses of sun-lit *patios* with the clear bright sky above are most tempting subjects. The markets, too, are full of characteristic life, and never lack colour.

Arequipa seems a busy, prosperous place whilst yet retaining its old Spanish look, nor is it likely to lose it for some time. Here, as elsewhere, I have heard enough about the famous Yankee Miss Peck, whom everyone says is "just the person" for me! This lady-traveller has terrified them all, was

said to box the ears of her Indians and guides, has ascended Misti and done all sorts of wonders. So far I have not met my fate—if she be my fate—and I have arrived everywhere after she has departed, so do not scent romance in the air. It is very kind of everyone to think she is the one for me—but probably Miss Peck on that theme might be as forcible as they say she is!

The observatory near the town is always visited by strangers, but I had no time to go.

CUZCO, PERU,  
Nov. 21, 1904.

I left Arequipa at 7 A.M. *en route* for this place. Mr Clarke, the consul and railway manager, was at the station, and as usual most kind. He wanted me to prolong my stay in Arequipa, and did all he could to persuade me not to go to Cuzco, retailing the discomforts of the journey as everyone else did. None of these people who tried to dissuade me had ever been themselves, and to me it seems strange that curiosity does not tempt them. It is easy to understand how it is such an unknown place, and I suppose many who wanted to go have been disheartened.

In the train I found Payne and his newly arrived friends, the M'Nairs, a young couple who came straight from home to Molleñdo, and who were dumb with surprise at what they saw. Indeed, who can realise what South America is till they see it? I wondered how these young people were going to convert the Indians; he



CRATER OF MISTI, AREQUIPA.





knew a little Spanish, but she did not, and neither knew Quichua. There was also on the train Mr Stark, the agent for the Bible Society, from Callao, also bound for Cuzco, so I had company and very proper company.

We had fine views of Misti and Ampato. The country was very dreary and sterile. We were gradually ascending, and at 12.30 were at Sumbay, 13,403 feet above the sea. From the train great flocks of llamas, vicuñas, and alpacas were visible, grazing on sterility. Laguinilla was reached about 3 P.M., at an altitude of 14,250 feet, and by that time the children in the car, some priests, and a German were all under the influence of Sorocche, were becoming faint and sick, and one of the priests was seized with bleeding at the nose. I felt nothing at all. There were two youthful priests, one a brown-faced, open-eyed, merry youth, and the other a pale, conceited, affected youth who gave himself tremendous airs and got on everyone's nerves. The fuss he made over his bleeding nose turned all sympathy into disgust. Another old priest was most jovial and talkative, especially with the missionaries; he had numberless cages of birds with him under charge of an Indian boy, and all in the car. Indeed, that crowded car was a pandemonium. If you moved from your seat someone else at once took it; no one was content with their own. All, however, were very friendly and sociable till Sorocche silenced them.

Crucero Alto, 14,668 feet, is the highest point, and nothing could be seen but sterile mountains clothed with patches of moss—the resinous moss they use for fuel. What a place it seemed! Here

we began to descend. At Saracocha was a lake with two islands, and there was a small chapel, 13,940 feet, which I snapshotted. The country continued much the same, all very bare and dreary. At six o'clock we reached Juliaca, 12,550 feet, where we who were bound for Cuzco had to spend the night—the train going on to Puno on Lake Titicaca ; but a branch line runs from Juliaca to Secuani for Cuzco. The railway from Arequipa to Puno is 232 miles long, cost £4,346,659, and was finished in 1874. It is a route for Bolivia, as at Puno you cross Lake Titicaca.

We arrived at Juliaca in the midst of a terrific thunderstorm and deluge of rain, and you should have seen us all bolting across the broad plaza to the Hotel Ratti. This was the usual wooden building, was tolerably clean, though the food was as impossible as usual—the terrible potato soup its chief feature. However, sardines and eggs were procurable, and so I was happy. What a luxury tinned things are in this land, and one hugs a bottle of Worcester sauce as a dear old friend, and says God save Crosse and Blackwell ! I used the Worcester sauce with everything, seeking to drown the strange, horrible flavour pertaining to Spanish cookery. I regret to say, however, that disgraceful imitations of Worcester sauce are to be met with everywhere ; bottles and labels being almost identical, it is only when you taste the decoction that you examine the bottle and discover the fraud.

I was up at daylight, or before it, and found the plaza full of silent Indians sitting in rows with their faces to the rising sun. All these Indians

are supposed to be Christians and Catholics, but, as can be imagined, their creed is a strange mingling of their ancient rites and Catholic superstitions, and in their hearts they yet worship the great Sun-god.

There is no religious equality in Peru. The Catholic Church is supreme, and no other church is allowed to be erected. Even in Lima the English and Americans have a church inside a private house, or at least in a building looking like a private house, and are not permitted to erect a church. Of course, if they had a spark of spirit in them, if they cared in the very least for their Church or religion, they would long ago have altered that and compelled Peru to grant religious equality. Everyone you speak to, Catholic and Protestant alike, tells you endless tales of the misdeeds, the tyrannies and the immoralities of the priests, and indeed, I believe Catholic missionaries are being sent out to convert these same priests. Of course, all are not like that.

I determined to leave some of my baggage at the station, and a civil youth who spoke English assured me that they would look after it until I returned, but they would give me no ticket for it. So I just chanced it, used a little judicious flattery, and left the whole of the station clerks bowing and smiling and promising to guard it well. People like to be trusted. We left at 9 A.M. for the so-called terrible journey to Cuzco. When I tell you that there was a restaurant car on the train, you will wonder what I mean by talking so much of the discomfort of this journey, for surely travelling by train and with so up-to-date a thing



as a restaurant car is no great hardship. Nor is it; only *you* don't have to eat the food in that car, or sit a whole, long, weary, hot day jammed in with a *very* dirty, highly perfumed, strange crowd of fellow-passengers. There was only one car, divided into two compartments separated by a door. One was the first-class compartment, the other the every class. The latter had a long double seat running down the centre and a bench along either side, and was crammed to suffocation with Indians and others, every seat occupied, and the standing space between the seats tightly packed with wretched beings who had to stand there for eight and a half hours! On one seat a Peruvian lay at full length, none of the Indians daring to interfere with him. If the door between the cars opened, the inrush of foul air was horrible. In our car every seat was occupied, and the floor was covered with baggage and bundles and Indian servants squatting on it. This for many hot hours became intolerable. It could not possibly ruin the railway to put on another car.

The handsome, very smart, young conductor—a great personage—who “bossed the whole show,” had friends in the Indians' car, including a good-looking girl in pale blue silk—most suitable for the journey—and these he brought into our already crowded car. Several priests, including the two young ones and the jovial old one with the birds, who had been with us before, were also there, and a fine row took place. The affected youth of the bloody nose was giving himself great airs and annoying us all. The conductor came along and asked to see our tickets and took our names,

which had to be telegraphed to Secuani ere we arrived, why I know not. The young priest alone refused to show his ticket or give his name, and the conductor insisted. The priest threatened him with the bishop and dire punishment; the whole car joined in—all on the side of the conductor—and at last the priest had to show his ticket. When quiet was restored, the conductor came up to Mr Stark, and ostentatiously asked him if he could sell him a Bible—Bibles being forbidden in Peru—and paid his two dollars for one on the spot, and instantly some others bought Bibles also! This was defiance if you like!

The line from Juliaca to Secuani runs along a valley by the side of the river Vilcamayu, and it appeared fine and fertile country with many grazing flocks of vicuñas, alpacas, and llamas, especially as we neared Secuani, where were fields of potatoes, wheat, and other crops. The highest point is La Raya, 14,150 feet, and Secuani, the terminus, is 11,650 feet. At the stations we stopped at there were crowds of Indians in curious attire, especially as to head-gear. The women wore large flat hats with curtains of silk at the sides and gold braid on the top—reminiscent of ancient Spanish grandeur. I should have liked to make a collection of the various head coverings, from the great hats to the coloured wool Phrygian caps worn by some men, but I could not possibly buy them off their heads. They had “tempting” delicacies to sell, and at some places some quaintly shaped gaudy pottery. Some of the women had brass or silver spoons pinning their shawls, and two of these spoons I bought after much bargaining.

Terrible-looking beggars simply howled for money, and were evidently nearly dying of starvation, and indeed through the failure of the potato crop the whole of the people in the interior of Peru are on the verge of starvation. Many of these Indians resembled wild beasts, and were degraded and filthy in the extreme—and these the descendants of the once great Ynca tribe!

The clothes they have they never take off until they fall off by themselves in rotten rags.

This is the land, the home of the potato, and it is, with maize, the national food. The potatoes are used dried, frozen, and in many ways, and always seemed to me horrible, and not in the least like their European descendants.

We got to Secuani, a small place without interest, about 5.30. The hotel was of course primitive. I had the drawing-room as a bedroom, and so was very grand. The landlord was civil, but his painted wife was quite indifferent to her guests. Though an uninteresting place, Secuani was more civilised in a way than some others, and the surroundings were better.

The coach left at 8 A.M., so we were up early to breakfast, and to be ready. On going to the coach-office I presented my letter from Mr Canny to the *jefico*, or agent, who spoke English. He read it, threw it down, turned his back and walked off, not deigning to even answer my questions! He was even more insolent to the other British—in fact, behaved atrociously.

The coach was a ramshackle affair. Inside were twelve numbered seats, all uncomfortable, and behind the driver outside was another seat.

The top was piled high with baggage. It was drawn by six mules. Another coach, drawn by four mules—the baggage-coach—followed; and a special single coach, a small cart, preceded us. The special cart was occupied by a very bumptious young Peruvian, who had travelled from Lima to Molleño on the boat with me, who was a friend of the new Prefect of Cuzco and of the purser on the *Guatamala*. I believe it was to this youth that I owed the annoyance I experienced on reaching Cuzco.

In this order and amidst clouds of dust we set forth. The scenery was rather fine but monotonous. We stopped at a terrible place to change mules and breakfast. This was merely a mule *corral*, with a two-roomed building to which was affixed a shed as kitchen, which shed was open to the dust and dirt of the very dirty *corral*, and enabled us to see our breakfast in course of preparation, and to see the filthy Indian who cooked it, all of which did not increase our appetites. When ready, and well covered with black flies, it was handed through a window into the eating-room. I being nearest the window, acted as butler and passed on the tempting dishes. I made public announcement that when once I returned to civilisation if anyone offered me yellow or red soup I would throw it in their faces. The M'Nairs, who had become very mute and depressed, contented themselves with a boiled egg apiece, and cast furtive looks at the fly-strewn plates of their neighbours.

A short stage after this brought us at five o'clock to Cusipati, where we had to stay the night. This was just a small wooden post-house with a common



room and some small bedrooms, but was clean for a wonder, and kept by a civil young fellow and his wife. A rush was made for the bedrooms. I managed to secure a small one with just room in it for a narrow bed, and deposited my coat and belongings on the bed as sign of occupancy. There was no fastening on the door, and on returning later, I found the belongings of two Peruvians also on the bed. Whether it was their kind intention to share that narrow couch with me or not, I cannot say, but on their appearing I handed out their things with a bow, shut the door in their faces, and disregarded their objections. As a sort of afternoon tea I invited my compatriots to ginger-beer, a tin of sardines, and a boiled egg, and we all enjoyed it.

We then sallied forth for a walk and to inspect our surroundings. We paid a visit to a flour mill, and the owner appearing, I promptly presented him with a Havana cigar, which pleased him mightily, and he showed us his establishment, and became most friendly. We also interviewed an old Indian woman, and inspected her abode.

As we were to remain the night, and the baggage-coach was in the yard, I wanted to get my suit-case, and as no one would get it for me, or allow me to take it, I got it for myself, whereupon the man in charge of the baggage-van appeared in a great fury, and there was a royal row—all in Spanish. Mr Stark had to translate, and whilst the translation went on I went off with my case. Then I returned and had it translated to the man that it was wrong to lose his temper and swear like that, and that Mr Stark sold Bibles, and that he would be all the

better of buying one and reading it ; and to show there was no ill-feeling, I bestowed a cigar on him. Instantly, all was right ; someone at once bought a Bible, and others hearing of it came and did likewise ! They seemed eager to obtain this forbidden book, and let us hope they found in it consolation, hope, and the promise of good tidings, as so many have done before them. But unluckily the tale of these doings preceded us to Cuzco in that special coach ! During the night a great storm came on, but in the morning it was gone. Close to this place was a mass of ruins, little more now than heaps of stones. I don't know what they were. But it is possible this place was Quespicanchi and that these were the ruins of Rumi-Colca, a palace of the Ynca Uira-Ccocha ; but I could get no information, and they all called it Cusipata or Cusipati.

We left Cusipati in the same order next morning at 6 A.M. The drive was through pretty pleasant scenery following the course of a river, sometimes through an open fertile valley, and sometimes through narrow passes. The whip-boy had a large pile of flints in the coach to throw at the mules when the long whip availed not, and he varied this pleasant occupation by whipping all the Indian men, women, and children we passed on the road. These poor wretches seemed to think it was only natural, and some even laughed after the cruel whip had lashed round their heads and faces. We breakfasted in a filthy hovel on filthy food, in the mule-yard at some place on the way. It is certainly a tiresome, uncomfortable journey, and here, as elsewhere, it is all unnecessary discomfort, owing to the extraordinary lack of common-sense, which is one of

the chief characteristics of South America; but then it must be remembered that what we Europeans regard as dirty, unnecessary discomfort these people regard as luxury.

Eventually we entered a wide, open valley, on the opposite side of which, on the spur of a hill, the sun was glittering on the spires and walls of Cuzco, the imperial city of the Ynca Emperors—the holy city of the Indians. About 3 P.M. we had arrived at our destination, and all the discomforts of the journey were forgotten in the fact that we had arrived at Cuzco. The coach-office, where we alighted, is about half a mile outside the town. Here Mr and Mrs Jarrett and Mr Johnson were in waiting to greet their new colleagues, Mr and Mrs M'Nair. I was introduced to them all, and our baggage having been handed over to various Indians, I walked to the town with my fellow-countrymen. No sooner had we entered Cuzco than its characteristics became noticeable, these being the unspeakable dirt of its streets, the magnificent Ynca masonry, which forms the ground-floor of many of the houses, and the Spanish upper story with its quaint old carved wooden balconies.

I was bound for the only hotel, the "Hotel Commercial," and Mr Jarrett accompanied me.

This hotel is a huge caravanserai built round a very large courtyard, which is surrounded by arched stone balconies. On to this balcony, broad and long, open the rooms, some of which are very large and quite well furnished. The proprietor is an Italian. As we advanced to meet him I saw the young Peruvian, who had been on the boat with me, also on the train, and who had preceded

us in a special coach, standing at the door of a room with some friends, laughing and talking about us. Before Mr Jarrett could open his lips, the proprietor in the most uncivil manner declared he had not a single room or bed vacant, and that he could not take me in. This, of course, was absurd, and I instantly guessed that he had been put up to this by the young Peruvian ; but I could not understand why the proprietor should be so uncivil, and refuse admittance to the hotel, nor did I believe for an instant that there was no room. Meanwhile, my baggage was careering about somewhere on the backs of various Indians, who had been directed to bring it to the hotel. Seeing it was useless to talk more with the uncivil landlord, I went with Mr Jarrett to his house, which was in the same large block of buildings, with its windows facing a plaza. In Mr Jarrett's drawing-room were assembled the Jarretts, M'Nairs, Mr Stark, Mr Payne, and Mr Johnson, a young American, who had joined the mission. Whilst we sat there talking, Mr Payne and Mr Stark sallied forth to see if they could find bedrooms for me and Mr Stark anywhere in the town ; but after some hours of hunting they returned to say that no one in the town would take us in.

Then it was explained to me that feeling in Cuzco—which town is entirely dominated by the Catholic priests, who tyrannise over everyone—was in an excited state against the Protestant missionaries, who had lately fitted up a room in their house as a chapel ; that the advent of new colleagues and of Mr Stark selling Bibles had increased the feeling, and that perhaps serious disorders would occur. My arrival in their company had caused



me to be included in this hostility, as they thought I had to do with the mission; and no doubt the young Peruvian before referred to had hastened on in front of us to prepare a disagreeable reception.

Mrs Jarrett said she would have offered me a room in their house, but it was impossible. Her little child, who was in the room, was in the convalescent—and worst for infection—stage of smallpox, her little boy was dying of it in the next room, and stooping down, she turned up the rug where I was sitting, showing me the mark left on the floor by the can where disinfectants had just been burnt, as the previous day a European who had come to them had died, on the very spot where was my chair, of typhoid fever! Of course it was out of the question my foisting myself on them under such circumstances even had they had a room, which they had not. Having no fear of any sort of infection, I was not alarmed, but Mr Stark looked very blank, for he had a wife and children at Callao, and meant also to go on a visit to missionaries in Bolivia, where there were children, and there was risk of carrying infection.

By this time my patience was gone, and now that I understood what it all meant, I asked Mr Stark to return with me to the hotel, where I announced my intention of staying despite the landlord and everyone else. So we went. Mr Stark had to do the translating, my Spanish not being equal to a row, and looked quite appalled at my demands. I told the landlord I would go at once and make a formal complaint to the Prefect, that I would wire to the British Minister at Lima, and if necessary, would take possession of any

room I liked and turn out the occupants! Stark also, it seemed, enlarged on my being a "distinguished visitor," and at last the landlord very surlily caved in and said there was one room we must share together, and so it was arranged, and we took possession of it. It had two beds and *no window* or ventilation of any sort. My baggage at last arrived and was locked into the room, and I went off to have supper with the Jarretts, being not at all in an amiable humour.

These missionaries form part of Dr Ginnis' (?) Over-Seas Mission, and have to support themselves. They therefore have a general store, a bakery, a carpenter's shop, and a photographic atelier. They are the only British subjects in Cuzco, and Mr Johnson, who had joined them, is the only American in the place. There are various Germans, a few French and Italians, but the European colony is a very small one, and all merely small shop-keepers.

The house they occupy, forming part of a huge block of old Spanish buildings, is a roomy one, round a balconied *patio*, and one of the rooms they had, as I said, just arranged as a chapel. It is intolerable that such countries as Peru and Bolivia should be permitted to act in this narrow intolerant way as regards religion, and they ought to be compelled to proclaim religious equality. The British, however, in South America are as indifferent about this matter as they are about everything but their own immediate business interests.

Well, Mr Stark and I eventually retired to our airless bedroom, where neither of us could sleep. We dared not leave the door open, as the *patio*

was open to the street, and anyone could have come in. I got up early, and in no pleasant mood sallied forth, pyjama-clad, got hold of an Indian servant and went exploring for another room; and then summoned the landlord, called up what Italian I knew—with a great many *Subitos*—insisted on proper attention and a room being found somewhere. His surly, uncivil manner so annoyed me that I was really on the verge of giving him the thrashing he so badly needed, and which such people in South America are used to. I discovered a large lumber-room with three very large windows looking on to the street, and those windows settled it. I wasted no words, commenced removing the lumber myself at once, and then the landlord intimated he would have it put right for me, and this was eventually done. But what a bedroom! They merely brushed it out after removing the lumber, put in a bed and an iron washstand; but having left the broom, I locked the door, set to work, and brushed it out again, and spent an hour removing cobwebs and dust, calmly throwing all the dirt I could gather out of the window in correct Spanish fashion. It was quite a journey from one end of the room to the other—but then I had my big windows wide open, and was happy to get light and air. The windows looked on to the church of the Mercedes.

A day or two after this appeared paragraphs about me in the local paper, announcing I was a tourist who had come all the way from England to see the antiquities of Cuzco, and it being shown I had no connection with the missionaries, but was merely a traveller, the landlord and others began

to be not only civil, but obsequious. I did not understand the sudden change, as I had not seen the papers, and in fact never knew Cuzco had a paper. But I am not likely to forget or forgive my very inhospitable, discourteous reception at Cuzco.

There were billiard-tables, a bar, and a large dining-room frequented by, I suppose, the *élite* of Cuzco; and Mr Stark, who had retained the windowless chamber, and I dined there always together. The food, as usual, abominable. I had a letter to the *jefico* of the Transport Company at Cuzco, who was bidden to do all sorts of things for me and arrange about my getting away again, and he was all bows, smiles, and full of the usual polite phrases as to he and all his being at my disposal, etc., etc. Needless to say, all words, words. The Spaniards have a proverb, "*Palabras y plumas viento las lleva*," which means, "Words and feathers are carried off by the winds." They don't seem to think it has any application to themselves.

A few days after my arrival the town was in great excitement over the reception of the new Prefect — the person who had been a fellow-passenger on the boat from Callao to Molleño. It seems he is regarded as a somewhat distinguished person, and wonder is expressed as to how long he will be in office in Cuzco, as for some reason they are determined to drive him forth ere a month is up. He being a strong man, it is expected there will be lively times. But also the intense feeling against the Protestant missionaries is working to a climax, and it is hoped the new Prefect will oppose them in every way.



On the morning of his arrival, a message was sent me that I must on no account leave my room or the hotel, as the crowd meant to demonstrate against the missionaries; they expected to be stoned and attacked, and perhaps their residence and store demolished. Needless to say I was out at once, dying to be in the fray, and of course determined to take my part with my own countrymen, and indeed rather looking forward to some excitement. But on going outside, no one paid the slightest attention to me, and after walking about for a bit I came in again, and when the Prefect did at last arrive and pass, I was leaning out of my window. So I went round to the store, which was in the same block as the hotel, found the missionaries had just exchanged salutes with the Prefect, and no one had apparently thought of demonstrating at all—in fact, the little excitement of the Prefect's arrival seemed to have put all other thoughts out of their heads. The Prefect had a formal reception with all Cuzco out to greet him, and nothing could have taken place then, but it was possible at night they might do something; however, nothing at all happened.

And now, before I begin to try and describe this most wonderful place to you, and though I have no intention of filling my letters with the history of Peru, which you can read for yourself, yet I feel it necessary to recall the bare facts of the coming of the Conqueror Pizarro and what he found when he arrived here, so that you may understand better what this place is now; and surely it is one of the most fascinating and curious places I know, and I so regret that the time at my



HUATANAY RIVER, CUZCO.



disposal will not allow me to remain here long, and visit other parts of the country. I can only say that when the railway reaches Cuzco, as it will some day in the far future, and when there are facilities for travellers and decent hotels, that then thousands of tourists will pour in—but that day is far off. It is really extraordinary how few people, even those long resident in Peru and South America, ever visit this place. The discomforts of the journey keep them away, but, as you will have seen, there are no great difficulties to face. People exaggerate so. Not long ago a party of titled foreigners, Russian and French, with servants and a French cook came here, but no one can tell me who they were. I envy them that French cook, but wonder what he got to cook and where he cooked it, and what he thought of the kitchen here!

My time is spent continually out, and generally on the rock-carven hill, and I can find little time for writing. What photographs I have taken they spoilt here in developing them, as their new stock of materials has not arrived. I have just heard that some of the better people of Cuzco greatly resent the rudeness shown a harmless stranger on arriving here—but I really don't care at all, as I am fascinated with the place and roam about now quite unheeded, poking in and out of places and paying no attention to anyone—and they are such feeble sort of people, you feel as if you could make them do whatever you want if occasion arose. I suppose the arrival of, as they thought, four *new* missionaries was too much for them! The clericals, of course, are at the bottom of the fuss, and you



can imagine the youthful priest of the bloody nose laying off his grievances on arrival here to the bishop, and telling about the sale of the Bibles.

Now that I have got a room with light and air I don't care about much else, as I can devote myself to this fascinating place.

CUZCO, PERU,  
Nov. 24, 1904.

In many ways I think Francisco Pizarro was a truly great man; a born leader of men, full of resolution, very brave, and within him forever burning the fire that leads to the doing of great and noble deeds, and of cruel and treacherous ones also. Born at Truxillo in Spain, about 1471, the illegitimate son of Gonzalo Pizarro, a colonel of infantry, and Francisca Gonzales, a woman of no origin, he was a foundling, a swineherd (some say was suckled by a sow!), he grew up anyhow, and never was able to read or write. He somehow wandered to America, and is first heard of under Alonzo de Ojeda in 1510 in the island of Hispaniola.

He was related to the mother of Cortés, the Conqueror of Mexico, who was a Pizarro. He is then found with Balboa, the discoverer of the Pacific, and at the age of fifty was under Pedrarias, Governor of Panama.

In November 1524, funds being provided by Diego de Almagro and Hernando de Luque, a vessel was fitted out and Pizarro sent in command. He, with 100 followers, sailed up the river

Birú and explored, enduring great hardships; sailed further south amidst storms; landed again, and sent back his vessel to the Isle of Pearls for provisions, and then he and his men nearly perished of starvation in a tropical forest, and he lost twenty of his followers; discovered an Indian village, which they looted, getting maize, cocoa-nuts, and gold and silver ornaments, and heard that ten days' journey over the mountains there lived a mighty sovereign called the Child of the Sun, who was the conqueror of another great monarch, and how gold and silver were as common in his palaces as wood.

A ship with provisions arrived after six weeks; then they sailed further south, discovered villages where the people were cannibals, had fights with Indians, in one of which Pizarro received seven wounds, but they always in the end defeated the natives. Returning to Panama, the governor was with difficulty prevailed on to give leave for another expedition, and Almagro, de Luque, and Pizarro in 1526 entered into a solemn compact to discover and divide equally the country lying south of the Gulf and called the Empire of Peru. They set forth with two vessels, 160 men and a few horses, fell in with an Indian vessel or *balsa*, and were astonished at the gold and silver ornaments of the natives and their beautifully woven clothes embroidered in glowing colours with birds and flowers, and learnt more from them of the great Peruvian Empire. They themselves gave it the name of Peru, supposed to be a mistake for Pelu, a river, or from the Quichua word Perua, a granary.

Some of these natives they took with them to teach them Castilian, so that they might act as interpreters ; and they learnt from them that near Tumbez on the Gulf of Guayaquil, were great flocks of the animal from which came the wool of which their garments were woven, and that gold and silver articles were exceedingly common. The further south they went they saw more signs of civilisation and cultivation, in the shape of Indian villages and crops of potatoes, maize, and cacao. They came to Tacamez, which was near what is now Las Esmeraldas in Ecuador—the river of Emeralds—and here found a town laid out in streets, and with 2000 houses. Almagro returned to Panama and Pizarro waited till a relief ship with provisions should arrive, in various of the islands, but seven months went by ere relief came, whilst he and his men had to suffer terrible hardships and nearly died of famine. Then they sailed south to the Gulf of Guayaquil, and lived for a time on the island of Puna (now the quarantine station). They found many villages on the shores of the Gulf, and the town of Tumbez, with buildings of stone and plaster. The natives greeted them in friendly wise, bringing for them bananas, plantains, yuca, Indian corn, sweet potatoes, pine-apples, and cocoa-nuts, and also a number of llamas, the “little camel” of the Indians. A Peruvian noble visited them and was given a hatchet, as iron was unknown to him. Here temples blazing with gold and silver were seen. A Spanish cavalier sent ashore in his shining armour electrified the simple people, especially when he fired at a target with his

arquebus. Also here was beheld the garden of the convent or residence of the brides destined for the Ynca, full of imitation flowers and vegetables made of gold and silver. Greatly excited and encouraged by these marvels, they continued their voyage south, landing here and there, always well received by the natives, and everywhere hearing of the great Ynca and his hoards of gold which they intended should be theirs, and marvelling as they saw the great road along the coast constructed by this same Ynca. Satisfied that before them lay *El Dorado*, they returned to Panama, leaving some Spaniards at Tumbez, and taking away with them some Peruvians, and, of course, as much gold and silver as they could lay hands on.

It was then decided, in 1528, that Pizarro should go to Spain to lay before the emperor his plans for the conquest of Peru, and to obtain proper authority and means to prosecute the enterprise. He took with him some of the Peruvians, some llamas, some beautifully woven and embroidered fabrics, and a number of gold and silver vases and ornaments, to vouch for his story, and as presents for his sovereign so as to gain his favour.

On arriving in Spain, though he had been absent for twenty years, he was promptly clapped into prison for an old debt, which was certainly hard lines. However, he soon obtained his release and was summoned to the emperor, Charles V., who was at Toledo, where at the same time came his distant kinsman Cortez, the Conqueror of Mexico, who proved a good friend to him. The emperor was interested and pleased — especially with the llamas — and on his departure commended



Pizarro to the care of his Council of the Indies and the good offices of the queen, and in 1529 the queen had executed the *Capitulation*, defining the powers and privileges of Pizarro, giving him the right of discovery and conquest in Peru within certain limits, with the rank of governor and captain-general and other offices for life, with a large salary, with the obligation of maintaining certain officers and military retainers, the right to erect fortresses, and in fact full powers. Almagro and de Luque and the thirteen or sixteen followers who had stuck to him through thick and thin were given high honours and rewards. Pizarro was also permitted to augment his arms with the black eagle and pillars of the royal arms and as well with an Indian village and a llama for Peru.

He then paid a visit to his native place, Truxillo in Estramadura, to see his legitimate and illegitimate brothers; with the help of Cortez, who also hailed from there, he raised a following, and with his brothers set sail again in January 1530, from the shores of Spain.

He had innumerable difficulties to contend against, but his indomitable spirit conquered them all. On his arrival at Panama he had 180 men, 27 horses, and 3 vessels, and in January 1531 he set out on his third and final voyage. On his way southward he ravished the coasts, looting gold, silver, and jewels, and killing off the natives whenever they opposed him; hoisting, too, the flag of old Castile wherever possible. The natives did not know what he was talking about, but thought it all great fun, and him a Big White Chief—natives are and have always been the same—till

death ended the fun. They had a wily missionary with them, who collected emeralds ; and so that his nice little collection should not be depreciated in value, he told his companions the only way to test the reality of emeralds was to pound them with a hammer, for if real they would not break, which they did, thereby destroying what they had, whilst his were intact. One of his kidney would do just the same to-day.

Leaving their vessels, they marched down the coast, enduring terrible hardships, and a plague of ulcers broke out amongst them, which spread to the natives and all over the country. On the island of Puna, in the Gulf of Guayaquil, they had more bloodshed with the natives, and on reaching Tumbez found it deserted and dismantled ; but near this place they remained, and founded the town of San Miguel de Puira, the first white settlement in South America.

In September 1532, with 177 followers, of whom 67 were cavalry, Pizarro marched into the interior. A few of his men deserted him and returned to San Miguel. Their journey was one of great toil and hardship, but everywhere they were well received by the Peruvians, and were met by an ambassador from the Ynca Atahualpa, who invited them to that monarch's court. They came upon the famous highroad of the Yncas, the marvellous work which stretched from Quito to Cuzco, and were amazed at what they saw—this great road with its borders of trees and shrubs, its bridges, and its tambos, or houses of rest and refreshment, and its elaborate system of posts—for within every five miles was a post-house with a runner in livery

stationed at it. This same running postman ran his five miles with incredible speed, delivered his message or letter to the next, who instantly set off, and so on, so that enormous distances were covered in no time. But there was also an up-to-date parcel-post as well, as game, fruit, and even fish were carried along in this fashion, so that fish even could be brought from the coast in a short time (in three days) so as to reach the Ynca's table fresh, or what the Ynca called fresh! Much Pizarro and his armoured followers marvelled at it all, and no less at the industry and knowledge of the Peruvians, who had terraced and cultivated the hills and mountains to the very tops, manured them with guano, and fertilised them with water drawn through perfectly constructed stone aqueducts, irrigating every foot of ground, and growing endless crops of maize and potatoes. And despite the Spaniards, many of these aqueducts are in use to this day, and yet the Indians are cultivating those terraces. One aqueduct was 500 miles long. But of course the Spaniards have destroyed and neglected most of them.

They saw also pits of an acre in extent and 20 feet deep dug down to moisture, lined with sun-baked bricks, manured with little fish, and growing crops of grain.

In the narrow and precipitous defiles of the Corderillas of the Andes they found great strong stone forts, and the further inland they went the more signs of wealth and civilisation appeared. They were welcomed in Indian cities and lodged in the royal tambos.

At length they were met by an envoy with

presents from the Ynca Atahualpa, and with an invitation to visit that monarch's camp. Two Indian youths Pizarro had taken to Spain acted as interpreters. Pizarro then continued his march, crossed the Great Divide of the Andes amidst great difficulties, and descended into the beautiful, cultivated, and thickly populated valley of Caxamalca, and far beyond on the ridges they saw, covering the ground for miles, the white tents of the Ynca. On the 15th November 1532, Pizarro entered the city of Caxamalca, and found it deserted by the inhabitants. At once Pizarro despatched Hernando de Soto with fifteen horses on an embassy to the Ynca, and the appearance of these Spaniards clad in glistening armour, with plumes waving, and pennons fluttering in the air, as they dashed off at a gallop, seemed to dumbfound the Indians. They were received by the Ynca in the courtyard of an arcaded building, surrounded by his attendants and nobles. Hernando Pizarro addressed the Ynca, and he replied that he would visit the Spanish commander on the morrow. *Chicha*, the national beverage made from fermented maize, was presented in golden cups by Indian maidens. On returning to tell Pizarro what they had seen, some were very despondent, for it seemed impossible that their little band could oppose the great army of the mighty Ynca.

Pizarro summoned a council and retailed his plan, which was to capture the emperor by treachery, and make him a prisoner in the face of his army.

On the morning of the 16th all was in readiness. The great plaza was surrounded on three sides by long, low buildings, or halls, with doors opening on



to the square. In these, he concealed his cavalry and infantry, and posted his sentinels about the town. At a given signal—the firing of a gun—they were to rush forth, attack the Indians, and seize the Ynca. Shortly before sunset, Atahualpa, borne on a litter resting on the shoulders of his nobles, seated on a golden throne, with a great collar of emeralds and all his imperial insignia, entered the square. Not a Spaniard was to be seen as the doomed sovereign appeared, having left his army encamped outside the city.

Suddenly appeared Pizarro's chaplain, Vicente de Valverde, accompanied by the interpreter, a breviary or Bible in one hand, a crucifix in the other. He addressed the astonished emperor, saying he had been ordered to expound to him the doctrines of the true faith, and proceeded to do so, and adjured the emperor to cast off his errors, and acknowledge himself a tributary to the great Christian emperor.

Atahualpa's eyes flashed with fire, and with indignant scorn he threw the Bible tendered him to the ground and pointed to his Deity, the rapidly setting sun.

Pizarro gave the signal, a gun fired, and instantly the Spanish soldiers poured forth and fell upon the betrayed and dumbfounded Indians, riding them down and slashing at them right and left with their swords. The Ynca's litter was thrown to the ground, and he himself seized by Pizarro and others; his sign of sovereignty, the *borla*, was snatched from his brow, and he was hurried to a neighbouring building, where he was placed under strong guard. The plaza was a shambles, the Indians flying—it

is said they thought horse and rider one animal, and that it was the armour and the horses that overcame them—the cavalry pursued them, cutting down unarmed Indians till darkness came on—the whole thing was over in half an hour—the conquest of Peru. Not a Spaniard was wounded. According to different accounts, from 2000 to 10,000 Indians were slain. The following day the whole camp and stores of the Ynca were seized, and large numbers of prisoners—the Indian forces seeming paralysed at the loss of the Child of the Sun, their sacred sovereign. They offered no opposition. Some of the Spaniards wanted to cut off all their hands, and so render them helpless; this Pizarro would not allow.

Meanwhile the Ynca was kept a close prisoner, but well treated and allowed many of his attendants, and he soon learnt that gold was the desire of the Spaniards, and one day he told Pizarro that if he would release him he would, as a ransom, fill the floor of the room in which they stood with gold, and not only the floor but the whole room as high as he could reach. Pizarro, who was dazzled by all he had heard of the riches of Cuzco, agreed, and a red mark was drawn round the room as high as the Ynca could reach. And in the same manner he promised to fill an adjoining room with silver. The room exists to this day. The Ynca despatched couriers to Cuzco with orders to bring all the gold and silver vessels from palaces and temple at once.

Meanwhile Huescar, the brother of the Ynca, and with whom he was at war, heard of all this, and sent messages to Pizarro that he could pay

a higher ransom than Atahualpa, and Pizarro announced that he would have Huescar at Caxamalca, too, and decide the rival claims of the brothers. Atahualpa, alarmed at this, sent secret messengers, and Huescar was assassinated. Atahualpa, who denied being the cause, pretended great grief and horror. Meanwhile the supplies of gold and silver plate and ornaments were being slowly collected and brought in, and the Spaniards were dazzled by all they saw, though grumbling at the long delay. Their emissaries had been despatched to Cuzco, and by the Ynca's orders were well received and treated. The accounts they brought back of Cuzco enthralled the Spaniards and made them eager to gain it. They stripped the Temple of the Sun of its golden plates, behaved with insolent rapacity, even violating the convent of the Virgins of the Sun, and returned laden with booty. In February, Pizarro was reinforced by the arrival of Almagro and his men. Now they could wait no longer. All the precious vessels were melted down, except what were kept as a gift for the emperor, Charles V., and it is said that in the money of to-day these golden ingots were worth three and a half million pounds sterling.

Naturally, Almagro, Pizarro, and all the rest began to quarrel at once over this booty; but eventually it was all arranged.

Then for Cuzco—but how about Atahualpa? They dared not liberate him, they had no way of keeping him in captivity for long, nor men enough. Rumours were current of a rising amongst the Indians. The Spaniards cried out, "Kill him, and be done with it!" Pizarro shrank from the deed.

Finally he determined to bring the Ynca to trial—a sham trial. They accused him of murdering his brother Huescar; that “*he had squandered the public revenues since the conquest of the country by the Spaniards;*” that he was guilty of idolatry and of trying to organise an insurrection! They, of course, found him guilty, and condemned him to be burnt alive at once. It is said that when the Ynca discovered that Pizarro could not read, he could not disguise his scorn, and this Pizarro never could forgive.

On the 29th of August 1533, they led out the Ynca chained hand and foot, he was bound to the stake and the faggots heaped round him. Then the chaplain Valverde announced to him that if he would embrace the cross he held up to him and be baptised as a Christian, they would strangle him instead of burning him alive. Eventually Atahualpa gave way, was baptised, then strangled. Read the black and bitter story for yourself.

Throughout the land rose a mighty cry of wailing—but the Child of the Sun was dead. At Cuzco and elsewhere gold, silver, hoards of priceless wealth, were buried and concealed by the Indians, and are said to be concealed to this day; that to this day the secret hiding-places are known to and unrevealed by some of the Indians, the descendants of the old race. I wonder!

Pizarro and his forces fought their way to Cuzco, the Indians making despairing efforts to oppose them, and on the 15th of November 1533, Pizarro the Conqueror rode into the great Plaza of Cuzco.

What did they find there? It is said that in



Cuzco and its suburbs were 400,000 inhabitants. A great city with well-planned streets lined with palaces built of heavy masonry—the great plaza, now forming three large plazas—the magnificent Temple of the Sun, with its golden roof; wealth of every description. The gates were of coloured marbles, the walls of the palaces painted in gaudy colours, but their roofs only of thatch. On the hill above the city rose the great fortress, with its triple walls of Cyclopean masonry and its three towers. The gardens surrounding the Temple of the Sun were full of gold and silver imitation flowers; the golden plates of the roof of the temple had been already removed, but the heavy golden frieze still clung to the stones. Vast stores of gold and silver vases, mummified figures covered with gold, jewels, rich woven stuffs, granaries filled with all produce—even planks of solid silver 20 feet long, 1 foot wide, and 3 inches thick!

Under the Yncas the empire was divided into four provinces, each under a viceroy, who had under him a council. At certain times the viceroys “came to town for the season,” and then formed a council of state for the Ynca. The whole Empire was divided into departments of 10,000 inhabitants, each under a governor, a great Ynca noble; every thousand persons had an officer in authority over them, responsible in every way for them and their good behaviour. If they did wrong he punished them, and he himself was punished for allowing them to do wrong. In the same way every 500 had an officer over them responsible for them to the one above him, and so on with every 100, 50, and 10 men. By this system every 10



PALACE OF YNCA HUAYNA CAPAC, CUZCO.

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inhabitants were under charge of an official responsible in every way for them. As regards their courts of justice, the Ynca appointed the judges for life; there was no appeal, and they had to decide every case in five days. The minor courts reported their proceedings monthly to the higher, they to the viceroy, and he to the Ynca. Committees of officials patrolled the country to investigate the conduct of the magistrates. By this system the lowest subject was in touch with the Ynca.

The revenues of the empire were divided into three parts, one for the sun, one for the Ynca, and one for the people. The lands for the sun supported the temples, priests, and religious ceremonies; those for the Ynca, his court; and the rest went so much per head in equal shares to the people.

The people cultivated the land. First they paid attention to the lands of the Sun; then to lands of the old, the sick, the widows and orphans, and the soldiers away on active service; and lastly they tended the lands of the Ynca, which latter was regarded as a great national holiday, the Ynca going in state and himself turning the first sod with a golden plough, accompanied by his people in gala attire and singing songs. When a man married, his community gave him a house and land, with an addition as each child was born, more for a son than a daughter.

The great flocks of llamas belonged exclusively to the Ynca and the sun. The wool was deposited in public stores and dealt out in equal portions to the women, who spun and wove it. In the



different provinces the wool was so distributed and inspectors saw that everything was carried out satisfactorily, whilst in Cuzco it was fixed how much was necessary for the Ynca and the court.

Each man had to give a certain amount of labour to the State, but it was regulated so that he should be able to look after his own affairs; and it was always known where to find in each department labourers suitable for the work required. All births and deaths were registered, and every year returns were made of the population.

All produce was stored in granaries erected all over the country. An inventory was taken every year of the contents and presented to the Ynca. The surplus left in the granaries was given to those in want, and distributed equally in a bad season. These granaries were found by the Spaniards full of woollen and cotton stuffs, gold and silver vases and other objects, and immense quantities of maize, quinoa, and other produce.

They believed in a universal resurrection, but that every one returned to life, and so they carefully preserved all their hair combings and the parings of their nails in niches in the walls of their houses, so that at the resurrection they would know where to find them! Garcilasso de la Vega tells of one who, when questioned on this subject, said: "Know that all persons who are born must return to life, and the souls must rise out of their tombs with all that belonged to their bodies. We, therefore, in order that we may not have to search for our hair and nails at a time when there will be much hurry and confusion, place them in one

place, that they may be brought together more conveniently, and, whenever it is possible, we are also careful to spit in one place."

I should think some of us would have to look for our lost hairs on the top of some one else's head.

They believed in a Supreme Being who had created the sun; but the sun was their Deity, and they had temples to the moon, stars, thunder, lightning, and the rainbow—the latter being the emblem on their banners. They had many legends of the Deluge and the origin of mankind, and the popular belief was that after the flood seven people who had taken refuge in a cave escaped and repopled the world. They mummified their dead and buried them in a sitting attitude accompanied by a certain amount of treasure, which to-day every one is diligently digging up again. Their military organisation was admirable, and at short notice 200,000 men could be placed in the field.

They had a wonderful system of agriculture, and a superb system of irrigation. Marvellous aqueducts were constructed of slabs of freestone carefully fitted together, and often of great length, one being said to have been 500 miles in length. One at Nasca, still existing, is 5 feet deep and 3 wide. Many are still in use, and in places where they are forgotten, the water is still flowing through. Officials saw that each occupier of ground irrigated properly and got his proper share, and the water was brought to all sterile places, either by open canal, or by subterranean aqueducts.

The hills were terraced to the very top, and

where it was bare rock, fertile soil was carried and deposited to a sufficient depth—these terraces are everywhere yet, and still in many places in use and cultivation. The guano islands off the coast were carefully preserved, and the guano brought to the mainland and distributed; also quantities of small fish for manure. Their ploughs were wooden, a stake with a horizontal bar, pressed into the ground by the foot, and then drawn along the furrows by men with a rope.

In the high grounds they had maize—and the Cuzco maize is particularly fine—and on the tablelands they had tobacco and the *cuca*. The latter is a shrub with delicate leaves which are dried in the sun. They chew the leaves, but do not swallow leaf or juice. It gives them great strength and endurance, and is of great efficacy when applied to outward wounds or sores. To-day no Indian is ever without his *chuspa* or bag of *cuca* mixed with lime, and with that and a little maize they can travel long distances without food.

In the highest regions they cultivated the indigenous potato, and had countless ways of preparing it for use. Wheat and other cereals were introduced by the Spaniards. They had no iron, and their tools, etc., were of copper, hardened with a little tin.

The wool of the llama, vicuña, and alpaca provided them with clothes, and they wore linen from the *Maguey* plant. The llama wool was the least valuable. The llama as a beast of burden is wonderfully useful, but has its little ways. It will only take a load of a hundred pounds and no more; and attempts to overload or overdrive it, result in

its lying down, and no earthly power can then move it. It only travels a few leagues a day, but costs nothing, as it can go without water for weeks or months, and feeds on any stunted herbage it can find. Its burden rests loosely on the wool on its back. The huañacos and vicuñas roam over the Corderillas up to a great height, pasturing on the *ychu*, a grass which grows everywhere except north of the equator, where they are never found. At certain seasons thousands of men made cordons round parts of the country, gradually narrowing to a circle, and driving in all animals. The vicuñas were then shorn and let free again, but all the vicuña wool went to the making of the Ynca's clothes, and those whom they permitted to use it.

Great nobles had many wives and concubines, common people usually only one. On certain dates they had great *fiestas*, when all the marriageable youths of the ages of twenty-four, and as to girls of from eighteen to twenty, were assembled in the plaza of their town or village, accompanied by their parents to give consent, and the magistrate came round and joined their hands, and that was marriage.

Their religious ceremonies were frequent and very elaborate. The high priest or *villac umu* was always of near kin to the Ynca, and was appointed for life, he appointing those under him. All high priests and all those in the service of the Temple of the Sun were of the royal Ynca race. The *raymi*, or feast of the summer solstice, was the great event. It was preceded by a three days' fast, and no fires were lighted. The Ynca and everyone else at Cuzco assembled in the *cusipati* or great



square to await the sun, which was cheered, and the Ynca stood everyone drinks of *chicha* all round, and then they went to the *Coricancha*—the Temple of the Sun—where sacrifices were offered—at *raymi* always a llama—of fruit, grain, flowers, and animals, and, according to some writers, occasionally a child or young girl; but others vigorously deny that human sacrifices were ever made. They focussed the sun's rays to make a fire, the sacred flame, using a concave metal mirror on dried cotton for the purpose. The sacred flame was tended for a whole year by the Virgins of the Sun, who dared not let it go out lest some great calamity should occur. Then a big banquet, balls, "at homes," much *chicha*-drinking, and other society functions took place. The Virgins of the Sun were caught young, put in convents, taught the weaving of clothes and temple-hangings for the Ynca and Co. They were cut off from all their friends and only the Ynca and his *Coya* or queen could enter the convent. Their morals were well looked after—if one was naughty, she was buried alive and her lover strangled, whilst his town or village was destroyed, as it was a sacrilegious offence. At Cuzco they were all maidens of royal blood, 1500 of them, and dwelt in sumptuous buildings. They were also brides of the Ynca, and the best-looking, at a certain age, filled his palaces—if he got bored with one, she went to her original home, not back to the convent, and there was treated as a personage, a superior being, as having been a bride of the Ynca.

From Cuzco extended the two very famous roads, 2000 miles long, one along the coast and

the other over the mountains. They were between 25 and 30 feet wide. The Spaniards were roused to enthusiasm over these magnificent works, which did not prevent them destroying and allowing them to fall into disrepair. Now the best-preserved fragments are between Xauxa and Tarma. One ran from Quito to Cuzco and right on into Chile. Mountains were lowered, valleys filled up, streams crossed by osier bridges, galleries cut through rocks, the road itself paved, and tambos or post-houses erected every 10 or 12 miles. The roads were bordered with stone pillars at intervals of over a league; and I have already referred to their *chasquis* or runners, who carried verbal messages with incredible speed from post to post, and who also acted as a parcel-post. They were trained to the work, wore a distinguishing dress, and carried a staff, which went from hand to hand. A message went 150 miles a day.

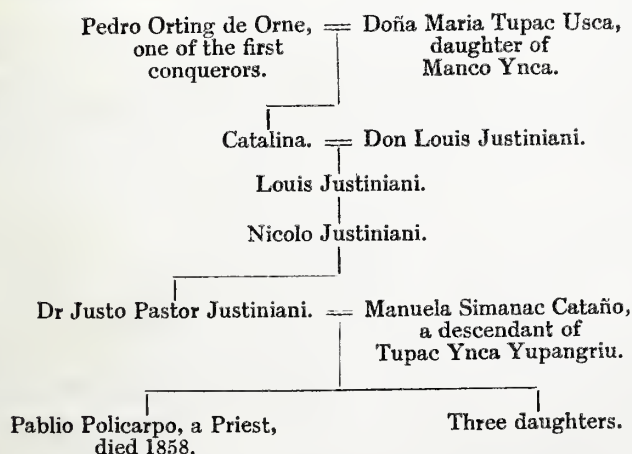
When I read Prescott's *Conquest of Peru*, long ago, I was deeply interested, but regarded it as somewhat of a fairy-tale, and did not take seriously all that glamour of golden temples, gardens of gold and silver flowers and shrubs, and the enormous amount of treasure—now I am here in Cuzco, I see round me daily the descendants of those Yncas and their people, the very palaces they dwelt in before the conquest, and in fact countless evidences of the truth of all one has read. I marvel and wonder, and can realise it all so well.

The most authentic authority on those times is probably Garcilasso de la Vega. He was of Ynca blood, and wrote with authority and interest. His *Royal Commentaries of the Yncas* have been trans-

lated by Sir Clements Markham, and published by the Hakluyt Society, and he (Sir Clements) also translated, amongst other works published by the same society, *An Account of the Fables and Rites of the Yncas*, by Christoval de Molina, the priest of the Hospital for Natives at Cuzco, for the Bishop of Cuzco, between 1570 and 1584, from an original manuscript in the National Society at Madrid; *An Account of the Antiquities of Peru*, by Juan de Santa Cruz Pachacuti-yamqui Salcamayhua, an Indian who wrote about 1620; a *Narrative of the Superstitions and Rites of the Indians of the Province of Huarochiri*, by Dr Francisco de Avila, written about 1608; and a *Report* by the Licentiate Polo de Onegardo, who was Corregidor of Cuzco in 1560, and which report was found amongst his papers, as a rough draft in a memorandum-book. All these writings throw much light on the events of the time. Sir Clements Markham is the historian of Peru, and his many works on that country and its people are invaluable. I carry his little *History of Peru* in my pocket here everywhere. (Sir Clements Markham did me the honour of presenting me with copies of these interesting translations of his, published by the Hakluyt Society, and I value these books immensely.)

The Ynca Garcilasso de la Vega was born at Cuzco in 1540, and died at Cordova in Spain in 1616, where he is buried. His *Commentaries* were published at Lisbon in 1609. His father, of the same name, was an important personage at Cuzco, a man of noble descent and kin, numbering amongst his relatives that Duke of Feria who married Jane, daughter of Sir John Dormer, by

Mary Sidney. He married at Cuzco, Chimpa Ocello, baptised as Doña Isabel, the niece of the Ynca Huayna Ccapac, and one of the royal race, who as a child escaped the massacres of Atahualpa. She was the mother of the author Garcilasso de la Vega, and from her and her kin he heard many traditions of their race. A portrait of her is preserved in Cuzco. There are many descendants of the Yncas and the early Spanish invaders here now. I give the pedigree of a priest, Pablo Policarpo, who died at a great age in 1858, and who was a friend of Sir Clements Markham when he was here, as an illustration of what their descents are :—



The Spaniards were proud to ally themselves with the princesses or descendants of the old Ynca Imperial family.

Francisco Pizarro the Conqueror, whom they generally speak of as "the Marquis," had a son, Don Francisco Pizarro, by a daughter of Ynca Atahualpa. He had also a daughter, Francisca, by



a daughter of the Ynca Huayna Ccapac, and this lady, known as Doña Inez Huayllas Nusta, afterwards married Martin de Ampuero of Lima—the Ampuero family descended from these were always treated with great deference by the Spanish Viceroy as descendants of the Imperial Ynca line. The daughter of Pizarro and this Ynca princess, Doña Francisca Pizarro, married her uncle Hernando Pizarro.

Another daughter of Huayna Ccapac, who was baptised as Francisca, married Juan de Collentes, and their granddaughter Dominga married Hernandez Piedrahita, grandfather of Dr Lucas Fernandez Piedrahita, the bishop, and historian of the Conquest of Nueva Granada.

Almost all the conquerors allied themselves with the Ynca princesses and left descendants, and here in Cuzco it is of great interest to remember that as you look around you at these people of mixed blood.

Garcilasso de la Vega tells us that the Yncas kept at Cuzco an old white and red jasper or marble square cross. They had no idea how long they had had it, or its origin, but they kept it in a *huaca* or sacred place. The Spaniards placed it in the church when they built one, and in 1560 it hung there suspended by a piece of black velvet to a nail on the wall. One cannot but wonder whence it came and how it was they continued to regard it as an object of value.

The *Coracancha* or Temple of the Sun is described as the Spaniards found it. The roof was of wood, and very lofty. The building was of stone of magnificent masonry. Inside, one whole



TEMPLE OF THE SUN.



wall was covered by a plate of gold, having on it a circular face with rays of fire issuing from it. This was the chief altar, if one may call it so, and it fell to the share of the conqueror Mancio Serra de Leguisamo, who gambled it away in a night, and no doubt it was melted down at once. It was this man who, when dying, as the last of the first conquerors, confessed, to relieve his conscience, to the great injustice, cruelty, and oppression meted out by him and the other conquerors to the Indians, whose good government and disposition he lauds.

On either side of the Sun the dead bodies of all the Ynca kings, wonderfully embalmed and clad in their own royal robes, sat on gold chairs on the golden slabs on which they had been used to sit; their eyes downcast, and their hands folded over their breasts. All these and other mummies the Indians hid. In 1559 the Licentiate Polo discovered five, three kings and two queens; they were eventually taken to Lima, and after a time buried in the court of the hospital of San Andres there. The many others still lie in concealment somewhere. The principal door to the north was covered with plates of gold, as were most of the doors, and outside a cornice of gold more than a yard wide ran round the whole building. Needless to say, the Spaniards very soon stripped off all the gold everywhere. There was a cloister with four sides, one of which was the wall of the temple, and all round the upper part of the cloister was a cornice of gold. The Spaniards replaced it by one of white plaster. Round the cloister were five rooms or halls, square, each one standing by itself,



covered in the form of a pyramid, and these formed three sides of the cloister. One was dedicated to the moon. Here all was silver, and the image, like that of the Sun, was a woman's face on a plate of silver. On either side of it were ranged the mummified bodies of *Coyas* or queens in the same fashion as those of the Yncas. The next hall was to the stars, and its roof was covered with stars, and here all too was silver; then the hall to the thunder and lightning, where all was gold; then the next was to the rainbow, with a coloured representation of it on a golden plate. They also bore the rainbow on their shields. They did not worship these as deities, but venerated them as satellites of the Sun. The fifth hall was a hall of audience for the priests, and was all gold. Of the five images the Spaniards secured three; they lost the benches of gold and silver and the images of the moon and stars. These await discovery yet, perhaps. On the golden mouldings round the walls emeralds and turquoises were set in, and the holes left by these were long visible. They had no diamonds or rubies. The porches and doorways were inlaid with plates and slabs of gold in the form of porches—two in silver. There were many other buildings for the priests and attendants. In the garden were herbs, flowers, small plants, large trees; large and small animals, both wild and domestic; serpents, lizards, toads, shells, butterflies, and birds, all in gold or silver, arranged in natural positions and all marvellously made. There was a large field of maize, quinoa, and fruit-trees with fruit, all in gold and silver. In the buildings were imitation billets of wood, and great figures of men,

women, and children in gold and silver, and even the spades and hoes for garden use and other utensils were of gold. As well were quantities of vases and dishes, etc. The name of the temple, Coracancha or Curicancha, means "a court of gold."

This is what the Spaniards found and made short work with; and all about the kingdom were other temples, copies of this one, and the palaces also were internally furnished in the same way with gold and silver—and always the imitation billets of wood—and had the same sorts of gardens of gold and silver plants. The ear of the maize was a favourite subject to imitate. It is all very barbaric, but if you think it out it could not have been beautiful, though the silent mummified bodies of the kings and queens, eternally sitting there with bowed heads and crossed arms in the royal robes against the background of gold or of silver, must have had a solemn, imposing effect. Then the gold applied to walls was in very, very thin beaten-out sheets, and the vases, etc., made of this same very thin gold. There is a magnificent golden Ynca vase in the possession of Mr Gould in America.

Now, this very day, I stood gazing at what remains of the Temple of the Sun. The site is occupied by the church of San Domingo, the foundations and part of the walls of which are those of the temple. What is visible is masonry of the most wonderful beauty, very smooth polished stones, which in themselves would make any building marvellous. Behind it is the Garden of the Sun, now the monastery garden; but it is very

easy to, in one's mind's eye, reconstruct all as it was in Ynca days. The church with its cloisters covers now a large space of ground.

The *Aclla-huasi*, or House of the Virgins of the Sun, was inhabited by the 1500 Ynca maidens of royal blood, and they were kept in strict seclusion. All the furniture, even to the pots and pans, was of gold and silver, and they had also the usual garden of costly imitation objects. This building, and the four great enclosures which had been palaces of the Ynca, were the only ones the Indians did not burn; not that they destroyed all the others, as even fire could only darken the wonderful masonry, but they tried to do so. The House of the Virgins is intact as to walls, and is now the convent of Santa Catalina. Originally one part of it was given to Pedro de Barco, and the other to the Licentiate de la Gama; and afterwards it belonged to Francisco Megia, and Diego Ortin de Guzman. It faces the south side of the great Cathedral Square. The church of the Jesuits was called the *Amaru-Cancha*, and was the palace of Huayna Ccapac, and is in a line with the above-mentioned building on the south side of the *Huacay-Pata*, or great Cathedral Square. In front of it once stood a famous round tower, now gone. The walls of the church and cloisters are those of the old Ynca palace. Hernando Pizarro, Mancio Serra de Leguisamo, and Antonio Altimarono dwelt in it in their time. It was the latter who had the first cows in Cuzco, and Garcilasso de la Vega tells us how as a boy he was taken by a mob of Indians to see the first three bullocks ploughing, considered an extraordinary sight. It



WALLS OF TEMPLE OF THE SUN.





was impressed on his memory because his father whipped him for playing truant from school, and the schoolmaster gave him an extra dozen lashes because his father had not given enough.

The cathedral occupies the site of the palace of the Ynca Uira-ccocha, and of one of the great halls of entertainment. It was in this hall the first Spaniards encamped when they entered Cuzco, so as to be able to defend themselves. The square called the *Huacay-Pata* meant the square for enjoyment or delight.

Part of the church of San Lazaro is formed of the still standing walls of the *Yacha-Huasi*, the school founded by the Ynca Rocca; and to him are attributed the walls of the palace which bound the narrow *Calle del Triunfo*, a place I visit daily with increasing admiration. Marvellous are these walls of huge stones or rocks of dark limestone of different shapes, all fitting into each other with wonderful precision and effect. One famous stone in a palace wall has no less than twelve sides. The stones are polished and darkened, perhaps by fire, I cannot say, but are so beautiful. It is said all the stones of Cuzco were not cut, but shaped by the quarrymen using black pebbles called *hihuayas* to rub them into shape, and that they then received a last polish with certain herbs which contained flint—which makes it all still more wonderful. All these old Ynca walls and palaces are topped by another story of white Spanish walls, red-tiled roofs, and green balconies. Most of the Ynca walls have no windows. In some cases the people have been foolish enough to whitewash the massive stonework. There are three distinct and

different styles of masonry; and many of the houses are built of Ynca masonry filched from the fortress above, and other buildings.

The palace of Huascar also faces the Cathedral Square, and between it and the *Amaru-cancha*, or church of the Jesuits, runs the Calle de la Carcel, so called because the Spanish prison was in it, and still is, I think, though its entrance is from another street. This was formerly the Street of the Sun, leading to the *curi-cancha* or temple. In this palace dwelt Francisco Megia and Pedro del Barco—but this palace and the House of the Virgins are in one block.

The *Hatun-cancha*, which is the block at the corner of the square nearer the cathedral, was the palace of the Ynca Yupanqui, and later the dwelling of Diego Maldonado and Francisco Hernandez Giron.

Behind this, with a block of buildings between, is the *Puca Marca*, a palace of the Ynca Tapac Yupanqui, and here lived Francisco de Trias and Sebastian de Caçalla.

On the north side of the Cathedral Square—which is very large—is the *Cora-cora*, which meant pastures, and fell to the share of Gonzalo Pizarro. Here is the palace of the Ynca Rocca, and later the dwelling of Juan de Pancorvo; and adjoining it on the same side is the *Cassana*—meaning House of Freezing, as its magnificence was supposed to freeze you to the spot with astonishment—and this was the palace of the Ynca Pachacutec, and here for a time dwelt Alonzo Maçuela, whose house afterwards was next where now is the prison. The *Cassana* and *Cora-cora* became houses and shops

fronted by deep arched arcades, were in Garcilasso de la Vega's time owned by a schoolfellow of his, Juan de Cellorico, and they are now much as then. Behind them is the *Yacha-huasi* I have referred to.

Two streams, the Rodadero and the Huatanay, run down through the town. The latter, to the west, comes down a very wide street and is crossed by old stone bridges built by the Spaniards out of Ynca slabs, and is lined and bottomed with beautiful Ynca masonry. Even the dirt they throw into it cannot destroy its fascination.

There were four of the great halls for amusement. One now forms the cloister of the church of the Jesuits at the palace of Huayna Ccapac, and was the house of Hernando Pizarro. Another was where the cathedral is, and in Garcilasso de la Vega's time was covered with thatch, afterwards replaced by tiles. Behind it lay the houses of Juan de Berio.

Another great hall stood on the Colcampata, the terrace under the fortress hill; where is now one long wall with windows. Here was a palace of Huayna Ccapac. This masonry, though, is not equal to other palaces. It was at one time a dwelling of the Ynca Paullu and his son Don Carlos, who was a schoolfellow of de la Vega. It was here was the *Anden*, or Garden of the Sun, always first cultivated—this terrace Sir Clements Markham calls “the most lovely, but the saddest spot in Peru”—and storied indeed is all you view from it, spread out around and below you.

They are said to have used melted gold as a mortar in building the walls of the Temple of the Sun and in other places, and of course the

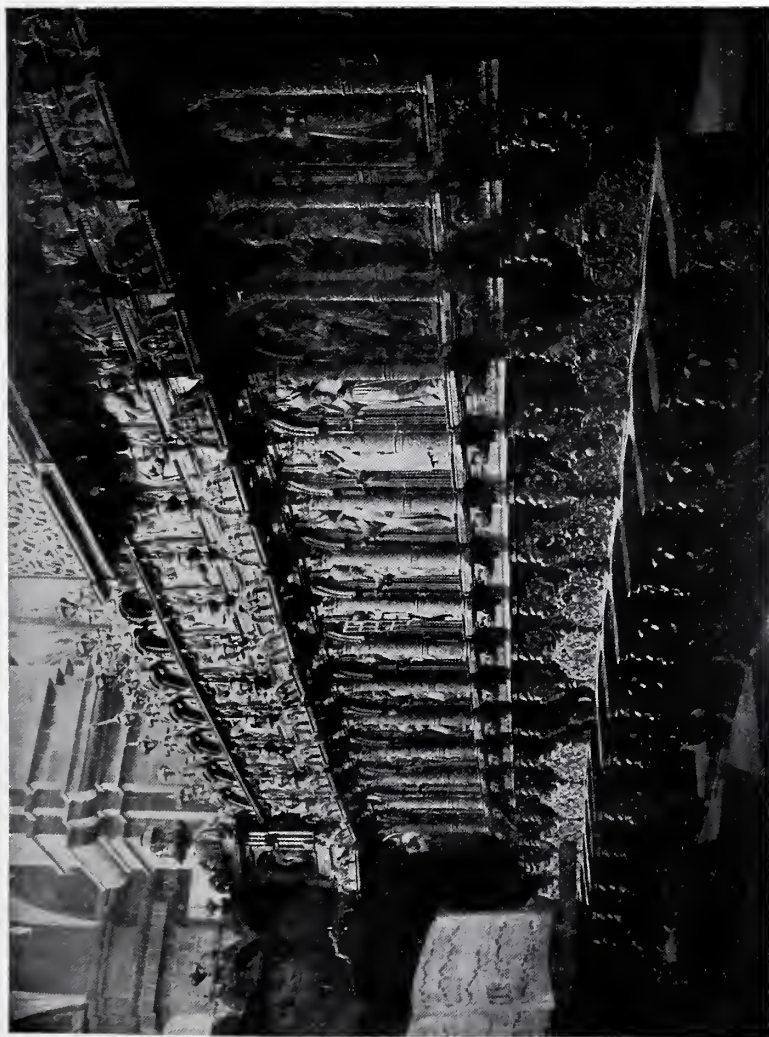


Spaniards demolished buildings merely to find this. They did use a red clay, called *llancac alpa*, which is sticky, and when made into mud no sign can be detected of its having been used between the stones. You certainly would not know anything was there.

To the west of the town is the part called *Carmença*, where was the *Huaca-puncu*, or Holy Gate. There is here a very steep street, and as one walks up it and out of it ascending the hill there is a certain spot where every Indian stops to turn and look back, or to gaze forward, as it is the first and last point on the road from which is visible the Temple of the Sun. They do it to-day as they have always done it.

The great hospital to the west of the town was built 1555-56. The father of Garcilasso de la Vega placed a gold doubloon—the only one in Cuzco at the time, as money had not been coined—in the foundation stone, and Diego Maldonado put in a plate of silver with his arms engraved on it. The hospital is a large building, and seems very well kept, and I visited it more than once, being always received with smiles from everyone.

The city was full of wards in which lived stranger Indians from all parts, distinguished from each other by their dress, especially the head-dress. I suppose really the different head attires you see now indicate different origins. There is, however, not much to be picked up in the shops, and I cannot find new, *clean* head-gear. One of the city wards was called *Pumacurcu*, meaning “the beam of the lion,” for here all the pumas, or mountain lions, and other beasts were tied to beams until



CHOIR OF CATHEDRAL, CUZCO.

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they became tame enough to be taken to the palaces. Another ward was called the *Cantut Pata*, or ward of the pinks, or *cantuts*, a flower growing there in quantities.

You must understand that at present I feel most superior to the rest of the world, from the fact that I inhabit Cuzco. In olden days, if one Indian met another coming *from* Cuzco, he bowed to him as to a superior being and so regarded him; much more so if he was an inhabitant or still more a native of Cuzco. If I show signs of superiority on my return, remember I have been in Cuzco and am justified. After all it was not so long ago, and here it seems as if it might have been yesterday, for here are the descendants of the Yncas and the conquerors, here yet their palaces, and the Indians are an unchangeable race in many ways; and, moreover, all those vanished treasures of gold and silver are only hidden, not really lost, and may yet be discovered. One hears of nothing else here. The Indians hid all they could ere the Spaniards could get it, throwing everything into lakes or otherwise concealing it.

The treasure collected for the ransom of Atahualpa was, at the news of his death, hastily concealed. Much is supposed to be buried or hidden at Azangaro, between Cuzco and Puno. When the Indians heard of his death, they cried *Asuan-caru!* "more distant," or "away from the road with it," and it is still supposed to be concealed there.

Then there is the famous Chain of Gold. It was said to be made by order of Ynca Huayna Ccapac for a festival in honour of the birth of his



son. It was very thick, and according to some was of solid gold, and its length was 700 feet; or it was twice the length and width of the *Cusipata*, or great square here. Some say each link was in the form of a serpent with its tail in its mouth, and enamelled in brilliant colours. The people danced with hands interlinked, and the chain was to make the dance seem more important at the great festivals when the Ynca sat in the *Cusipata* in state. In the valley of Urcos, six leagues south of Cuzco, is a small, very deep lake, less than half a league in circumference and surrounded by high mountains. There was much Cuzco treasure thrown into it, and, it is thought by some, the Chain of Gold. Garcilasso de la Vega says:—"Twelve or thirteen Spaniards of Cuzco, merchants and traders, formed a company of profit or loss to drain that lake and secure the treasure. It was twenty-four fathoms, without counting the mud at the bottom, which was deep. They agreed to make a tunnel to east of the lake, where the river Yucay flows, because the land is there lower than the bottom of the lake, and that they could draw off water and leave it dry. They began work in 1557, excavating underground, making a tunnel, and excavated fifty paces." Then they came to flint rock, which stopped them, and after spending much money gave it up. "I (Garcilasso) entered the tunnel two or three times when the work was going on."

Sir Clements Markham says that one tradition asserts that it was the lake of Molina or Muyna into which the chain was thrown, and not the lake of Urcos. The missionaries here vow to me they

have discovered the place where it is hid—the secret revealed to them by a priest (of all people!). They say if I stay a long time I can go with them to seek it. Give me, I reply, but one link of it and I shall believe and be satisfied. It is hidden in a cave in a rock, and that cave and rock are under water—that is all I can reveal. To get to that cavern you must locate the hidden rock from a boat and dive into the cavern! Well! Well!

Any way that chain is somewhere. If it has not been found or is to be found, it has been or will be kept secret and melted down.

Titicaca is full of treasures, enormous quantities they say, thrown in by the Indians.

At all the great festivals the Ynca was carried in a litter covered with gold and emeralds, and wearing on his head the *llauta*, a scarlet-tasselled fringe, surmounted by two erect black and white feathers of the *coraquenque*, a rare bird of the vulture species reserved for the Ynca's use; and the *Cusipata*, where all the *festas* were held, was always strewn with sand brought from the sea. They must have been gorgeous *spectacles*, and I can well picture them here.

I find photographs dwarf everything here, especially the fortress walls; and the lack of colour in a photograph robs it of what is the real charm of everything here. I was always mad about stone and masonry work; here I am satisfied but envious.

Some time anterior to the conquest of Peru a certain Allan M'Ellar went from the Scottish Highlands to Spain; I am not so sure but that he was the same person as Alonzo Maquila, one of

the conquerors who dwelt here, and will some day endeavour to find out. Many a soldier of fortune went to France and Spain from Scotland in those days, as they did to Russia, Austria, and Sweden, and they sometimes, indeed often, adapted their name to the country of their adoption. I am looking round to see if I can, by some instinct, recognise a long-lost cousin descended from the said Alonzo and an Ynca princess—but I have no intention of throwing my arms round his neck in cousinly embrace. I shall have him fumigated first. Besides, the first Ynca was no doubt a Scotsman himself—the Germans say he was a Celt, and they, as the “salt of the earth,” must be right. Behold me coming home with some little Ynky relations!

CUZCO, PERU,  
Nov. 26, 1904.

You will be thinking I am laying in stacks of discovered gold and silver—but no! I am not of the getting sort. I am wandering about dreaming and wondering, and entirely satisfied.

I have given you a long, bald outline of the conquest and what the conquerors found here, culled from Prescott and elsewhere, so as to refresh your memory, and now I want to tell you what is said by Garcilasso de la Vega and others about the great fortress, the crown of this Imperial city. One marvels and wonders over who they could have been, those great Ynca sovereigns who built these great monuments, if they did build them, or where they came from.

Of course you know the legend of how a fair-haired, blue-eyed man and woman came from Lake Titicaca and ruled and conquered all the tribes; and the legend that they were the children of the sun and moon. They were Manco Ccapac and Mama Ocllo Huaco, brother and sister, husband and wife, the sun and the moon. Another legend says "certain white and bearded men" came from Titicaca and founded the empire, and that this took place 200, 400, and 500 years before the conquest. Whoever they were, the Yncas conquered all the tribes and forced the Quichua language on them as a universal tongue. Some German writers insist and declare that the Yncas were of Celtic race—were, in fact, Pagan Irish who somehow found their way to South America. Why Irish? I think they were probably Scots!

Why do papa and mama mean the same thing all over the world? Mama Ocllo sounds as if she was a kind, motherly old thing — everyone's mama.

Now I say a bold thing! I see no relation in the scenery, the ruins, or the people of this land to things Japanese—and yet now and again comes over me suddenly a feeling that there is a connection between these people and the Japanese. I feel it more than see it, and it comes as a sudden vague reminiscence.

Some people think of China—again so widely different. The Emperor of China is called the Son of the Sun; he once a year went in state and turned the first sod with a plough, and the solstices and equinoxes were there as here noted to determine the periods of their religious festivals.



One has theory after theory here and dismisses them in despair.

The Fortress Hill overlooking Cuzco is called the Sacsahuaman. In front of it, on a lower plain but high above the town, is a wide terrace fronted by a long ruined wall and an old cross of the conquerors, and backed by other walls and an area of maize field. This is called the Colcampata. Here once stood one of the great recreation halls, and here the long wall—without windows or doors, but with niches in the wall—is said to be part of the palace of Ynca Manco Ccapac; but it has a different appearance to the other masonry. At the back of the Sacsahuaman Hill is another, called the Rododaro.

The Indians had neither iron nor steel for cutting and working stone, nor had they bullocks or carts; so it remains a mystery how they shaped and prepared the stones, and a still greater how they moved them.

On the point of the hill overlooking Cuzco, and which is nearly perpendicular on that side, stand three crosses; the hill is surrounded there by a wall of cut stones, or, originally perhaps, three walls in terraces; but it is sad to say this hill is still a quarry for stones for the buildings in the town, and much damage has been done. Garcilasso says there was only one wall, Sir Clements Markham describes three. On the side opposite the town rise the triple Cyclopean walls, one of the great monuments of the world. Sir Clements Markham says: "They . . . are nearly straight. They are, however, connected with the rocks overhanging the town by a single flanking wall. The three walls



FORTRESS WALLS AND YNCA'S THRONE, CUZCO.

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each have twenty-two salient and retiring angles. The height of the first wall is 18, of the second 16, and of the third 14 feet, more or less, varying slightly with the inequality of the ground."

Garcilasso de la Vega says: "In the first of the three walls they sought to display the extent of their power. For though all three are constructed in the same way, the first is the grandest, and contains those enormous stones which make the edifice incredible to those who have not seen it, and wonderful to those who have examined it with attention, when they consider well the size and number of the stones and the few appliances these people had for cutting, working, and adjusting them." They were probably not hewn out of quarries, "for some have convex surfaces, others concave, and others oblique. Some are with points at the corners, others without them. These faults were not removed or levelled, but the hollow or concavity of one enormous rock was filled by the convexity of another as large and grand, if one such could be found. . . . The angle which was wanting in one rock was made up for in another; not by filling up the fault with a small stone, but by fitting another rock to it which had a fault in the opposite direction and would then complement the other."

I did not measure these walls, but everyone at Cuzco told me they were 600 feet long, the total height nearly 60 feet; that the lowest wall was 27 feet high, the next above 18 feet, and the highest 14 feet. They rise one above the other, with a broad space between on which you walk and look out



over the ramparts. The width of the terraces is between 25 and 30 feet. Garcilasso says: "Each wall formed an inner breastwork more than a yard in height, whence men could fight with more protection than if they were exposed." Sir Clements Markham says: "These parapets no longer exist"; but they certainly do, at least on the lower terrace in places, as standing on it you rest your arms on the wall to look over. Then one comes to the size of some of the stones. The largest, a most famous one, I always heard given as 27 feet by 14 feet, and it must be about that. Sir Clements says: "My measurements of some of the stones of the outer wall are as follows:—1. Great stone in the eighth salient angle from the west, 10 feet high by 6 broad. 2. Great stone in the ninth salient angle from the west (the angle being  $85^{\circ}$ ) 16 feet 6 inches high by 6 feet 1 inch broad. 3. An inner stone, also in the ninth salient angle, 14 feet by 8. 4. Great stone in the eleventh salient angle from the west (the angle being  $90^{\circ}$ ) 14 feet by 12. The stones in the second and third walls are smaller." There is a great difference between 27 feet by 14 feet and 16 feet 6 inches high by 6 feet 1 inch broad; and yet the size I gave is what I constantly heard stated. In any case, it will be seen what gigantic blocks they are. Garcilasso says: "It must have been necessary to raise and lower the stones a great many times before such perfect adjustment could have been attained. No cranes or pulleys nor any engine to lift and lower the stones, which were so large"; and I had better here continue his account of the building of the fortress and the state it was in when he saw it.

“In each wall, nearly in the centre, there was an opening, and each wall had a door capable of being raised up, of the width and height of the doorway which it closed. The first was called *Ttiu-puncu*, which means ‘the Gate of Sand,’ because that part is rather sandy. . . . The second is called *Acahuana-puncu*, because the chief architect had that name. The third was called *Uira-cchocha-puncu*, consecrated to the god *Uira-cchocha*. . . . Within the three walls there is a long, narrow space, where there were three strong towers in a prolonged triangle, conforming to the shape of the ground. They called the chief and central tower *Moyoc Marca*, which means a round fortress, because it was built in a circular form. In it there was an abundant fountain, brought from a distance underground. . . . The kings lodged in that tower when they visited the fortress. All its walls were adorned with gold and silver in the shape of animals, birds, and plants imitated from nature and inlaid on the wall. . . . They called the second tower *Paucar-marca*, and the third *Sacllac-marca*. Both were square, and they contained lodgings for the soldiers. . . . They must have been Yncas by privilege, as the soldiers of other nations were not allowed to enter the fortress. . . . Below the towers there was an equal space excavated underground; and the vaults communicated from one tower to another. Great skill was shown in the construction of these subterranean passages. They were built with so many streets and lanes, crossing each other in all directions, and making so many turns, that one might easily be lost as in a labyrinth and not know how to get out. It was necessary

even for those who knew the place to have a guide, consisting of a skein of wool, one end of which was left fastened to the door, so as to return by following it as a clue. When I was a little boy, with others of my own age, I often went up to the fortress. All the buildings above ground were then in ruins, and much of the subterraneous work also; but we did not enter the vaults that were left, further than the light of the sun could reach, for fear of losing ourselves, owing to the terror that the accounts of the Indians had caused us. . . . The Indians did not know how to make an arched vault. They left corbels in the subterranean passages, on which, in place of beams, they put long stones, worked on all six sides and accurately placed, which reached from one wall to another. . . . Four chief architects were employed on the work of the fortress." The first and principal was *Hualpa Rimachi Ynca*, then *Ynca Maricanchi*, and the third was *Acahuana Ynca*, "to whom is attributed a great part of the edifices at Tiahuanacu." (This is, of course, an absurdity.) The fourth, and last, was *Calle Cunchuy*. "In his time they brought the 'tired stone'" (Sir Clements Markham says that he evidently means the "tired stone" at Ollantay-tambo, which was abandoned, "and is 20 feet long by 15 feet 2 inches broad and 3 feet 6 inches thick. There is another, only 570 yards from the ruins, which is 9 feet 8 inches long, 7 feet 8 inches broad, and 4 feet 2 inches thick. It has a groove along one side, and six holes 2 to 3 inches deep.") Garcilasso goes on: "The stone lies in the plain before the fortress. The Indians say that, owing to the severe labour it endured on the road until it reached this point, it became tired,

wept blood, and was unable to reach the fortress. The stone is not dressed, but rough as it was taken from the quarry. A great part of it is under the ground. They tell me that it is now more covered than it was when I left the country. For they imagined there was great treasure under it, and they dug as deep as they could to reach the treasure. But before they could come at it they had buried that great rock and concealed a great part of its size. . . . At one of the upper corners, or two if I am not mistaken, there are holes passing from one side to the other, and the Indians say these are the places out of which it wept blood. The truth is, that the dust collected in the holes, mixed with rain-water and formed a mixture which flowed over, and was somewhat red, the soil being of a reddish colour." It is related by the Ynca Amantas, who were the philosophers and doctors of the time, that more than 20,000 Indians dragged the stone with stout cables. Half hauled in front and the others held on behind, to prevent it rolling back; at one place, it is said, it slipped down a hill, killing 3000 or 4000 Indians who were guiding it. It is said to have wept blood because it never reached its place in the edifice.

This is a very beautiful poem in stone. It may well be the particular one Garcilasso speaks of has totally or almost totally disappeared into the ground in the centuries since he wrote, as there is more than one stone in the neighbourhood evidently destined for the fortress walls. The idea that any architect of the fortress had anything to do with the ruins at Tiahuanico in Bolivia is out of the question; they are of a different period, a different



style, and are the work of some very different people in some prehistoric time.

The Spaniards dismantled the fortress to build private houses. "The long stones which served as beams in the subterranean passages were used for lintels and porches and the smaller ones for walls and foundations. . . . They pulled it down in such a hurry that even I only remember seeing the ruins which I have already mentioned. The three mighty outer walls were left because the Spaniards could not move them, owing to their immense size. The good king Ynca Yapanqui commenced the building of this inadequately described fortress, although some would have it that it was begun by his father Pachacutec. They say this because he left a plan for it and a completed model, and collected a great number of stones and rocks."

Mr Fergusson, in his *History of Architecture*, says: "To use a modern term, it is a fortification *en tenaille*; the re-entering angles are generally right angles, so contrived that every part is seen, and as perfectly flanked as in the best European fortifications of the present day. It is not a little singular that this perfection should have been reached by a rude people in Southern America, while it escaped the Greeks and Romans, as well as the mediæval engineers. The true method of its attainment was never discovered in Europe until it was forced on the attention of military men by the discovery of gunpowder. Here it is used by a people who never had an external war, but who, nevertheless, have designed the most perfectly planned fortress we know."

When I first ascended this hill and saw only

the front where stand the three crosses, I was somewhat disappointed, though the view from there is lovely and interesting. The towers of the fortress, as we see, disappeared long ago, and now there is not a sign of them, it being merely a bare hill, marked here and there with signs of an excavation having been made, and strewn everywhere with broken pottery. You pick up many very quaint pieces. But on strolling round the hill my eyes fell on a great stone gateway, and as I approached and turned the corner I held my breath with astonishment when I beheld those three great lines of wall—so wonderfully impressive, so beautiful in form and tone, and undoubtedly amongst the wonders of the world. In a photograph or a drawing it seems nothing, as you do not realise the greatness and grandeur of these silent, solitary witnesses of the past. Here it is solitary undoubtedly, as no human habitation is in sight, and around you are but rocky hills and glades. Under the clear rarefied air and the brilliant sunshine the shadows of the great walls and their angles are clearly defined. There is something indescribably beautiful about those great walls standing immovable and solitary as they have stood for—who can say how long? No one really knows who erected this great work; it must for ever remain a mystery. Long before the days of Ynca sovereigns, surely, it stood here, and they but copied from it. Probably the fortress towers were of Ynca days.

Before it stretches what Garcilasso calls “the great plain,” a by no means great plain, but a beautiful, smooth little plain, lying between the walls and the Rodadero Hill, and evidently at one

time partly walled round. Then the Rodadero Hill is itself very curious. It is formed of great masses of white rock, which at some period seem to have surged up and round in curving waves and solidified in that form. There are the beautiful smooth curves intermingled with soft turf, and at the most prominent point, cut with the perfection of precision, in this rock is the beautiful seat they call the Ynca's throne. How lovely it is I cannot describe. Here must often have sat the Ynca, gazing perhaps at military evolutions or festival dances in the plain below him, or at his glorious fortress opposite. In this wonderful seat I was photographed sitting between two missionaries, like the jam in a sandwich—but we do *not* look like Yncas!

Below on the plain lies by itself a very conspicuous object, one single white stone cut in the form of a bath. It certainly is not the "tired stone" Garcilasso describes as almost having disappeared in the ground, that "tired stone" that wept blood because it never reached the edifice it was intended for. I think this was never meant to be anywhere but where it is, and that it was used for saerificial purposes in great festivals. It is stone of an entirely different colour and character to any in the walls.

I strolled about full of wondering admiration, and came to one of the adjacent rocky knolls to find that the natural rock of which it is composed was carved all over with wonderful beauty and accuracy into steps, seats, round enclosures, and I know not what all, but in bewildering confusion, and all the lovely angles as clean cut and perfect as if done to-day. Then I found a cave within it,

with steps leading down, and inside more of these carved seats. Further exploration revealed that all around for a distance every rocky knoll and all the many natural rocks were carved in this way; there were many caves and intricate passages, and without doubt in former times from these caves led subterranean passages under the plain into the interior of the Fortress Hill. They have doubtless been destroyed or filled up. Otherwise there seems no meaning in all this riot of carved seats and steps, amongst which grow now mosses and flowers. Everyone has theories—for long I felt sure that here had been suburban villas of the princesses of the Yncas, and amidst these carven rocks had been planted their golden trees and shrubs. Then I thought not—day after day do I sit there and wonder and marvel what it all means. It is a more than fascinating spot.

It is so solitary. Now and again you see a stray Indian in his brilliant attire, or with his group of llamas, and they linger idly there as if dreaming and pondering over the glories of their past.

Once I saw no soul anywhere, and strolling to one of these places was about to descend into the cave. Quite suddenly I saw an Indian standing near me, though where he came from I could not think. He was looking away from me, standing like a statue, his whole figure in its poncho and his dark aquiline face, crowned by its coloured woollen Phrygian cap, outlined with clear sharpness against the sky. When I made a sound he turned his head, but moved not otherwise, and gazed at me mournfully, and through me and beyond me, as if he was looking at something I could not see.



I turned away and was about to descend into the cave again, when something made me look back. He had not moved, but by him stood another Indian, and they looked at me and said something to each other. It was very strange—I could see all round me—and yet had neither seen or heard these Indians come—it was as if they had suddenly come out of the rock. My foot was on the step to descend, when the strangest feeling came over me—something seemed to hold me back forcibly, to restrain me, and I seemed to hear from somewhere, “Do not go down. Oh! do not go down!” So strong and strange was this feeling, that actually I could *not* go down; so I turned back and towards the Indians. They had vanished as suddenly, as silently as they came, and then I saw them a little distance off, walking away, their brilliant coloured figures conspicuous against the grey stones of the fortress walls. Once or twice they paused and stood silently looking back at me, without the least idea that they formed the most picturesque of pictures. Surely, this is an eerie, strange place, and one full of a strange fascination. I think it the most wonderful spot I know in the world.

In that fortress hill is yet, they say, a great hall where lie concealed the mummified Ynca sovereigns, golden statues, and much treasure. A lady was once taken in by secret subterranean ways, and saw it—then why do they not open it all up? It is most probable, the subterranean ways and chambers were not all destroyed or discovered. I can believe anything here. The people who built those walls were capable of doing anything.

An artist could paint wonderful pictures here—the stones of Cuzco are an inspiration in themselves. How glad I am I came, how glad I listened not to those who would have prevented me. What can they mean by such nonsense? But there is always the fear that these wretched people here will go on destroying, as they have been doing for generations. Cannot some millionaire buy up the whole thing to preserve it? It gives me a quite nervous feeling to think all this great work may yet vanish—and how much is gone!

## CUZCO, PERU.

I have written you much about this place, but I could go on for ever.

When Pizarro was settling this Cuzco business in order, he set up Manco Ccapac as Ynca, under the supremacy of Spain. They crowned him with the *llauta*, and had high coronation jinks. They even had some of the royal mummies (they must have found them somewhere) paraded in the square, seated them at the banquet, and drank *chicha* to their healths. The Ynca Manco was for a time a good boy; then he rebelled, set up for himself, besieged Cuzco for a long period, took the fortress, and set the town on fire—it blazed for days, the thatch roofs, of course, being like tinder. The Spaniards had already done much damage; he did more. No doubt all the adobe houses and huts were destroyed, but the solid stone Ynca masonry defied the fire, and there it is to this day—dark

and polished stone. Even some of the wonderfully cut cubes of stone lying loose in the streets are worth carrying away if one could do it.

You cannot imagine what a picture it is to see an Indian or two with a group of llamas standing against the palace walls in the Calle del Triunfo.

You have only seen the llamas in a zoological garden, awkward animals that spit at you if you annoy them. You have no idea what a strangely beautiful thing it is here in its native home. It has such a proud head and stately mien. They are mysterious creatures, like no other. Their Indian shepherds adore them, and treat them kindly. It is for them a holy animal, and here surely there *is* something holy about it. The restless, beautiful head, for ever turning this way or that, the beautiful, sad eyes, for ever looking beyond you for something they cannot find—what is the mystery—do they know and remember they were the holy animals of the strange children of the Sun? And their aquiline-featured, brown-faced, dark and sad-eyed masters—do they also know and remember? People tell me not—that they know nothing. I wonder! Why so sad, then—why do their eyes, like the llama's, look always beyond you for something they cannot find? I know, I am sure, I feel, that they do know and remember. Would only that I could speak their tongue, and learn something. Do you know, even the long cactus spikes on the hedges are like the llamas and these Indians—and all seem different here to elsewhere.

I wander about this town, dreaming and bewildered. Now I am a familiar object to them

all, and they let me go where I please, and unheeded, and everyone is civil and friendly.

I go up the long, steep street of stone steps, haunted by Indians, and filthily misused by them, till I come to Manco Ccapac's palace on the hill, that long wall of masonry with niches for windows and doorway, and a terrace in front of it on which stands an old cross. It looks down on the town. I go higher to the Fortress Hill summit, and collect quaint bits of pottery, and sit gazing on all that lies below, the whole city of Cuzco spread out like a map at my feet. You see all the country round—the beautiful valley—the superb hills and mountains, and below you, Cuzco, the most conspicuous thing in which is the huge square, now divided by buildings into three; rising here and there the stately Spanish churches, and beyond the town, but near, are the battlefields of the Yncas and the conquerors. I can people it easily with the scenes I have read about. Down there the two Almagros, father and son, at different periods were executed in the great square, and buried in that church; and later the headless body of Gonzalo Pizarro—executed out there on the battlefield—was thrown into the same grave—and here on the spot where I stand, another Pizarro, Juan, lost his life in battle.

Quito was an Ynca city joined to Cuzco by that wonderful road, but there is nothing about it that impresses you as Cuzco does, that makes you realise how really great was this Ynca race. The very llamas in Quito looked different to those here. Often I go up on the hill, have it all to myself, sit in the Ynca's throne, elbow on knee,



chin in hand, and gaze and gaze at those old walls, trying to read the riddle of it all. Down below, the town, situated on a slope, and at such a high altitude, ought to be, and could easily be, particularly healthy, but they have made of the Imperial city a cesspool. Up on the hill, amidst these solitary ruins, the air is so fresh, clear, and exhilarating, it is a pleasure to breathe it. One cannot imagine shouting or noise there, it seems natural to speak in low tones, so as not to intrude on that eternal silence. Sitting in the Ynca's throne, I can realise him distinctly; I can see the grey walls before me crowded with brilliantly clad soldiers, watch the stir as the Ynca comes, see the flutter as a running messenger with his wand dashes amongst them with some piece of news. I have sat in the throne of Charlemagne in the cathedral of Aix-la-Chapelle—he was an ancestor, some diluted drop of his blood is in my veins—yet I could not in any way realise him. Often I go into those strange, sculptured caves—into that one something or somebody would not let me enter one time—but I can find no meaning for them. Sometimes I have examined the rocks minutely, wondering if there be not secret doors leading down to concealed passages, some apparently solid-looking rock that swings wide open. I picture going down it—and how, probably, it would swing to again, and close me in for ever. No! not for ever, for in some future time would come some society of learned men, dig it up, find this secret passage, and discover the interesting twentieth century mummy crouching there—what a find! Of course, I go prodding about with very material

aims too—but no treasure can I find. I have gathered seeds from the acacias growing round the great walls, and wonder if they will grow elsewhere. (They grew and flourished in a Scottish garden, till a severe frost killed them off. Some, however, are yet in pots in a green-house.)

But Cuzco is not beautiful and interesting alone through its Ynca associations. If it had none of these it would still be a unique city in form and colour. I scarcely heed the Spanish buildings, but they are very fine, and the churches very stately. The white-walled, red tiled, green-balconied Spanish houses, with their deep arched arcades, their play of light and shadow, are beautiful too. Then the mass of colour, as the gaudily attired Indians crowd the market-place and arcades under the brilliant sunshine, is a feast for the eye. I envy the artist who will one day depict all this.

There are two tawdry statues of Yncas in the squares, and round about that in the market-place are the white-domed market stalls. Here fruit, vegetables, everything is sold. A most picturesque sight. But alas! you cannot approach these stalls, for Indian men and women have defiled the whole ground—poor degraded animals. Theirs is a great degradation, I am afraid a hopeless one. What is to become of these people? Yet amongst them you see stately proud figures and faces, some with striking, aquiline features—the Ynca blood, you cannot help thinking. But what an indictment it all is of Spanish and Catholic rule!

Here, though there is a Catholic Liberal party that is trying to throw off the yoke of the Church, the priests rule, and they are most bigoted and

intolerant. It is difficult and unpleasant to view the interiors of the churches, the priests scowl at you, and plainly let it be seen they do not want you. I entered one church with the English missionaries; there were workmen employed in it, and they sent for the priest, who arrived in a fury, harangued us violently, and said our presence polluted and dishonoured the church! He also said he would send for the police to turn us out. All this was lost on me, for I had discovered in a side-chapel wonderful old Ynca tapestries rolled up in bundles and thrown amongst dirt and rubbish—and I had no idea he was insulting us, and paid no heed.

But I think changes are coming. The men care little for the Church—or religion—now; it is the women who bolster it up. The English missionaries will not, I think, make many converts; they are not aggressive in their work. They can and will do good otherwise, and have a civilising effect in Cuzco. Though the people are so bigoted, and the priests so opposed to them, yet they are respected, have even good friends amongst more enlightened priests and amongst the better classes. There are, I am told, various very pleasant interesting families resident here. One leading resident, who owns a private museum of Peruvian antiquities and who is a strict Catholic, yet, when he goes away, leaves the key of his museum with Mr Jarrett, the only person he can trust! They are making themselves felt, and tell me they have started cricket among the boys, though I have seen none of it.

Just before my arrival they had fitted up a



OLLANTAYTAMBO, NEAR CUZCO.

[To face page 270.]





large room in their house as a church or chapel, and this is what, together with the arrival of fresh missionaries, had roused Cuzco against them, and accounted for the hostile reception I met with on my arrival with the agent of the Bible Society and two others—they at first took me for number four!

I believe the Salvation Army let loose in Peru and other South American countries would draw the Indians after them in flocks. They would be stoned, attacked, and imprisoned, but they would like that! Any way, they would rouse up some of these hopeless natives.

I ought to be very energetic, visiting all the countless interesting places and ruins, such as Ollantay-tampu and Pissac in the valley of Vilcamayu, and think I will do so "to-morrow"; but my time is so short that I cannot drag myself away from Cuzco and its Fortress Hill—it fascinates me. I have not half seen it or studied it. All is interesting. In most of the palaces was an *ynti-huatana* or sun-circle for astronomical observation—but the only one in proper preservation now is at Pissac, the one here is not in good order. At Pissac it is carved out of rock with a wall of masonry 20 feet high round it, and is approached by a flight of steps through a doorway in the wall opening on to the platform which is 18 feet in diameter. In the centre is a cone 16 inches high cut from the solid rock, once surrounded by a flat bronze ring. By this they ascertained the periods of the solstices and regulated their calendar.

At Cacha are the ruins of the temple of Huiracocha; walls 330 feet long and 40 feet high,

built of *adobes* or clay on stone foundations—a strange building it must have been. The Ynca palace of Yucay is also a famed spot.

Graves are everywhere about Cuzco, and though the Indians do not like it they yet dig the mummies up, searching for the copper, gold, and silver articles, and the pottery found with them. I saw a place where Mr Jarrett with his walking-stick disinterred a body which he noticed projecting out of the earth where some had fallen down, and where he discovered some good things. I have of course acquired some various things of the sort in pottery, copper, and silver.

I visited the private museum I mentioned. The owner was away, but his wife and daughter received us, I and Mr Jarrett, and showed us round. It contains six mummies of Indians buried alive—supposed to be slaves of war—one, in agony, had thrust his knees right under his ribs. They are, of course, all in sitting position.

There was some very old, exceedingly interesting, and perfectly priceless Ynca tapestry. In European museums I have only seen small scraps of this tapestry taken from graves. These here are magnificent large pieces in fine repair. There is also an interesting piece worked by Ynca women for a Spanish viceroy with his arms in the centre. This, though of course of much later date to the others, is yet of great beauty and value. Quantities of pottery and implements from graves, also gold and silver figures. A copper armlet and a bracelet, with seeds, and gold ornaments, were notable. Old, inlaid furniture, old and modern pictures, Pizarro's sword, and many other things, form a very interest-

ing collection. The owner wishes to sell the whole collection, but only *en bloc*—will not part with separate articles—and wants £4000 for it. I was asked to make it known, and promised to do so; but I told them that, of course, a catalogue was necessary, and that no one would dream of buying, and not at that price, without seeing it. (I did my best in London to make it known, writing to various people, and acquainting the museum authorities with its being for sale, explaining I only wanted to let them know of its existence. The courtesy of the museum people was so marked that they never even acknowledged my letter—though in another department they accepted from me something I gave them. However, Germany or America will get these things some day.)

The hospital I told you I have been visiting: many patients, large courtyards, and it is light and airy; very interesting.

I also expressed a desire to see the prison, and got permission, though everyone was most surprised at my wish to see it. I invited Mr Stark, the Bible Society agent, to go with me, and had the American from the mission to act as interpreter if necessary. On the way I noticed Mr Stark had a pile of little books—gospels and tracts in the Quichua tongue—and I was not pleased thereat, for it was *my* visit to the prison, and I had not contemplated interference that I knew would be resented. However, I said nothing, as he thought it his duty, I suppose, to give these things; but when he wanted me to take and distribute some I refused decidedly. The prison is, I suppose, one of the old Ynca buildings; anyway, it is an ancient



stone building which, the plans show, has for a long period been the prison. A few guards lounged by the great portal, which led into a small space crowded with Indian women who were selling food to the prisoners through the iron bars that shut in the courtyard. We indeed created a sensation! The excitement was intense! Visitors to the prison are almost unknown, and stranger Gringos unheard of.

The governor—a youngish, sympathetic, and pleasant man—received us with cordiality. It was explained to him the why and wherefore of my interest in prisons and why I wanted to see this one. Then Stark asked permission to give the tracts; the governor dipped into one, found it was translated into Quichua by a relative of his own, and was greatly overjoyed and delighted. By this time we had entered the yard of the prison, and the prisoners, all Indians in dirty rags, and wildly excited, simply rushed us, and it was anything but pleasant for they were very, very dirty, and very *lively*! They simply grabbed the tracts, and when the news spread others came rushing along. Was Mr Stark really bringing to these poor wretches tidings of great joy and peace?—perhaps so. I doubt if any could read—I think it was the desire to get *anything*. They all herded together anyhow, 124 men and 8 women. The governor was sorry and ashamed—no one was interested in them—he did his best, but could do so little. He and his officials were most friendly and polite, and seemed quite glad of our visit. We inspected the whole place, all most primitive and of course dirty. Sleeping-cells not large enough for 4 held 15

—they seemed to herd together as they pleased. They only get a few cents a day, with which they buy their food through the gratings from Indian women. If one loses his money or has it taken from him, he gets nothing to eat. Some new cells are building and they are to be taught boot-making, the boots sold, and they are to get a small percentage on the proceeds.

In one cell we found one poor wretch, not an Indian, who had a bed and had closed it in all round with a screen of old newspapers to ensure a little privacy from the Indians in his cell, and had made little attempts at decoration. It was pathetic to see it. When I spoke to him, tears came into his eyes, and when I pressed cigarettes and a little money into his hand, he trembled and could not speak. He seemed to feel and realise his degradation. The governor let me give cigarettes and money, and my one regret was I had not more with me. I promised to send some more the next day. We looked into a room, used as a chapel, where a priest was confessing a prisoner. Ten minutes afterwards the priest in a fury (as I knew would happen) had seized every one of the tracts, made a bonfire of some in the yard, and had rushed off with the others in his hands to complain to the prefect! On the prison-wall were some quaint drawings by some prisoner. It was not an up-to-date prison, and bad as it seemed in some ways, after all, the prisoners were nearly all Indians, who did not and could not find it so bad as it seemed to us. The governor said he was most anxious to remedy matters, but had applied in vain for permission to do so, and it was owing

to him that the new cells and some new ideas were being introduced.

Next day the governor and one of the prisoners came to see me at the hotel and to get the promised cigarettes, which I had not forgotten and had ready for them in huge bundles which would give the whole prison some to smoke. The governor then asked would I do them a further kindness. The prisoners bought their food and ate it in their hands; someone had given them a dozen tin plates, and they fought and struggled for the use of these plates. Would I then give them some spoons and forks—they had not one. So we went to the mission store, and there I bought a number of spoons and forks, and the missionaries added a big sack of loaves of bread (they having a bakery)—and you should have seen the kindly, grateful governor and the prisoner walking off in glee—the importance of the prisoner was amusing!

Cuzco, when it heard of this little episode, began asking why the visitor who had come from such a far-off land to see their town, took the trouble to be interested in their prison and gave it things, should have had such an ungracious reception on his arrival, and resented the action of the priest; so I think this visit did real good, for it quickened their interest in the prison and prisoners, and perhaps shame at what a stranger had to see there may cause them to make those improvements the governor wanted, and which are so sadly needed; and the missionaries have promised me to take an interest in it. It is rather absurd that a proud town—and Cuzco is a very



PALACE WALL, OLLANTAYTAMBO, NEAR CUZCO.





proud place—of 30,000 inhabitants should have to have its prison provided with eating implements by a casual stranger from a foreign land.

I met to day the new prefect, Señor Parra, walking in one of the dirtiest streets in high hat, frock-coat, and patent leather boots—very smart indeed. I regret to say that I could not resist giving a comprehensive look at the unutterable filth around, and then straight at his shiny boots! He saw what I thought—and I trust he has, as he certainly has, heard what I said about the prison. He is a distinguished man, and they say a strong man, and may want to clean up this Augean stable—others have tried it—but Cuzco loves and revels in its dirt, and won't have it, and they say they will have Señor Parra out of it within a month!

Now a tiresome thing has happened. It is one thing to get to Cuzco; quite another to get away. You are detained here weeks, sometimes, waiting for a seat in the coach. I don't want in the least to go, but must soon. I had a letter from Mr Canny at Arequipa—the owner of the Transport—to the jefico here, and have done the civil by him, Havana cigars and all, and he of course placed himself and everything that was his at my disposal. The new prefect had arrived in a special coach; I arranged with the jefico that I should hire this for myself for the journey back, and he promised I should have it. Mr Stark is also going to Bolivia, and I offered him a seat in it. Now the jefico has given the coach to other people, shrugs his shoulders, and does not care a hang! Consequently, as Stark must go, we have

managed to get seats in the public coach, and therefore must leave, as no other seats are to be had later for some time. Then at Secuani there is only a train on certain days. I wanted to hire horses and ride, and see something of places on the way, but Stark wants to go by coach, and I shall be glad of his company on the journey to Bolivia; and also I want to be with my baggage, so as not to be detained anywhere, so go we must.

With what regret I leave—so much undone and unseen! I cannot describe it to you as I should like to do.

I have been hankering, too, after some of the quaint, old, carved, wooden, Spanish balconies. They will soon all be gone, as they are replacing them with modern ones which are quite ordinary, but I suppose more to their taste; and also I have been greatly tempted to buy one of the Ynca palaces offered to me for quite a small sum. The missionaries suggested they could live in it in my absence—but I must banish such absurd ideas.

I go about with a kodak, but some of the people resent it, and also somehow photographs do nothing here justice; seem to dwarf it.

It is a great place for religious processions, which are very picturesque, and the interiors of the churches are very fine. But I shall not be sorry to leave this hotel. It is a queer place. The Italian landlord is now most obsequious, and his son, who aids, beams on me; but I have not forgiven the old wretch's insolence on my first arrival. They brought me the local paper with a paragraph about myself in it, which lets Cuzco know I am not a missionary, and now when I

enter the billiard and bar-room at night to get my key I am the centre of interest. I wish you saw my bedroom. It is an enormous room with three very large windows. At one end is my bed, a chair, a small tin wash-stand and my baggage; at the other end are twelve large chairs left there, and from my bed they look quite small, the room is so large. There is no carpet, no curtains or no blind. There are other bedrooms, also large and quite well furnished, but these it seems were all bespoken by the prefect's friends who came with him. All these rooms—all the rooms in fact—open on to the broad balcony with its heavy stone arches. There is no story above, and below is the huge courtyard open to the street. The scaramouch of an Indian who acts as housemaid, throws all the slops over the balcony, regardless of whether they go on anyone below or not. The kitchen is beside the dining-room, and open to view, but I carefully look the other way, as it is not an inviting sight.

In the evening I generally go to the Jarrett's, who are always kind. I do hope their poor boy, ill with the smallpox, will get over it, but I fear he is dying. I suppose it is not right to risk carrying infection about, but here every sort of infectious illness prevails owing to the insanitary state of the place, and for myself I have no fear of such things. I went to a mission service; it was interesting, and about sixty people there. Beside me sat a Peruvian gentleman, a strict Catholic, who had come out of curiosity. What he thought I know not, as he kept giving grunts every now and then, and muttered remarks to me I neither



caught or understood. There are, of course, no other British in the place but the mission people and not many foreigners—a few German shopkeepers, some Dalmatians, I think, and a few others. The mission people are very anxious that we should have a consul here, and that means, I suppose, that Mr Jarrett should be consul. They have asked me to bring it before Mr Beauclerk, the minister at Lima. I have told them that it is out of the question thinking a Protestant missionary in this bigoted Catholic place could ever be appointed consul. Then there are no British here or anywhere near it. Almost no one comes here. It is quite extraordinary how little visited it is, and how everyone throws difficulties in the way of a stranger coming here.

Some day I suppose the railway will come here; it is all plain sailing from Secuani, and I wonder if that will bring tourists and their Baedekers—I shudder at the thought, but yet it would be of great benefit to Cuzco. At present no lady, however venturesome, could come here alone, though I cannot enter into the reasons which prevent it: they are peculiar to Spanish ways of life.

I passed the prison to-night. The guard turned out at attention with beaming faces, and saluted me!

LA PAZ DE AYACUCHA,  
BOLIVIA, Dec. 4, 1904.

Here I am in the capital of this republic, and it is an interesting and unique place.

I must tell you about my journey from Cuzco. The coach left at 7 A.M., and though I had arranged with the hotel-keeper that Indian porters should come for my baggage early, none arrived, and at the last moment I was flying about to get some. Then, laden with my belongings, they all rushed off different ways and I could only follow one, wondering if I should ever see the others again. My wretch did all he could to escape me, and I had literally to kick him along, and we only arrived at the coach, which was more than half a mile from the town, in time. Stark had an outside seat, but I had to go inside. The seats are numbered, and there are four rows holding twelve people. We were more than that, simply crushed together, and very disagreeable the people were in every way. The dust and heat were intolerable, and I was indeed thankful when we got to Cusapati about four o'clock, where we had to stay the night. The young landlord and his wife gave us a friendly welcome, and had not forgotten my judicious compliments on the cleanness of this hotel, and so were pleased and very attentive.

We left at 6.30 the next morning, with a miserable team of mules quite unable to drag the heavy coach. My seat had been seized by a woman who was ill, who did nothing but groan and weep, and occupied two seats. I had therefore to sit half

leaning out of the window in the greatest discomfort. One of the passengers was a most facetious person, and was delighted at my discomfort. At last I could endure it no longer, and insisted on getting out and mounting outside, where room was made for me beside Stark and an old Indian woman, on the seat behind the driver. What a relief it was! To make matters all right I gave the whip-boy cigarettes, and presented the driver—who I was told was “somebody” and “Don Filipe”—with a good Havana cigar. He was delighted (I did not forget the “Don Filipe” and flowery phrases), beamed all over, and exclaimed, “Now I am as good as the mayor!” and proceeded to wrap up the cigar in paper and stow it away in his pocket with the object of smoking it in the said mayor’s face when he got to Secuani. But I would not have this, and when he found that more cigars were forthcoming Don Filipe and I became fast friends, and I could do as I liked with the coach, the whip, the reins, and the mules! I did take the whip, with a very long lash, and endeavoured to urge on the jaded, unfed mules with it, but after bringing it several times round my own and others’ ears I gave it up. The others said I would tire myself! The mules, Don Filipe said, were always underfed, and so unable to drag this heavy coach. The whip-boy kept a supply of sharp, heavy flints with which to belabour the wretched creatures, which were marked all over with cuts and sores, and his idea was to strike them with a flint on these sores. The flints did no good, and I stopped him doing it, and more, forbade them to whip the poor Indians on the road. It was terrible to see these poor wretches, men,

women, and children, putting up their arms to protect their heads and shrinking away from the expected blow of the cruel whip. Usually every Indian they pass is whipped for sport, and you may guess what the sting of a heavy mule whip round your face is. But it hurt me much to see them protecting themselves when it was not coming—so used to it were they. I came down on Don Filipe and the boy about this, and said if they whipped one Indian whilst I was on the coach I would do the same to them. They only laughed.

When we got to the mule *corral* where we changed mules, breakfast (lunch) ought to have been ready, but “when we got there the cupboard was bare, the others were sad, but I didn’t care!”—for I had some modest provisions with me.

It seemed that the clerk at Cuzco had never telegraphed, as he was bound to do, so as to let them know how many passengers would want a meal. Then the facetious man, who was with us, owned that he was the clerk, that he had been at a ball and had forgotten to wire! I was glad to see him sat upon by a number of angry, hungry people.

When he saw my basket he wanted to be friendly, but I ignored him. I invited Don Filipe, the whip-boy, the old Indian woman, and Stark to breakfast with me, and we had a merry, if modest, meal, with coffee and cognac galore, and more cigars. The old Indian woman thought herself in very grand society!

The rest of the people went foraging to a village near but came back without even having got an egg, a roll of bread, or a box of sardines! However, a meal was now in progress of cooking for



them, so all was right. This was the horrible fly-ridden place, where the food was cooked in an open shed in the mule-yard and handed through the window—how thankful I was not to have to eat it!

Our new team of mules was worse than the preceding one—mere skin and bones, and *walked* the whole way to Secuani, where we arrived at 5:30 P.M., and went to the Lafayette Hotel. Secuani offers no resources in itself, nevertheless I explored it all in the evening.

We left by train at 7 A.M. next morning, and had the usual uncomfortable journey. The people were so silly. They got out at every station, waited till the train had started, and then came tearing after it in wild despair. One, a soldier, was left behind amidst great excitement. Needless to say, if you rose from your seat for a moment someone else took it, and they were really exasperating. We got to Juliaca about 5 P.M., and had to wait an hour and a half, which gave me time to see about the baggage I had left at the station. It was all right, and I was received by the clerks like an old friend, and they *all* came to show me where it was.

Before leaving Cuzco I had wired to Mr Clarke, our consul and manager of the railway at Arequipa, asking him for permission for Mr Stark and myself to sleep on board the boat at Puno that night; so we took train for Puno at 6:30, and arriving there at 7:30 went straight on board the boat. Mr Clarke had written, and I was greeted by name as soon as I went on board, and we each got a cabin to ourselves.

Puno, on the bank of Lake Titicaca, stands



LAKE TITICACA.

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12,540 feet above the level of the sea, and it was very cold at night.

Captain Bergenlund—a Finn, I think—was entertaining and cheery. Near by was lying a dredging-vessel, and Crichton, a Scotsman in charge of her, came to see us, and we sat up yarning till 12:30. It was bitterly cold in my cabin, as the door opened to the deck, and icy winds were blowing across the lake from the glaciers and snow-caps of mighty Sorata, so I got no sleep.

I was up and out at 5 A.M., hoping to somehow arrange to get my baggage registered to La Paz, but I could not manage it. It ought to have been registered through from Juliaca.

These steamboats were brought up in sections and put together at Puno. In the revolutions they have been objects of contention, held by opposing parties in turn, are covered with bullet-marks, and their decks have seen many a man shot.

The boat left at 7 A.M. to traverse this great inland sea, the largest lake in South America, and at 12,516 feet above sea level, the highest large lake in the world.

The area of the basin of Lake Titicaca covers 16,000 square miles, the northern part being in Bolivia. The Collao, as the Peruvian part is called, is 150 miles long and 100 wide. At this elevation maize does not ripen; the land here is for pasture, or for potatoes and quinoa.

Lake Titicaca itself is about 100 miles long by 40 broad. The western side is very shallow and reedy, and we seemed to steam amidst reeds. The *balsas*, the Indian boats, now just as the Yncas had them, are made of reeds and are very quaint. The



wind blows dead rushes against tall living ones, and they form a tangled mass, through which the Indians in their *balsas* pass by winding waterways. In the early morning it was a beautiful scene. There were quantities of birds about, a large sort of water-hen, large gulls, plover, ibis, and a sort of goose called the *huacha*, which has a white body with green wings shading into violet. The flamingoes amidst the reeds were most decorative. There are, I believe, fish of peculiar forms in the lake. The Bolivian end is much deeper, but the water everywhere is receding, as there is very much evaporation. The day was lovely though it was cold, and we had magnificent views of Sorata or Illampu, at first 80 miles away, and of a long line of snow-clad mountains 16,000 feet high.

Señor Don Pedro Suarez, Consul-General for Bolivia in London, says in his *Notes on Bolivia* (which he was kind enough to send me) that the lake is 120 miles long, and has an average depth of 100 fathoms. It is said that, judging by the easily traced terraces of its ancient shores, it must have had an elevation of 300 or 400 feet higher than at present, and covered the whole great plains and valleys between the two Andean systems of Bolivia and Peru, and extending on beyond La Paz in Bolivia.

According to Señor Suarez, Illampu or Sorata is, next to Mount Everest, the highest mountain in the world, having an altitude of from 25,000 to 27,000 feet. Illimani, which is 125 miles further south, he gives as 24,000 feet, but these measurements do not agree with those of Sir Martin

Conway (who has ascended both) and others. Sir Martin Conway gives Sorata as 21,500 feet.

Tradition says there is a large golden cross and bull on the top of Sorata, of course regarded as holy, and feared by the Indians. In 1878 occurred one of the great electrical storms which are frequent on the Puna and in these regions, and after sunset and in darkness the cap of Sorata was seen flaming red, and thunderous detonations clashed and clattered round the mountain, terrifying all who heard and saw. In these great disturbances the clouds become phosphorescent, emit flames, and the very ground crackles with electricity, whilst continuous rumblings and sharp detonations are emitted by the clouds.

Sorata, towering up from Lake Titicaca with its eternal snow, is indeed a mighty mountain to behold, even though viewed from a height of over 12,000 feet—but I own to a greater attachment to Chimborazo, for is it not mine?—it must be, since the president gave it to me!

There are several islands on the lake. Taqueli is where the political exiles are sent. The famous ones are Titicaca and Coati, the islands of the sun and the moon, from whence, it is said, came Manco Ccapac and Mama Ocllo, those fair-haired, blue-eyed people who founded the Ynca dynasty. We passed close along their shores, and had glimpses of the famous ruins and terraces. Here are ruined palaces and temples of the Yncas. They are separated from the peninsula of Capacabana by the Tiquina straits, the inner part of the lake being called Vinamarca.

At Capacabana were crowds of people all

bent on some pilgrimage, and a gaudy array they made.

The Aymaras Indians, formerly called Collas, are the aborigines of the Titicaca basin. One branch of them, the Urus, a savage tribe, lived in stone huts on the islands, and hid amidst the rushes on the lake. The Yncas were in the Cuzco section, and were composed of the Canas, the Quichuas, the Chancas, the Huancas, and the Rucanas, who all merged in the conquering race. The Yncas, so-called, and the Aymaras combined, formed the great armies of the Ynca sovereigns. They resemble each other more or less. The men are beardless and have plaited pig-tails, as also the women.

Some of the Indian men wear blue or green coats, red vests, and black woollen breeches, with bare legs and sandals, with a broad-brimmed velvet *montera* trimmed with red or blue ribbon; they carry long sticks, and the bag of coca, the *chuspa*, is slung over the shoulder. The women wear cotton shirts, various coloured mantles trimmed with gold braid, skirts of blue or crimson cloth, and broad hats, but the dresses and headgear vary. The *poncho* in all colours is universal. Some of the women pin their cloaks with the silver *topu*, which is like a spoon. I bought some of these pins from the women, and an old hag, after I had paid her well, wanted to get it back again and yet keep the money. She screamed and howled so, that I was nearly letting her have it, but the other women interfered and reasoned with her. There was a potato famine, and the poor wretches were all starving. The women everywhere are spinning



INDIAN BALSAS, TITICACA.





wool or cotton with thread on a spindle as they walk along, and generally have a baby on their back—they are mere beasts of burden.

On the Montaña, that region of Peru which lies east of the Andes—800 miles of it, stretching down to Bolivia—and where you come into the river system of the Amazon, dwell many civilised, semi-civilised and savage tribes of Indians never conquered by the Spaniards. The Jeveros are said to be a fine race, and some are very fair, in consequence of descent from Spanish women captured by the tribe in 1599. They have fixed homes, cultivate maize, but love liberty and maintain their independence. The Cocomas are adepts with their canoes on the rivers, and have the pleasing custom of eating their dead relations, grinding the bones to powder to mix with their *chicha*, or other fermented liquor, because, they say, “It is better to be inside a friend than in the black earth!”

I trust, if ever I can carry out my wish to see these parts, that the Cocomas will not ask me to dinner.

The Cholones are noted for their cleverness with the blow-gun—this is a hollowed piece of palm with an arrow a foot long, and they kill birds at 40 paces. On the Ucayali are many tribes, some half-civilised, some trading on the rivers, and others, said to be cannibals, dwelling as savages in the forests. The Cashibos are very savage, and attack all strangers who enter the forests. The Mayorunas are believed to descend from Spanish soldiers: they have fair skins and beards, are tall, very ferocious, and are armed with clubs, spears, and blow-guns, and go quite nude. They dwell

between the Ucayali and Yavari rivers. There are many more tribes, friendly or otherwise, and many languages. In Peru and Bolivia the Quichua and Aymari tongues are in most use, and Quichua is the language which is universal, and often used by the more European lower classes in these various countries.

It is very difficult, travelling here, to get information on *any* subject, but especially so about the native races, as people give you such contradictory accounts and call the Indian tribes by different names, as they do also the rivers and mountains. But when you get questioning about the mixed races, the half-castes, it is maddening. The *Mestizos* are the half-castes—that is, the children of white fathers and Indian mothers; but there are countless other mixtures, in and out, who all have names, and I do not grasp them. A number of Chinese came into Bolivia; and the child of a Chinaman and a woman whose father was a *Mestizo*, and whose mother was something else, is—what? Negroes, too, go complicating matters.

Barley, potatoes, etc., grow on the banks of Lake Titicaca, but it is a bleak place. The waters are receding on account of evaporation. The famous ruins of Tiahuanico, once on the margin, are now 6 miles away. The Desguardo River—navigable—flows out of it to Lake Poopo. The inhabitants of the Titicaca basin luxuriate in that preparation of the potato called *chuñus*. The potatoes are steeped in water, and then spread out on a thin layer of *ychu* or straw, and left in the frost for several nights till frozen through, then again steeped and trampled out with the feet to get



RUINED YNCA PALACE, ISLAND OF THE SUN, TITICACA.

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rid of all soluble matter. They are then dried, and are quite small and very light. They keep any time if kept dry. (I gave this recipe to Lieut. Shackleton, the leader of the British Antarctic Expedition, hoping he would try it, but he did not seem enthusiastic; but as a quantity of these light, small potatoes can be carried, and as in cooking they swell up, I think them suited to their Antarctic "hoosh," and liable to be *felt inside*! At the same time I said I thought them, as I do, simply horrid.) The *chupé* is the great dish of the Aymara and Quichua Indians; it is a soup made with potatoes, vegetables, flesh, and red pepper-pods, and in it you come across these frozen *chuñus*, and for my part, I think it an abominable mess! The taste of that *chupé* is to me like the smell of China, which, a German mail-boat captain once said to me, you "could *hear* miles out at sea!"

The Indians also boil the seeds of the quinoa for food, and eat the leaves; and the grain boiled, dried, and ground down, is made into hard little lumps, and is then called *quispina*. The foods are very useful ones, easily procured and carried, and liked by many besides the Indians, though all the food and cooking in South America is, I think, hateful. There is also their disgusting *charqui*, dried meat.

There was a young German on the boat, a youth of nineteen, a commercial traveller, who came as far as La Paz. At the stations he was taking notes of the ponchos worn by the Indians, and I asked him what he was doing. He said he was noting the colours and patterns they liked, to send the particulars to his firm, who then sent out

ponchos with these patterns and colours, and so got enormous sales for them. The English make ponchos at Manchester and elsewhere according to one pattern, which, though better in quality and wear, do not please the Indians, and hence the poncho trade—a big one—has fallen to Germany. Though so young, he was a clever youth, and would soon make his way.

About ten o'clock at night we anchored off Quaqui, the Bolivian port, slept on board, and landed at 6 A.M. next morning. It was very cold. The train that runs from here across the high desert, the Puna, to La Paz, the capital of Bolivia, has clean, comfortable carriages, though it is a slow train. The line was built by the Peruvian Corporation, and taken over by Bolivia. The distance from Chaqui to La Paz is 87 kilometres. It was opened in 1903. Here I had a great work over my baggage, before and after it was examined by the customs-house people, and had to register it to La Paz. As it was not registered so far, it was no one's business to take it from the boat ashore, and then no one's business to put it on the train. As they say here, "*Obra común, obra de ningún,*"—"General work is nobody's work." I tried my old game, simply sat down on it, and waited indifferently until someone came to the rescue. Everyone was in the train, and there I sat on my baggage *waiting*. I knew, as happened, that in despair they would eventually come and settle us both. We were nearly left behind, all the same. You are expected to do everything for yourself, but it is easy to make others do it for you, if you know the way. If you sat long enough on your baggage, people would

pass you all round the world just to get rid of you.

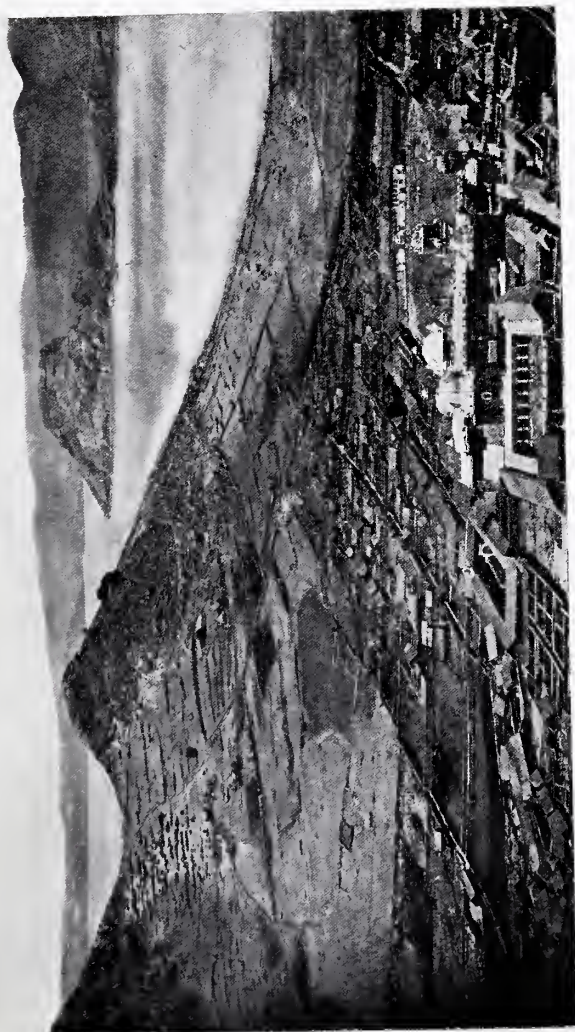
Near Quaqui, and visible from the train, are the famous and strange ruins of Tiahuanico, 6 miles from Titicaca. These ruins are quite different to those on Titicaca Island, or those at or near Cuzco, and are supposed to be of much earlier date. Here must have been huge buildings carved with strange figures, something Assyrian, something Mexican about them. What race could have dwelt here in long past times, in this strange, high world, towered over by Sorata? Garcilasso de la Vega describes these ruins in his day, quoting those who have seen them:—"Among other marvellous things at this place there is a hill, made artificially, and so high that the fact of its having been made by man causes astonishment, and that it might not be loosened, it was built upon great foundations of stone. It is not known why this edifice was made. In another part, away from the hill, there were two figures of giants carved in stone, with long robes down to the ground, and caps on their heads; all well worn by the hand of time, which proves their great antiquity. There was also an enormous wall of stones, so large that the greatest wonder is caused to imagine how human force could have raised them to the place where they now are. For there are no rocks or quarries within a great distance from whence they could have been brought. In other parts there are grand edifices, and what causes most astonishment are the great doorways of masonry, some of them made out of a single stone. The marvel is increased by their wonderful size, for some of them were found to measure 30



feet in length, 15 in breadth, and 6 in depth. And these stones, with their doorways, are all of one single piece, so that it cannot be understood with what instruments or tools they can have been worked." He quotes a priest, Diego de Alcobasa:—"Here are some very grand edifices, and amongst them there is a square court, fifteen *brazas* each way, with walls two stories high. On one side of this court there is a hall, 45 feet long by 22 broad, apparently once covered in the same way as those buildings you have seen in the House of the Sun at Cuzco, with a roof of straw. The walls, roof, floor, and doorways are all of one single piece, carved out of a rock, and the walls of the court and of the hall are  $\frac{3}{4}$  yard in breadth. The roof of the hall, though it appears to be thatch, is really of stone. . . . The waters of the lake wash the walls of the court. . . . There are also many other stones, carved into the shape of men and women so naturally that they appear to be alive; some drinking with cups in their hands, others sitting, others standing, and others walking in the stream which flows by the walls. There are also statues of women with their infants in their laps, others with them on their backs, and in a thousand other postures."

Some centuries have elapsed since the above was written. The lake has receded 6 miles from some of these ruins—but what has become of the statues? and how the ruins have become so very much more ruinous is a mystery, and the whole thing is a mystery!

There was little to see from the train save the stony desert around us—a tableland 12,500 feet



CAPACABANA, LAKE TITICACA.

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above sea-level. Caravans of Indians with mules, donkeys, and llamas laden with *cebada*, which is barley cut before ripe, and is the principal crop of the puna, and fodder for mules and donkeys, now and again were seen in the distance. Four hours of this brought us to the Alto de la Paz, where nothing was visible but the station and some waiting coaches. You walk away a few steps from the station, and suddenly you look over precipitous slopes and see the red-tiled roofs of La Paz lying in a deep valley or cavity over a thousand feet below you! It is certainly a surprise. You drive down in coaches by steep zig-zag roads to the town. There are many roads, and streams of llamas and Indians are ascending and descending by the narrow winding paths they have used from time immemorial. They are now building a railway up these precipitous places to join the other at the Alto. We alighted at the Transport station, and whilst I looked after the baggage—hand-baggage being carried on Indians' backs—I asked the young German to hurry to the Hotel Guibert to get rooms if possible, as we heard there were none to be had. When I got to the hotel I found he had secured two rooms, one a very good one and the other very high up on an open roof *patio*, facing a kitchen. The front of it was glass, and it was abominable. He had secured the good room for himself, but half-heartedly offered to give it up; but of course I could not hear of that. My room I found impossible, so then they got me a room in an annex of the hotel across the plaza. The following day, however, someone left, and I moved back to the hotel, getting a very good well-



furnished bedroom with a large sitting-room attached. The hotel is a good building with a *patio* surrounded by sculptured stone arched arcades and balconies, which, with a group of llamas often in the court below, has a picturesque effect. It is full of people, and there are dining-rooms on every floor—quite a number of eating-rooms of various sorts, and all visible to the balconies. The food is, however, to my taste horrible, and the service is atrocious.

Yet the whole place is luxury compared to the so-called hotels I have been in lately. The hotel is entered through a café with a bar. It is near the Plaza 16 de Julio, which is laid out as a garden, and there the band plays in the evening, and all the aristocracy walk about in very fine clothes—quite smart some of them.

But astounding are the dresses of the Indians and the Cholas, the half-caste people. The Chola ladies, some of whom are very good-looking in a way, appear to have walked out of the chorus of an opera. They wear short skirts to the knee, not one but many, in coloured velvets and silks, sticking out like a ballet-girl's skirts with frilled petticoats also showing; very high-heeled shoes, pale blue or pale pink open-worked silk stockings, a little shawl over the shoulders, and a small billy-cock felt hat on the side of the head. They put on everything they possess, and are overpowering. They walk with a jaunty air of coquettish pride, smoking cigarettes, and Carmen is not in it for assurance.

The men have arrived at a very extraordinary costume. They wear the poncho, have black

trousers made enormously wide at the hips, tight at the knees, and then going out wide again with a slit behind the leg, out of which show wide white under-drawers. These costumes certainly give much local colouring, and I spend hours sitting in the plaza watching the people. (I see I am on a post-card sitting in the plaza.) I went round the town and left some cards and letters of introduction, and the first day Mr Stark brought a missionary friend, Mr Mackay, to see me.

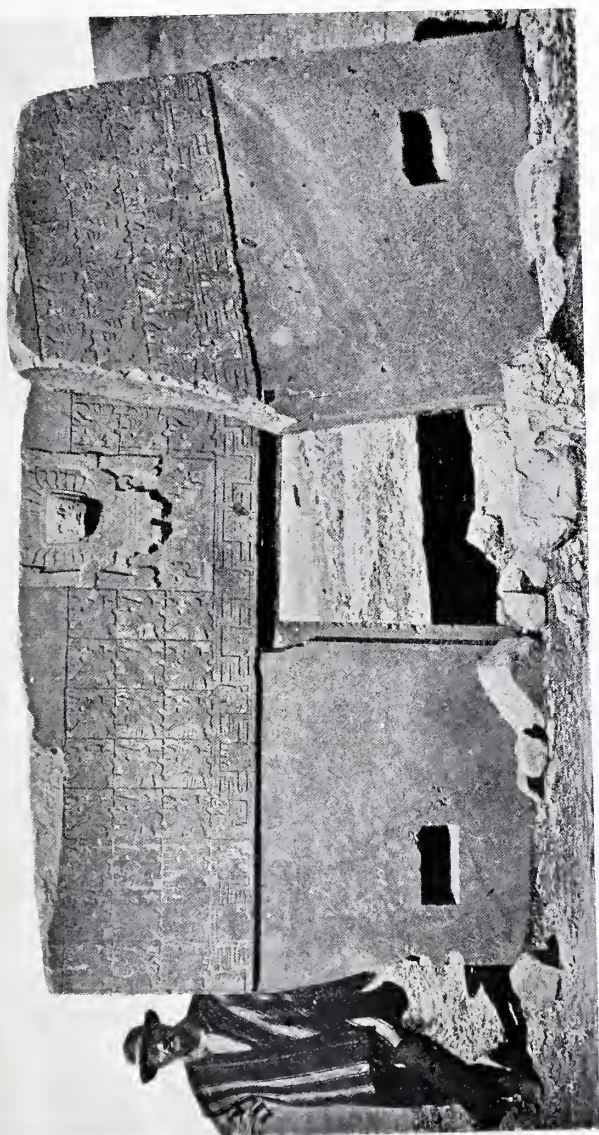
Mr George Harrison, the British Consul, came for me, and I then went with him to call on Don Jorge Zalles and his wife, who had travelled with me on one of the boats; they were both at home, and amused to find I had really reached Bolivia at last and had compassed Cuzco. I did not see their boy Jorge, nor the duck of a baby which had captivated the whole ship. The Zalles are a good old Bolivian family, and Madame Zalles' father, Señor Calderon, is Bolivian Minister at Washington. I told them I had seen their English lady friend for a few minutes at Juliaca station, on her return journey to the coast.

Leaving this house we met in the street Baron Claes Cederström, to whom I was introduced. He was surprised to hear I knew members of his family in Sweden and elsewhere, and when I called at his house later in the day we had a long yarn about Sweden and people there. He is a cousin of Baron Rolf, who married Madame Adelina Patti, of Baron Carl at Stockholm, of Princess Bernadotte, and of my old and intimate friend Charlotte, Baroness Münchhausen, *née* Cederström, in Germany. I had heard of his

being in Lima giving some sort of electrical and massage treatment which was very fashionable, and he is doing the same here and has a large number of patients. He showed me all his arrangements for his treatment, which seemed to be of an elaborate description, and also gave me some books on the subject. He told me that here he has to send all his patients back to wash themselves ere he can do anything with them! He is a real Swedish type, very tall, well-made, and fair. I enjoy a chat with him when he comes to my room here, as one feels so far away from everything European.

I then paid visits to Mr Sorsby, the United States Minister, and to Don Felipe Pardo, to whom I was recommended, and who indeed had asked and expected me to stay at his house. Don Felipe Pardo is a most pleasant man of the world, who has been everywhere and known everyone, and in his ways is quite a European. In Spain he is a marquis, a member of a distinguished titled Spanish family who came in, I have been told, with the Conqueror Pizarro. He is son of the murdered President Pardo of Peru—noted as the best president Peru ever had—and is brother of Don José Pardo, who is now President of Peru. He is living here at present in a nice and comfortable house opposite this hotel (Don Felipe Pardo, now married, is at present Peruvian Minister at Washington). He is very cordial and kind, and asked me to fix a night to dine with him. I then did the forbidden thing and went for a long walk to explore the town, and sauntered out into the country by a very pretty road bordered by walls





TIAHUANICA, BOLIVIA.

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topped with roses and cacti. There were pretty houses scattered about and many eucalyptus-trees, and the scenery down this La Paz valley is unique in its way. This great fissure or valley which has broken out in the high plateau is all seamed, water-worn, and distorted with earth pyramids and clay hills and peaks of fantastic shape, which are picturesque both in form and tint. They are red, yellow, brown—all colours, and backed by the precipitous cliffs, on top of which is the Alto. It is a strange but beautiful scene. The town is not so Spanish-looking as some others, and is cleaner and better kept. Situated on a slope, many of the streets are very steep, and with their stone paving are very slippery. It is hard work toiling up these, for here we are nearly 12,000 feet above the sea, and people, even the ones who dwell here, suffer from the effects of the altitude, and no one can escape the Sorocche or mountain-sickness here. It seems worse in a confined place like this than in the open. Everyone has warned me not to walk, and I own I arrived panting at the top of every hill. I ought to have bleeding at the nose, vomiting, racking headaches and fainting fits, but I have none of these. Some people cannot live here at all. Even at higher heights I felt no bad effects, but La Paz they say is a fatal place.

Mr Harrison, the consul, was born in South America, is a partner in a German store here, and has never been out of this continent. He has only lately been appointed consul. Before that we had none, nor have we a minister. Mr Beauclerk at Lima, the British Minister Resident to Peru, is

Consul-General for Bolivia and Ecuador—an extensive charge. They ardently desire a British Minister here, and the day has come for it.

In the time when Lord Palmerston was the power in England—and how long ago that seems—there was a British Minister at La Paz. He offended the then president by not paying proper deference to that personage's lady, who was not his wife. There are various stories as to what happened. The popular—and least unpleasant—story is that the president compelled the British Minister to do homage to the lady in the most humiliating and degrading manner; and then the minister was drummed out of the city, mounted on a donkey, with his face to its tail! When the news reached Lord Palmerston, instead of taking the prompt measures of retaliation necessary, he said "Bolivia! Bolivia! where is Bolivia? Show it me on the map." On its being pointed out he drew his thumb over it and said, "It exists no more!" and accordingly it existed no more diplomatically for Great Britain. American ministers took charge of British interests. Only this year has even a consul been appointed here—in a capital city of 60,000 inhabitants—and they desire much to have a minister appointed.

La Paz was originally named *Neustra Señora de la Paz*, which means "Our Lady of Peace," so named by its founder Alonza de Mendoza, but its official name is now *La Paz de Ayacucho*—the Peace of Ayacucho—after the battle of that name. It stands 11,945 feet above sea-level, and the Puna above it is at least 1000 feet higher—in fact the Puna is generally called 13,000 feet. The city with

its suburbs contains 60,031 people, of whom they say 30,000 cannot read or write, but people here give you the vaguest numbers as they do heights. The population of Bolivia in 1900 was 1,816,271.

The Indians, even on the Puna, are treacherous and by no means always peaceable, and if roused do very cruel things; and the dread of an Indian rising is the reason Bolivia does not go playing about with revolutions as frequently as she might like, for it is during a revolution the Indians rise. At the last rising the European manager of some mines fled with his wife and daughter, was turned back by some official of another department because he had no passport, and in great danger shot his wife and daughter to save them from a dreadful fate at the hands of the Indians, and then shot himself. At the village of Collano, not far from La Paz, the Indians exclude all white people, even Government officials, only allowing them shelter and food for one night. On the Puna, bands of Indians go out on the rampage. Sir Martin Conway when surveying in Bolivia had various unpleasant experiences.

The department of La Paz has large flocks of llamas, vicuñas, alpacas, sheep, goats, and cattle and horses; and produces cocoa, cotton, coffee, cacao, bananas, sugar-cane, oranges and lemons, cereals and potatoes; and of minerals there are gold, silver, and copper, and a very good marble.

Pneumonia is prevalent, and people do not live to great ages. They say horses are terribly affected by the altitude, and horses brought up for the races can do little. Pigeon and partridge shooting is got near the town.



Besides the Molleñdo-Puno-Titicaca route to La Paz, and that from Antofagasta to Oruro and across the desert, the train may be taken from Arica on the coast to Tacna, and from thence by pack-mules for seven days to La Paz. The route from La Paz to the Atlantic by the Argentine goes by Tupizo and Tariga to Salta, terminus of the Argentine Central Northern Railway, thence by rail to Rosario on Parana River, and thence by steamboat.

The Paraguay route is by Puerto Suarez and Puerto Pacheco to the south of the River Paraguay and to the east of Santa Cruz de la Sierra, descending the Paraguay and the Plata to the Atlantic. A concession was given to French and Belgian capitalists to build a line from Santa Cruz to the Paraguay River through the Chaco or tropical agricultural area. The company was given a large grant of public lands for colonisation, and in 1903 the route was gone over—but so far nothing has come of it.

Then there is the Amazon route. From Villa Bella, a port and customs-house station of Bolivia at the confluence of the rivers Mamore and Beni, where the River Madeira commences, the voyage is made by vessels as far as Para, going round the "Cachuelas" waterfalls, which render the navigation of the river difficult. The trade of Beni and of the north-east passes over the Amazon. How interesting these routes would be if one only had the time; and how great these rich countries are to be in the future!

There is a regular army here and a National Guard. All able-bodied Bolivians serve two years

in the regular army ; and from the age of twenty-five to thirty in the ordinary reserve, and from thirty to forty in the extraordinary reserve. The clergy and certain others are exempt. Roman Catholic is the State Church and others are *supposed* to be tolerated, but there are no others. It is not so long ago since Mr Payne, a missionary, was arrested and imprisoned in Cochabamba for selling Bibles, of which a bonfire was made. He was then, at the instigation of the bishop, condemned to death, and they say old Indian women were in the market-place seen heating pincers in the fire so as to pull his flesh from him when he was killed. Needless to say he was *not* put to death. But I can well believe they would have liked to do so, so ignorant and so bigoted are the people.

All the same, Bolivia—at least La Paz—seems to me in some ways surprisingly ahead of Peru. The people seem more up-to-date and more pleasant.

I own I should like to see Bolivia get back Antofagasta and her lost provinces, to give her access to the sea, and it would greatly tend to peace in the future.

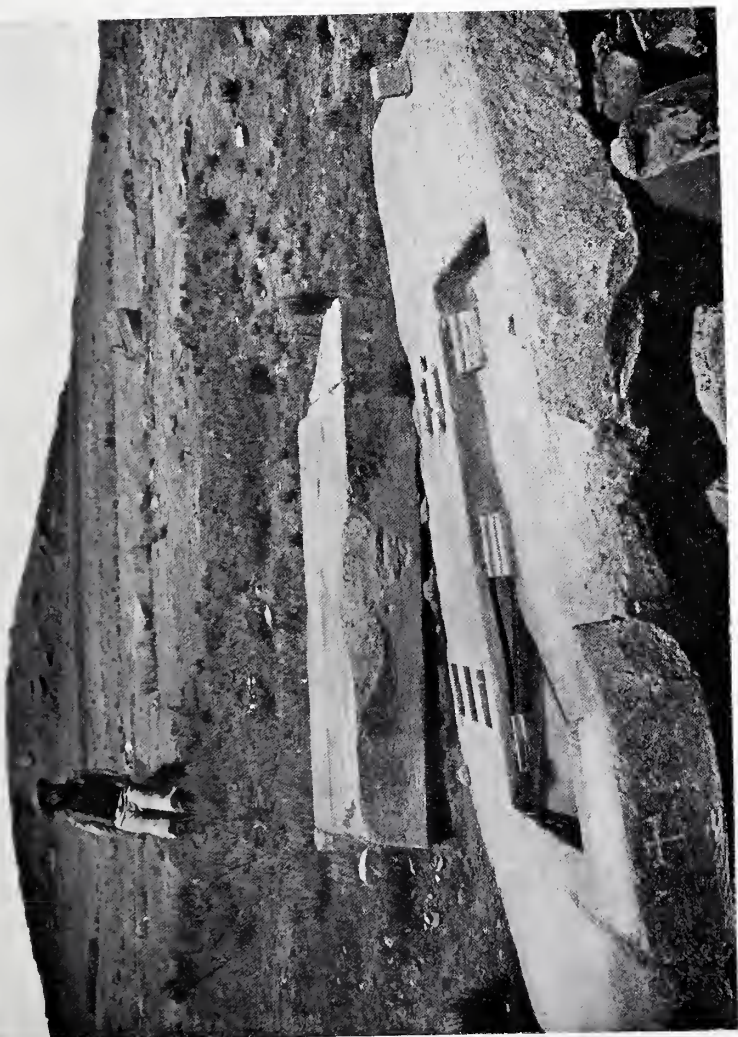
There is nothing very distinctive about the architecture of the houses or buildings. Most are rather plain. Yet the town looks well and has its characteristic colours and features.

LA PAZ DE AYACUCHO,  
BOLIVIA, Dec. 8, 1904.

It was lucky I managed to get good rooms here and a sitting-room, as I have had many visitors coming in, though I have scarcely grasped who they are. The people here seem friendly and hospitable, and somehow it seems—remote as it is—more up-to-date than some other places, and the people more people of the world.

I have just done a foolish thing—*walked* seven or eight miles down the valley of the La Paz River through a pretty little village, where I got La Paz beer, which is not at all bad; sat in a pretty shady garden; passed strings of Indians with their donkeys and llamas, and I was so respectful to the latter on the narrow way lest they should spit at me. Foolish it was because I walked, which is fatal here. But this strange basin of La Paz, with the mighty and holy Illimani towering above it, is very interesting—such a strange sterile waste of fantastic earth pyramids of all colours, save down in the valley which is green and fragrant. Beyond in the country lie some *fincas*, that is country-houses, some of which are quite nice. Most unfortunately I find I have no more kodak films, cannot get any here, and there are scores of fascinating “bits” and subjects. Nor have I been able to get any good photographs of the town anywhere.

I have been very busy. Baron Cederström comes in to chat sometimes about Sweden, and other callers drop in.



TIAHUANICA, BOLIVIA.

[To face page 304.]





A young Scotsman came to see me, offering to do anything or be of any use. He told me that a Mr Bruce, who then owned the transport—all the mules, coaches, and baggage-wagons—between La Paz and Oruro, had brought him and three other young fellows out from Aberdeen to act as drivers for the coaches, and they shortened the distance by doing it in two days and one night, whilst previously it had taken longer. Now they are all of them otherwise employed and doing well. This one now owns the transport between the Alto and the town—about a dozen coaches and as many carts—and he hopes to do well by it. I was glad to see him, and thought it very kind of him to come and offer to do anything, but I have found all my Scottish countrymen the same.

I dined the other night with Don Felipe Pardo, who had asked to meet me the Chilian Minister Don Beltran Mathieu, who had been in Quito and had much to say about affairs there and people. He was formerly Minister of War in Chile. The others were the Chilian Secretary of Legation, Don Domingo Gana, a good-looking, pleasant man, son of the Chilian Minister in London; the Peruvian Chargé d'Affaires, Señor Don Alejandro de Lafuente, young and good-looking; the Argentine Chargé d'Affaires, a tall, fair man, who though only twenty-four looked older; a Señor Alfredo Neuhaus, a Peruvian, I think; and Mr Harrison, our consul—a very good dinner and a very pleasant evening in very good company. Don Beltran Mathieu, the Chilian Minister, seemed to me a particularly agreeable and cultured man, with a sympathetic manner and interesting to talk to; but everyone

was most friendly and pleasant. Don Felipe showed me a series of extremely interesting photographs of the ruins of Tiahuanico. He also showed me family photographs of his father, the president who was assassinated, of his brother the present one, and of other Peruvian and Spanish relatives. He has a comfortable and well-furnished house.

I breakfasted with Mr Sorsby, the American Minister, at his Legation, and when I entered the drawing-room was amused to find there Mr Drake, an American who had travelled down the coast with me on the *Gautamala*, and who there had been full of complaints about the discomfort of South American travel and repinings for the States—the only God's country on earth, as he called it—and full of derision and wonder concerning my aimless quest. Now he greeted me with: "Ho! Here is the only joke in South America—the man who has come for pleasure! Pleasure! If I want pleasure, give me New York and Coney Island!"

I know nothing about Coney Island, but it does sound a "Those-pretty-little-rabbits-so-enticing-in-their-habits-and-they've-all-got-a-mate-save-me" sort of place. Mr Drake is financial agent for some projected railway, has to go over the ground, making a journey to Oruro and from thence *via* Cochabamba into the wilds and right across to the Atlantic—so I picture to him as best I can all the horrors awaiting him, and he groans at the thought. Another American named Dillon was there—an entertaining man who had been everywhere, and we again talked Quito. Also Mr Harrison was there. Mr Sorsby is very genial and we had a

most pleasant time, being afterwards photographed. A young Bolivian dentist, just back from the States, came in after lunch, and seemed a very up-to-date, go-ahead person. I imagine the States must put progressive ideas into the heads of young South America. Here again the inevitable Miss Peck came up for discussion. They say I am following her, which is true, since she has preceded me; but why should they think she is my fate? You hear of nothing but Miss Peck everywhere; her energy (considered abnormal here), her doings, her sayings—she dominated everyone wherever she went, and they all seemed terrified of her. I am getting quite to know the formula: "Did you hear of Miss Peck?" It has greeted me on steam-boats, trains, everywhere. This energetic and plucky Yankee maiden has been marching all over South America, apparently, ascending mountains, lecturing, and taking away the breaths of the South Americans—these children of *Manaña*—who are *not* energetic. On one of the boats, when I was in the captain's cabin, he said: "Oh! I have a photograph I must show you." "I know, I know," I cried, "it is Miss Peck, it must be Miss Peck!" and it was Miss Peck!

Another evening the American Minister called for me at the hotel, and we walked together down by the Alameda and beyond its portals—an arcaded stone gateway decorated with paintings of Swiss scenery (why Swiss, I wonder?) and guarded by a fierce jaguar or cheetah in an iron cage—to dine with our consul at a villa he had rented outside the town. Mrs Harrison, a handsome and pleasant Peruvian lady, was there, also another lady



and a young German. We had a pleasant evening with music and talk, but unluckily for me Mrs Harrison speaks very little English, and her children none—which is a pity. As we walked back Mr Sorsby explained to me all the circumstances regarding the appointment of a British Consul at La Paz, his correspondence with Lord Lansdowne on the subject, and the why and wherefore of the stipulations he made ere he agreed, as United States Minister, to continue to take charge diplomatically of our interests. This matter had an interest for me; various people in La Paz had spoken to me about the relations of the country with Great Britain and what was desired; and also, before leaving Lima, Mr Beauclerk, our minister there, had explained some things to me, and had a long conversation about “affairs.” My own very decided views as to our consular service in many places, and some diplomatic affairs, I had made no bones about enunciating where and when I pleased. It is so lucky to be an irresponsible person, able to say what one pleases!

The Alameda is a pretty, pleasant promenade of some length, laid out with avenues of trees, flowerbeds, seats, and fountains, and is a favourite lounge of the Chola ladies when in their best attire, and how gorgeous that is! A miniature railway runs along it.

The market is always interesting everywhere—on Sunday it seemed here to overflow into all the streets, and the gaudy Indians and their wares repay observation. Innumerable seem to be the varieties of prepared potatoes—some, they think, are as good as truffles. I do not agree. The

flowers seem poor and badly arranged, and at present the fruit seems principally pears and apples, though I know that peaches, grapes, custard apples, etc., grow well in the valleys. A considerable amount of Indian clothing seems of English manufacture, but the ponchos are "made in Germany," and that is a big bit of business for Germany. Oruro makes coarse baize of various colours; the soldiers' uniforms are made of it. Potosi makes a good cashmere. In La Paz itself, they make woollen goods, ponchos, blankets and so on, and all over the country they weave cloth from llama, vicuña, and alpaca wools, also silk, using looms brought into the country by the Spaniards at the Conquest.

At the club, where my name was put down, I was introduced to Mr Dunn, the manager of the customs, and he gave me much information. Also, I was glad to meet Señor Don Manuel Vicente Ballivain, the well-known and distinguished President of the Geographical Society here, and who is also a member of our Royal Geographical Society. Unluckily I was introduced to him in the street, where, though we had a pleasant chat, I could not ask many things I wanted to know. He invited me to go to the rooms of the Geographical Society, and offered to lend me books on Bolivia, but so far I have not been able to find time to avail myself of his kindness, much as I wish to.

I made a small sensation when I expressed my wish to visit the prison of La Paz—why should anyone want to see that? However, I had my way, and it was arranged, and accompanied by a young German clerk from Mr Harrison's house of

business, as interpreter. I was received with cordiality at the prison by some official who apologised for the absence of the director. The German youth thought it quite an odd idea, and seemed bored at his mission, but soon woke up into eager interest himself. We were shown everything in the freest way, and the officials and warders seemed quite pleased at conducting us round. I was somewhat merciless in my inquiries, but got answers to them all. I was surprised to find it so well managed, and the system so good. The whole place, cells, kitchens and all, was very clean and in good order, the food plentiful and good, and some of the cells even unnecessarily good. The triangular courtyards were gardens with flowers and trees, and on the whole the prisoners have rather a good time there. There were about 240 male prisoners and some females. There were many workshops—bootmakers, tailors, etc.—and the prisoners are allowed to keep the proceeds of their work, except in the Government works, where they get a percentage. In front of his cell, in the pleasant garden, sat one prisoner, a priest, reading, and of whom more anon.

But when I insisted on seeing the punishment cells, they demurred. After a leading question or two on my side they were shown. As I expected, this was a different tale, and certainly they were horrible and cruel, and I said so. They were in the lavatory—bad in itself—and were mere recesses in the wall in which the prisoner stood upright, his back to the wall, his shoulders touching each side, and his nose against the door in front of him, in which was a small hole for ventilation. Imagine a

day, and worse, days, in such a place and position, unable to even move! When they open the door the prisoner drops out fainting. This is the blot on this otherwise well-managed prison.

A large number of the Indian prisoners were one gang, and they were all at work outside the prison under guards. Originally there had been 200 of them, but not being in any distinctive garb a good many had escaped by simply bolting in a crowd of passing Indians and vanishing from sight, and probably no one cared. During one of the rebellions a number of soldiers with their officers arrived at a small village on the Puna and, it is said, forced the priest to disgorge all the money and food he had. I think there were some hundreds of the soldiers with their officers. The priest, forced to agree, but determined to be revenged, invited them all to attend mass in the church, which they did, stacking up all their arms outside. As soon as they were in he locked the doors, collected the 200 Indians of the village, and they, with their *machetas*, formidable knives, rushed into the church and massacred the whole of the officers and soldiers, simply hacking them to pieces, turning the church into a shambles. For this they were in prison, and the priest who instigated them was the placid-looking one we saw in the prison reading his book in his garden!

The prison official beamed all over when I told him what I thought about the prison, and, calling up all the warders, repeated it all to them, and they were all smiles and bows, and we departed with many salutations and hand-shakes. Friends in La Paz were surprised and quite interested when I told



them about my visit, and some expressed a purpose of also seeing it and taking an interest in it, I urging them to speak about the awful punishment cells and get them reformed. So perhaps my visit was of some use. Fourteen years is the longest term they have to serve, but then it must be remembered that most of the prisoners are Indians, ignorant, uneducated, and not able to reason or understand their guilt.

Don Felipe Pardo came for me early one morning and drove me in a carriage drawn by four mules, to inspect a gold mine which is a few miles from the city. It was once worked by the Yncas, then by the Spaniards, and is now yielding heavy coarse gold. It is owned by a German from Munich, Herr Siedermeyer. When we approached his dwelling we did so gingerly, for he possessed some large and ferocious dogs which were wont to fly at and attack strangers—which is what they were for, I suppose. However, nothing happened, and one dog made the greatest friends with me. Herr Siedermeyer entertained us and showed us all about the mine. When we were straggling over the piles of boulders in the river-bed I asked him about the gold. "Any amount of boulders of gold as big as these stones," he said; so when I wandered away by myself seeking it, he asked me where I was going. I replied that I thought, seeing there were so very many big boulders of gold I might find one and keep it! He afterwards showed us some of his nuggets. We got back, after a pleasant drive, to La Paz about twelve, though it was a very rough and bumpy road.

At three o'clock the same day Don Felipe drove

me and Don Alejandro de Lafuente, the Peruvian Chargé d'Affaires, to the bull-ring, where we witnessed an amateur bull-fight. It was a private entertainment, and there were only a few people there, six ladies or so, belonging to the diplomatic corps and including the beauties of La Paz, two handsome young ladies in big black hats, and to all I was presented. The Chilian Minister, Mathieu, with his Secretary of Legation, Don Domingo Gana, and Señora Gana and others, were there. All the ladies very smart and handsome, and every one most kind and pleasant. It amused and interested me immensely. Amongst those fighting the bulls was Don Mario Seeber, the Argentine Chargé d'Affaires, and being a tall, fair man with a splendid figure, he looked quite heroic when, having managed to plant a be-ribboned dart in a bull's neck, he struck a fine attitude with a sword held firmly before him. The bull ought to have charged him, rushed on the sword and so received its *coup de grâce*—but instead of that it turned off and tried to find an exit, or to climb the walls of the ring. The bulls were small, none of them ferocious, yet it was exciting and there were many near shaves. They all fought on foot—no horses—and there was nothing unpleasant about it. The bull had as good a chance as the man, and I wished they had been less tame. I was simply dying to go down and try, but had not courage to suggest it, and more, had to remember that I represented my country, and it would not do to fail and be laughed at. But I should have liked to have a try, and felt wildly excited over it. I have seen as pretty play, wilder charges, and as near shaves in a Queensland cattle

stock-yard. A very wild and ferocious bull is I suppose more terrifying.

It was hot and dusty in the arena, and swarmed with flies, so I was much astonished when we all, ladies and all, descended into the arena amidst the dust, dirt, and flies, and an animal was roasted whole in its skin, its flesh cut off with a knife, or torn off with his hands by a dirty Indian, dumped into tin plates, and ladies and all fell to on it with avidity! And how the Indians revelled in it! This is the old Spanish custom, and the meat so cooked is supposed to be splendid—the *Carne con cuerro*—but still! It was, however, a characteristic scene and episode, and I enjoyed this, to me, so novel sight. I have never seen a real Spanish bull-fight—such as I saw in Ecuador were nothing. This one was an amateur and private affair, so that I was lucky to see it.

Another day I went down and called on the Canadian missionaries, Mr and Mrs Baker, and Mr and Mrs Rutledge, who had both good houses some distance outside the town. There are only three or four English families resident in La Paz, and it seems to me that each of the men wanted to be, and thought he ought to have been, made consul. In reality there were only three possible ones to choose from, and the reasons why Mr Harrison was appointed were satisfactory, though his connection with a German firm is a drawback. I pointed out to Mr Baker and Mr Rutledge that a Protestant missionary was out of the question.

There was to be a great Indian feast at a quaint little chapel poised on an earth pinnacle high up the side of the La Paz cliffs. I had tea with Mr

and Mrs Baker, and with them walked up to see it, as everyone goes to it. The Bakers had a garden round their house, and as we were leaving, Mrs Baker gave directions to an Indian "boy" or manservant to look after her baby well, explaining to me that the real nurse, another Indian "boy," a *perfect treasure*, as good, honest, and sober as possible, had been called away that day to nurse a sick relative, and how touching was his devotion to this relative. I think she called him Jim—but any way I shall. Well, we walked by winding, steep paths, up through the clay pinnacles towards the highly placed, quaint chapel, whilst thousands of Indians in the gaudiest attire swarmed over the cliffs, ascending and descending in long lines. Bands of them, clothed in every fantastic way, with extravagant head-dresses of ribbons and artificial flowers yards high, sometimes with masks, gold embroideries, and some got up as women, were shouting, singing, dancing, and leaping about, all fearfully, madly drunk. Mingled with them were all the La Paz people as sight-seers, and all the Chola women in their most gorgeous and striking attire. The Indians in their scarlet, green, blue, and yellow ponchos were in and around the chapel, all over the cliffs—thousands of them everywhere, feasting, drinking, yelling, and dancing—every figure standing out in the clear air, and bright sunshine against the yellow-red earth-cliff background. It was a most magnificently picturesque scene—and what a picture it would make if any artist could paint it!

Mrs Baker was still discoursing to me about that perfect treasure, Jim, and all his virtuous



qualities and sober habits, when one of these bands in fantastic head-dress a yard high, of flowers, tinsel feathers, with painted faces, women's muslin gowns—in fact, in wildly extravagant attire—all madly drunk and excited, came before us, leaping and shouting for our benefit, and as one, the wildest and most drunk of all, was flourishing flowers, or feathers, or something in my face, Mrs Baker suddenly gasped and cried out: “Jim! Why, it's Jim!” and Jim it was—dear, virtuous, simple, sober Jim! Mr Stark and I screamed with laughter, and, I suppose, because I laughed so much, that either pleased or angered Jim, for he would not leave me; and when Mrs Baker, in horrified reproach, kept calling his name, he only yelled, leered, and leapt the more! I laughed so much that at last the Bakers could only laugh also, and then the crowd round us joined in too.

And to see the Chola girls swaggering down the Alameda in their billycock hats, their eyes everywhere, their silken legs, and high-heeled shoes, and the lace petticoats showing under their many-coloured short skirts, attracting all looks, was truly a quaint and comic sight. Much the same sort of Indian *festas* and dances I had seen in Ecuador, also with masks, painted faces, and fantastic head-dresses, and attire—but nothing to equal this one, which the surroundings made so picturesque. I wonder a Spanish artist has not painted this scene: a picture of it would draw crowds in a European gallery.

Below this the river runs through a deep gorge, and a winding road, planted with eucalyptus, willows, and other trees, and bordered by villas and

the barracks, leads up to the frescoed gates of the Alameda, guarded by the jaguar in its cage.

My silly walking has borne fruit. Each night lately I have been miserable with a severe heart attack, the form the Sorocche has taken with me. To-day, as I stood at the hotel door, some one came up to me and said : "Look here ! you are very ill—you are going to have a stroke of paralysis all down one side ! You must go away from La Paz !" I was surprised, and argued the question, but was assured that to walk as I had done (besides, they said, only *arrieros* walked here) was madness, and that I would suffer for it, and was more seriously ill than I imagined. My intention of going across the desert to Oruro is considered out of the question. But the thing is, that soon the rainy season commences, when the desert is an impassable bog ; it is not easy to get a place in a coach, and if I am to go at all, it must be at once. I would give anything to remain here, as I like it and have so much to see and do yet—and I want to see the President and some others. Still I am ill, very bad at night, when I lie gasping and my heart scarcely beating, but always better in the day-time. Mr Clarke from Arequipa, the manager of the Molleño-Arequipa and Puno Railway, has arrived here, and he came to my room last night and implored me to give up the idea of crossing the desert. I was not fit for it, he said, and did not realise the discomfort of the journey of two days and a night across the desert to Oruro, and then the three long days' rail in a notoriously uncomfortable train to the Chilian port of Antofagasta. If I would only return with him to Molleño, and ship

from there, he would look after me, and place his own comfortable car at my disposal. His kindness is great, but it seems too silly to be beaten and to return the way I came, and, as I said, I don't suppose I shall die. Their discomforts are worse even than they realise here, but the hardships are things one faces and overcomes. So go I shall if I can (I can see you reading this and saying: "How like him—obstinate, pig-headed person!") and if a place can be got in a coach.

ORURO, BOLIVIA,  
*Dec. 12, 1904.*

Here I am waiting impatiently for a train to take me to Antofagasta, the Chilean port. The said train only goes three days a week, if that. Oruro likes me not: I am seedy, and by no means looking forward to the journey to the coast.

My departure from La Paz was settled in haste. Don Hugo Zalles, who owns and runs the transport—that is, all the coaches and baggage waggons, etc.—between La Paz and Oruro, came to me at the Hotel Guibert and told me he was himself leaving for Oruro on election business, he being a parliamentary candidate for that representation, that evening, and would have a special coach with his best relays of mules, and do the journey in record time, travelling all night. The distance is 273 kilometres, and it usually takes two days and one night. He offered to take me, and it was a chance not to be missed. I got my baggage ready, and had it sent to the transport station, paid hasty farewell visits, and

departed about 4.30 P.M. The coach was an awful contrivance, very ramshackly, and just held four of us: that is, Don Hugo and the whip-boy in front, and I and Herr Harmsen, a German-Peruvian merchant, behind. It had a hood, and when this was drawn over us we were prisoners, and every time we alighted or got in it was with a struggle. The baggage, of course, followed later by baggage waggon. We had four mules, and set off in high spirits, I very sorry to leave La Paz, and yet congratulating myself on my luck in being able to journey like this. I had my comfy old rug, and had insisted on stowing my suit-case under the seat, and was secretly laughing at the warnings about the hardship of the journey.

Having ascended by zig-zag roads over a thousand feet up to the Alto, we emerged on the famous, or infamous, Puna or Desert—this high table-land of Bolivia, a most dreary, arid, stony desert, swept by icy winds from the glaciers of Illimani, which towered above, its mighty peaks conquered (authentically) by one man and his guides—Sir Martin Conway. This high desert is likened, by those who know, to the high table-land of Tibet, and is of more or less the same altitude and extent. It is somewhere about 13,000 feet above the level of the sea. Bands of Indians infest it, who are treacherous and bent on plunder and murder, and unwary travellers must look to their safety. It is of course at times very cold; pneumonia is common, and people never live to a great age.

At first it was beautiful, the mules were good, the air keen and fresh, and our appetites the same. Harmsen produced a small packet of sandwiches,



and divided them amongst us, and in two minutes they were gone! They were for himself, poor man, and only sufficient for "a snack" for one, not for four.

Then darkness came on quickly, and so did a cold icy wind and our troubles. We promptly in the dark lost our road, or track rather, and bumped and banged into and over heaps of stones and other impediments, there being no actual made road, everyone making their own track. The four mules kept continually getting into a tangled mass amongst boulders. We would get out with difficulty, and spend time in disentangling them and their harness with cold fingers; then struggle into the coach again, only to have to continually repeat the process. The coach lamps kept going out, and when lit their flickering light only made things worse. How tiresome this became it is impossible to describe. Once, when jumping out, I threw my ring from my hand into the darkness, and instead of going to the mules, to the amazement of the others seized the lamp and went on hands and knees over the desert, for this was to me a precious ring, the souvenir of a dear, dead friend, The Chisholm, and in itself a unique ring of great value. With what joy did I see its great sapphire glittering like a blue star, and what luck to find it!

We bumped, banged, climbed over boulders and heaps of *débris*, jumped in and out, and cursed those unhappy mules, for it was no joke trying to disentangle the four of them amidst boulders and patching up their harness, and all by a light that would go out and took ever so long to light again. Where we were we knew not, and Herr Harmsen

was groaning with disgust. At last we saw a light, and struck on two little mud huts on the desert, and found we were all right and that this was the *corral* where we were to change mules. But it was almost midnight, bitterly cold, and we were bruised and shaken to pieces with eight and a half hours of what was certainly hard travelling, and the German was on strike. I was for going on and so was Don Hugo, but at last it was decided that we should rest here till morning. (During this journey I saw my walking-stick fall out of the coach, but it was worth nothing, and I let it go; and that was the only thing I lost in South America!)

An Indian, his wife, and two children tumbled out of their miserable little hut and unharnessed the mules, which were let loose. We three took possession of the other dilapidated little mud hut; some tolerably clean straw was brought in, and wrapping ourselves in our rugs we threw ourselves down to wait till morning. The Indian woman brought in a jug of what she called tea, or perhaps coffee—a lukewarm beverage, a mouthful of which was enough. There really was little to complain of—straw is a soft warm bed, and we had rugs, and in a few minutes the other two were sound asleep. But alas! tired and cold as I was, not an eye could I close; my heart got very bad, and for a couple of hours perhaps I turned and twisted, trying to avoid the cold draughts that stole in through many apertures. Sleep I could not, so at last I got up and went softly to the door and found it was tied up outside, but by working at it for ten minutes I at last burst it open, and, draped in my rug,

escaped outside, after carefully tying up the door again.

It was pitch dark and an icy wind was blowing over the desert from Illimani, and there till daylight came I walked up and down to keep warm. My heart attack grew worse and worse, and certainly I had a night of it. One gets absolutely numb in this night air at this altitude. It was still dark when Don Hugo emerged horrified to hear what I had been doing, and I had cared nothing for the chance of prowling Indians, who would have made short work of me and I should simply have disappeared. They would have hacked me up with their knives, buried me under a sand heap in a few minutes, had they caught a hated Gringo alone on the Puna at night. Don Hugo roused the Indians, and as daylight appeared the fresh mules were brought in and harnessed, but it was not till 6 A.M. that we got off. How I longed for something warm, or some food, as it was icily cold, but there was nothing. My heart seemed scarcely to be beating at all and I wondered how I was to survive the day, but said nothing. It was a blessed thing when the sun rose and brought light and a little warmth, but it revealed a very melancholy, desolate scene. We all sank into silence at last as the hours passed by and the coach bumped and shook, but of course it was plainer sailing than in the dark. The rainy season was due, and then this awful desert becomes almost impassable—a quagmire.

The village of Ayoayo is the first one we passed. Here are abandoned graves or pre-historic dwellings of mud, of rectangular shape, with a small entrance

facing the east, and under the floor the people were buried. I doubt if they were ever dwellings. Mr and Mrs Bandolier had been excavating here on behalf of some museum, so bones and skulls were scattered about. At Patac-Amaya are more of these ruined mud erections, round ones with oblong additions. Then came Sicasica, the usual Indian adobe village with a church. It was at one of these villages the butchery of the soldiers by the priest I saw in the prison and his Indians took place, but I forget which. The road is bordered by tall mud pillars at long distances apart, and they have quite an imposing appearance stretching away through the desert. These are the remains of those which in olden days marked the route from Lima to the famous silver mines of Potosi.

About one o'clock we halted at a village—Aroma, I think—for breakfast, after seven hours coach—a real breaking of our fast—but it was the usual horrible uneatable meal, and beyond a glass or two of claret and a cup of coffee I could touch nothing, much as I needed it. Since twelve o'clock the day before I had nothing except the two little sandwiches Herr Harmsen gave us. This was the usual halting-place for changing mules and breakfasting, yet it was more than primitive, and nothing was to be had.

There was a quaint old spinet or harpsicord in this place, and they were all surprised and amused at my desire to buy it and cart it along—which was impossible. A baggage-coach had broken down here, blocking the narrow street, as it was but a small adobe village with narrow ways, and this had to be unloaded and got aside ere we could



proceed, which delayed and made us late in starting. No sooner did we get away than I became seriously ill. At first I said nothing, but as my heart got worse and worse I owned up. I thought I was dying, and I don't think I was far from it. The others—as they told me afterwards—thought so too, and were seriously alarmed. Herr Harmsen gave me some unknown drops out of a little bottle. It was cold, yet the perspiration streamed down my face, and I gave spasmodic gasps. Nothing could be done for me, however. At last I covered my head and face with the rug, determined to die unseen and having only that feeling, and it seemed to me that I had already stepped over the Border into some strange place. Somewhere the rug was thrust aside, and an Indian held a bean up to my nose. I took it and threw it away, though it seems he had been summoned, and that this garlic bean, or whatever it was, was a cure for the Sorocche, which was, after all, what caused me this trouble. (From this journey and occurrence I date that dreadful evil which attacked my spine and has doomed me to so much present and future mental and bodily sufferings.) As the day wore on I got better, the others were kind and also left me in peace. Suddenly the rain set in to add to our discomfort, and as darkness came on the steady downpour grew most annoying. I, however, revived somewhat, and began to think of “nice things to eat,” which was a hopeful sign. I thought of every unattainable thing, lingered in fancy over a bunch of beautiful fresh ripe cool grapes! Then how I should like some champagne; I simply craved for it, and it is a wine I don't care for and seldom

drink—yet I kept conjuring up a foaming glass of champagne and at least clean eggs and sardines, if nothing else.

About 8.30, wet, cold and weary, we arrived at the village of Carocollo, which is 120 miles S.E. of Titicaca, and stopped at the post-house. As soon as we got inside I announced that I felt better, was ravenous, and “Oh! did they think it possible to get champagne?” They laughed at the idea, but amongst a few bottles gracing the shelf behind the sort of bar my eyes lit on a beautiful little gold-necked bottle. “Never mind the landlord,” I said, “I can’t wait. Here are glasses. Get it down.” Nothing loth, Don Hugo got it down, and we three shared that pint—alas! only a pint—on the spot, and how delicious it seemed!

“We shall drink nothing but champagne to-night for our supper,” I announced.

Alas! that pint bottle was the only one—it was the show bottle that had been on that shelf for fourteen years! The landlord was quite dismayed at its fate, and, childish as it may seem, I sat down feeling I could cry with disappointment. It was just what I wanted at the moment. Even the eggs and sardines—luxuries—were not forthcoming, and after a long wait, humbly but not thankfully, I sat down to potato soup and the other usual nasty things. Then it was my companions told me how relieved they were to see me right again, as they too thought I was dying in that coach, and indeed it was a near call. I pleaded that a room of some sort should be found for me, where I might be alone, and I got a bedroom to myself. This room opened directly from the mule-yard, had three beds

close together and a tin basin on a chair, but I could have it alone. That is to say, not by any means quite alone, for a gay, lively and hungry gathering lived there too, but I ignored the thought of them, did not inspect the beds, but wrapped in my damp rug lay down on top of one of them, after carefully barricading the door, which had no fastening. There was no window, but air enough of sorts came in through chinks. However, I got a few hours very needful sleep.

By daylight I was up and out in the yard, and when the first Indian appeared was ducking and splashing under the pump regardless of appearances, and even got some hot water carried to my room in my tin basin.

At 6 A.M. we were off again, and luckily without rain. But we soon saw what one night's rain had done, for we had to cross a swamp of awful sticky mud 3 feet deep. Mr Drake, who is here in Oruro, crossed this place the day before we did, and it was perfectly dry and hard. One night had turned it into this. Some waggons attempting to cross it in the night lost twelve mules, which were bogged and suffocated in the mud, and we made our way through an avenue of their carcasses. The waggon-men clung on to our coach all over it to get across, standing on the steps and holding on anyhow. How we managed it I know not with this load, and half-way through I thought we were done for, and had such been the case we never could have got through it. I have been in some fine bogs in coaches or on horseback in Australia, but this one quite outdid them, it was so sticky it held the coach back. A most disreputable coach it was

when it did get through at last, and our entry into Oruro about 10 A.M. was not an imposing one. Instead of doing the journey in two days and a night, much less in record time, we had been two nights and two days over it. All this high desert was once part of a lake joined to Titicaca and of 20,000 square miles in area.

But here I am in Oruro and in a room of my own, in a very tolerable hotel with tolerable food. But there are many Europeans, mining people here, and that makes all the difference.

I was delighted to see Mr Drake again, though he was merciless in his chaffing about the man who had come for pleasure. He has to set out from here to Cochabamba, and on across the Continent by the surveyed route of a projected railway line, as he is the financial agent for it and has to traverse it to decide the cost. Let him only get back to the United States, he said, and never again would he set foot in South America. He is, of course, a person of importance in the eyes of the Bolivian Government, and the Prefect of Oruro is to provide him with a suitable carriage for his journey, but so far none is forthcoming. He has engaged a young member of the Zalles family to accompany him.

This desert mining town of Oruro, standing 12,000 feet or more above the sea, is, of course, an important place. From here it is a long journey by coach or on horseback to Cochabamba, Sucre, and Potosi in the interior. Much as I should like to see these places, it is not possible. All round Oruro are mines, and indeed the whole of this part of Bolivia is rich in minerals of every



description—old Ynca mines still being worked and the whole country awaiting development.

Above the town rises the San José silver mine, known from the Spanish days. It has many galleries and a shaft 1000 feet deep. All coal is brought from the sea, 924 kilometres. The fuel of the Bolivian plateau is llama droppings, *Yareta*, and the *tola* shrub. Tin, copper, and antimony is found with the silver. About 800 labourers are employed at this mine. At Sicasica are known deposits of silver, and also at other places.

Oruro is not a pleasing or beautiful place and has about 15,000 inhabitants, and in former times had 80,000. Of course there is the usual plaza, where a band plays in the evening and the local society parades. Despite the cold, women were walking round it in muslin frocks. It is a large dreary waste, and in the centre is a small railed-in garden, an object of unfailing interest to all. It contains nothing but a few vegetables! The buildings are of poor description, many mud huts, and the shops are merely "general stores." I am still suffering from my heart and a total lack of energy. The landlord is an English-speaking young man, civil and friendly, and the hotel seems luxurious after recent nights. The trains for Antofagasta only go on certain days and I am quite ready to go when they do. Meanwhile I must await the arrival of my baggage, if it ever does arrive, for now the rains, this being the 12th of December, have really set in and the heavy baggage waggons have to face seas of mud.

I called on the British Vice-Consul, Dr Ramsay

Smith, and even when I found his abode could not find him, and ended by entering a room and leaving a card on a table. Later I met him in the hotel, and told him I had looked for his consular shield of arms in vain and wondered he did not have some means of showing which was his vice-consulate; but he thought the more difficulty in finding it the better, as then he would not be bothered with people! This is the real British consul and vice-consul feeling all over the world. They don't want to be bothered with their own countrymen at all. How different is the German idea. The German consul or vice-consul aims at being the centre for his countrymen, supports them in every way as they in their turn support him, keep him supplied with information on every subject, and together, in a patriotic way, they advertise their country and its interests. The result is obvious, and no wonder they go ahead everywhere in commerce. This is very striking in the East, even indeed especially so in our own possessions, such as Hong-kong and Singapore. The flabby indifference to anything but their own very trifling interests of the British in South America is unpleasing and makes one impatient. Some day I hope my proposition—made frequently in certain quarters—that a sort of travelling consuls or inspectors of consuls, should be instituted, whose duties would be to learn the trading and commercial wants of communities and keep the consular service up to the mark—may bear fruit.

I had a talk with a banker here, a Mr Haddon, I think, a pleasant man; but I am too lazy to get up any interest in Oruro, and have to do a lot of

lying down, though I potter about the town, which is devoid of interest.

ORURO, BOLIVIA,  
*Dec. 14th, 1904.*

My baggage has at last arrived. I am clean and freshly clothed again, but still suffering from lack of energy, and have bad nights.

Mr Drake has departed, after being delayed some days waiting for the "carriage" to be provided by the Prefect. He had young Alfredo Zalles with him, nephew of Don Hugo and Don Jorge. I said "Good-bye" to Mr Drake one night, as he expected to leave early in the morning; but when I emerged at ten o'clock on to the plaza, I found him sitting there. "Why are you not gone?" I asked. "Go right away down that street," he said, "and see the carriage the Prefect, to whom I was recommended by the President, has provided for our journey." But just then the stately carriage appeared. It was a dray, covered with coils of barbed wire, and on top of this barbed wire, Mr Drake and his companion were to journey for many days in a broiling sun! It was now my turn to chaff about pleasure journeys, and what Mr Drake said won't bear repeating. On his threat to take train to Antofagasta, and "chuck the whole show," a rickety coach and four mules was at last secured, and in that he at last departed. I do wonder how he gets on.

There is another American here who haunts me, and who insisted I should go to his room,

where he displayed sheets and rugs full of mineral ores—large rocks I call them—and discoursed of the wonderful mines these had come from, and explained his rocks and their riches. I never grasped where the mines were, or if I was supposed to buy them or what, as in any case “I am not taking any,” but he still hovers round me with his rocks. I wonder all the time how he got them here, he has a waggon-load of them. But, of course, I must be interested in mines, or what would I be doing here? No one has any use for pleasure-pilgrims, and cannot understand what they are. I feel greatly tempted to journey to Sucre and Potosi, but it is impossible.

Potosi stands about 13,325 feet above the sea, the highest inhabited town in South America; but a decayed place now, though once so famous for its silver mines. It was founded in 1545, and in 1611 had 160,000 inhabitants, and now about 20,900. Children born there soon die or are deaf and dumb—so they say. If I am telling lies they are what are told to me, so you can swallow them too. It possesses some fine old buildings. Sucre is at present put in the shade by La Paz, though it has been, and claims yet to be, the capital. It also possesses quite fine buildings, and is an important place. Railways and roads, means of transport, that is all that is needed to develop this rich and interesting land. It teems with riches and possibilities. It is very cold here in Oruro at night, but the sun is warm in the daytime.



ANTOFAGASTA, CHILE,  
*Dec. 19th, 1904.*

I was by no means sorry to quit Oruro. I took the precaution, a very necessary one, of bringing a basket of provisions with me, which said basket included "a chicken," of which more anon.

I left Oruro at 7 A.M. When I was getting my ticket I was conscious of someone standing beside me, and as soon as I boarded the train this person came up to me, said he was a countryman, had heard about me, had overlooked my getting my ticket in case I was cheated, was going by the train and hoped he might look after me, and then introduced himself as "Sandy Cameron from Strathspey." Was it not genuinely kind? I wonder where is the Englishman who would so naturally and kindly do a thing like that? I told him I had known many "Sandy Camerons" in my day, so far as I knew all gentlemen, and was glad to know another, and glad to be looked after. It is a good name and a good clan. Mr Cameron, who was a traveller for some commercial house at Antofagasta, was as good as his word, and has been so kind to me, and I shall always, when I think of this place and that journey, think of him. Though, as he hastened to tell me, he only occupies this position here, he is a man of good blood and connections, which it is very easy for a Cameron to be, and I expect few of the cock-a-hoop young

English clerks and nobodies, who give themselves such absurd airs at some South American clubs, especially at Iquique, are his equals in that way.

It is a narrow-gauge railway, and the distance to Antofagasta is 924 kilometres. The car held many seats, each very narrow and uncomfortable; and of all the tedious and comfortless journeys, this from Oruro to Uyuni, where we arrived at 6.30 at night, can hold its own. In South America I do think people try to make everything as uncomfortable as possible. The journey is all through the desert. We had a distant glimpse of Lake Poopo or Allaugas, which is 30 by 40 miles in area and is 280 miles south of Lake Titicaca, with which it is connected by the Desaguadero River, on which are steamboats.<sup>1</sup> The mirage on the desert, though, is so deceptive that you never know what you are really seeing. A few vicuñas and llamas were seen now and again. We alighted at some place for lunch. The train does not travel at night, and Uyuni is a miserable hole planted down on the desert. The hotel was the usual wooden one-storied place, devoid of comfort, and the bedrooms without windows, so you retire with locked doors into an airless cabin. I presume, having no windows is to prevent you being shot or robbed—otherwise it seems to have no meaning. Near is Pulacayo Silver Mine. Round the town is nothing but sand, carcasses of dead mules, and empty tins and bottles.

We left Uyuni (which is 12,010 feet) at 6 A.M., and this day's journey was certainly an interesting

<sup>1</sup> Desaguadero means drain, as it drains Lake Titicaca.

one, though still through an extraordinary desert. I think it is Sir Martin Conway who has likened this part to what we must suppose the surface of the moon to be like; it certainly resembles a burnt-out land without a sign of life. Nothing but living and dead volcanoes, which are coloured red, yellow, brown, black, grey, and I know not what. Lava fields, strange lakes of salt and borax—the whole in fantastic confusion, but very interesting, though desolate beyond measure and very weird and uncanny. The desert sand is red, grey, or brown. At Ollague (12,126 feet), which is across the Chilean frontier, we lunched. Above it rises an active volcano, and below on the crater of a small extinct one is inscribed in large letters “Vive Chile.” Then more volcanoes, a lake of borax looking as if it were a frozen lake, and at last we ascend to the highest point, Ascotan (13,010 feet), which is at the base of San Pedro and San Paulo, active volcanoes. San Pedro was puffing away at a great rate. It is a brilliantly coloured mountain, all yellow, red, and all colours. There is a strange flow of lava running out into the desert from quite a small crater, and the train goes through this in a cutting. Then there is the Cerro Colorado, another all-coloured mountain covered with magnetic sand, and they say in a storm this sand rises in solid masses and rushes about, a flaming terror to everyone and everything—truly it is a weird world here, a portion of the globe becoming extinct. I give a vague description of it, but it is most impressive and also confusing, as the train steams in and out of it all, leaving the mind bewildered. It is worth much discomfort to see.

Extraordinary people in the car—there is only one car. One family, comprising a father, mother, and children, took my seat and my belongings, and sat on them all; but I thought it no use making a fuss, so did exactly the opposite, and nursed the children and relieved the miseries of the comfortless little wretches as best I could. It was weary work, and so unending, and a wailing child is very exasperating. How glad I was of my luncheon-basket, which I, of course, shared with Cameron, and it was on this morning I bethought me of partaking of the “cold chicken.” So I got it out, invited Cameron to the feast, he however preferring sandwiches, and calmly commenced to carve that chicken. An axe would not have availed. In vain I hacked, tore, banged, not the slightest impression could I make on it. The car watched fascinated. It must have been fed on iron ore or something like that. I appealed to Cameron, and he at last after heroic struggles got one bit asunder. The car sighed sympathetically and gently smacked its lips and gave me kind looks. But that limb remained a limb, no knife would cut into it. The car suggested various remedies. I beat it against the woodwork in the hope of softening it, but nearly knocked a hole in the train. It was, I am sure, Mrs Noah’s pet hen out of the Ark, probably left here after the Flood. Mr Cameron said he was sure it was a good chicken—but he’d have some to-morrow, and the car smiled at the familiar word to-morrow. With strained wrists I restored it to the basket, “Little Mary” bleating with disappointment, and rage in my heart. Fancy traversing South America to be



beaten by a chicken! An old Jew offered to assist, and the whole car gave advice.<sup>1</sup>

At a wayside station I looked out and saw a man—a real live man—in boots and breeches and felt hat, sitting on a truck. I looked again—British, of course. Could he be Australian, Canadian, South African, what? Bronzed, vigorous, athletic, open-faced, blue-eyed—how different he looked and how alive to everyone else upon whom South America had laid her hand. I was introduced, and found he was Mr Bosman, employed on the railway, and a South African. I knew he hailed from some part of Greater Britain. How pleasant, frank, and cheery he seemed compared to the others. Here, too, we were getting into “civilisation” again, no longer Indians, but white people of a sort, and I realised how much I had been amongst brown and dark people.

We crossed the river Loa, and at 9.30 P.M. we got to Calma (7435 feet), and made a rush for the “hotel” so as to secure a room. This was the usual wooden building. I carried my own traps, of course, dived into the hotel, found a small room and deposited my belongings on the bed, closed the door, and thought I was happy. Cameron also got a tiny room with one bed in it.

A little while after I met an Indian boy carrying my belongings, dumping them down outside and leaving them, and found the old Jew had evicted them and was in possession of my room. Then

<sup>1</sup> Someone quoted the Spanish proverb, “*Para el mal que hoy acaba, no es remedio el de mañana,*” which means “To-morrow’s remedy is too late for to-day’s evil.” I pass it on to you to give a little local colour, and make you think I know more Spanish than I really do!

began a scene. Cameron interfered, and the hotel people pointed out that I could sleep in a room in which were six beds in a row. This six-bedded room opened out of Cameron's room; it had no other entrance, and neither it or his room had any window! I did not waste much time. Out went the old Jew and after him his belongings, and the Indian "boys" were sent flying, and back went I and my things into my original room, and I fixed up the door and threatened dire things. Later on I went to the dining-room to join Cameron, and found the old Jew at the same table, quite at his ease and most polite and friendly! So I shared my wine with him, and all was peace again. My much desired room was about eight feet square and had no window. This is up-to-date Chile.

After dinner, Mr Cameron and I did the town. He had to make business visits to stores, mostly kept by Dalmatians, who, he told me, were desirable customers. They all "treated" us, as they say in Australia, to drinks and cigarettes, and I was let into all the mysteries of sardines and other grocer commodities, and felt as if I was selling the things myself. These Dalmatians were clever, intelligent men, and, I was told, all very honest in a land where few are honest.

Next morning we left at 7 A.M. through the same desert country, but after a time began to descend gradually to the coast. At Salinas (4400 feet) we were in the strange nitrate country, truly unpleasant to see. It was very hot and we were dead sick of the train. The much discussed "chicken" was again brought forth, Cameron saying he now felt strong enough to tackle it. For

many hours he struggled bravely, but at last, an older and wiser man, he owned himself beaten. We used the one detached leg to hammer it, but that did no good. At last we gave it to an Indian boy on the desert, picking out a strong youth. The last we saw of him he was struggling manfully with it, and no doubt is still at it, and will be at it as long as he lives. As we descended lower we still went through nitrate fields—like a destroyed and desolate land.

At six o'clock we arrived at Antofagasta, which I had heard described as a sort of up-to-date paradise, and it being Saturday night could get no luggage through the Customs till Monday morning. Going to the hotel, I found it was crammed and not a room to be had. After a fuss the proprietor said he had one room that I could have. We went through the back regions of the hotel, climbed over packing-cases to get to the room, which was dirty in the extreme though quite large. It evidently was a shop. It had a large window, and a very large door opening directly on to the street. I was told I ought to be delighted with it; other men would envy me, because I could go in and out by the door on the street and bring in anyone I liked without anyone else knowing! I, however, nailed up that desirable door. Every time I went to or left my room I had to climb over packing-cases.

Mr Cameron came to dine with me. The dining-room had been the *patio*, but was covered in. Every table set for dinner was covered with yellow gauze, which yellow gauze was a black mass of flies. When you took your seat the gauze

was lifted and the flies rose up in a cloud. All disgustingly unnecessary. There need never be a fly in the room—if clean. There are many ways of getting rid of them, as my knowledge of many hot countries has taught me. The place was full of young Englishmen, which made me wonder how they could put up with such unnecessary discomforts. I know no remote bush shanty in Australia that is so dirty, nasty, and comfortless as these South American places; and this is Chile, the inhabitants of which call themselves “the English of South America.” They may be; they certainly are not the Scotch.

Sir Martin Conway, in his book about the Bolivian Andes, is generally most correct in his descriptions, and trusting to him I had looked forward to finding Antofagasta a charming contrast to other places, but he certainly describes it as I never saw it.

“Antofagasta,” he says, “is the prettiest town I had seen since we left Panama; clean, wide-streeted, with houses suggestive of India, and verandahs furnished with long-armed chairs.” The streets may be broad, but there is little resemblance to India about its houses, and I certainly thought it a deadly uninteresting place of shanties stuck down on the sand. There is, of course, a plaza and garden where a band plays, and an excellent and comfortable club, and it is undoubtedly ahead of Molleñdo—but that is not saying much. Considering what very important ports are Molleñdo and Antofagasta, the outlets for such a Hinterland, I can only marvel that they are the miserable places they are. The



much decried Guayaquil is far, far ahead of them, on a swamp though it be.

Mr Barnett, who has lived long here, who is our Vice-Consul and agent for the P.S.N. Company, took me to the club, and put my name down. It is a comfortable house, and there I met various local people.

Mr Bosman, the South African I had seen on the railway, came down and dined at my table one night, and again I was struck by his manly, frank, open appearance and manner—so like the *real* men you meet in out-of-the-way parts of Australia or other parts of Greater Britain. They do not exist now in the British Isles—all the best blood goes away. What is happening to the land?

I am waiting here patiently, or impatiently, for a boat to take me off. I got my baggage sent on here from Molleño.

In an issue of *The Globe* in August of this year is the following extract from a report by the British Consul at La Paz.

## HOW BOLIVIAN TRADE IS HAMPERED.

### WHOLESALE THEFTS OF MERCHANDISE.

The difficulty of carrying on trade in Bolivia, owing to thieving at ports *en route*, is described in a recent report by the Hon. H. C. Dundas, His Majesty's Consul at La Paz. Mr Dundas states that the thieving from goods sent to Bolivia *via* Molleño and Antofagasta defies description, and that the dishonesty prevailing is appalling. The thefts commence on board the vessel, are continued in the lighters, and are rampant on shore. The recipients comfort themselves with the knowledge that the insurance company will have to pay, the result being that no attempt is made to fasten the guilt on any particular person.

Recently a regular system of robbery was discovered near Uyuni.

Many of the railway men were accomplices ; these stopped the train in the desert and unloaded whatever quantity of goods the waiting thieves were able to dispose of, shops being started in Antofagasta for this purpose. A further loss arises from the fact that the Bolivian Government collect duties on the original invoice, even if all the goods are stolen ; this loss is not covered by the insurance, and amounts to above 40 per cent. of the cost price. Moreover, the Government send empty cases to their destination in Bolivia, and the merchant has to pay full freight on empty boxes. Mr Dundas also states that the Port of Mollendo, in Peru, bears an equally bad reputation with that of Antofagasta. Nine months elapse from the date of ordering goods to the date of receiving them. The goods are more often than not subject to partial or total loss by theft, and it is rare for a case to arrive which has not been tampered with. Sometimes, too, cases are lost by being dropped overboard, and recovery is usually impossible.

The British Vice-Consul at Sucre (Mr E. F. Moore) writes that the recent disorganised state of the port of Antofagasta made importation no longer possible by that route. At one time the cargoes of 183 steamers and sailing vessels, destined for Sucre, were put ashore in inextricable confusion without the owners being assured as to whether they were lost or not. The risk of definite loss was increased tenfold without the security of the insurance policy being available for reimbursement, and all charges for unloading, warehousing and forwarding were increased ; all this may be fully appreciated by the fact that a circular has been issued by the principal forwarding agents pointing out to their clients the reasons why they have to disclaim all responsibility for thefts, shortage, damage, and loss of goods.—*The Globe*, August 1908.

VALPARAISO, CHILE,  
Dec. 26th, 1904.

I left Antofagasta on December 20th about 5 P.M., on the *Linari*, a South American boat. I had the pleasure of having in my cabin a Chilean. The man was inoffensive, and indeed quite apologetic for the discomfort he gave me, for the cabin was filled with his belongings, which included a sewing-machine, a huge sheet filled with loaves of bread, and I am sure I don't

know what else. It is necessary on all these Pacific Coast boats to keep your cabin door, which opens on to the deck, locked, and you pay three or four shillings for the key, which money is returned, or supposed to be returned, when you leave and give up your key; but of course the steward expects to retain it as a tip. I having paid for the key, the Chilian had the use of it, and into that cabin I never could get. He left at some port, and as soon as he had gone I locked the door. I had seen that, there not being many passengers, there was only one person in each cabin, and even some empty cabins, but as I was the only European on board, the great big brutal-looking Chilian steward had bestowed two in mine. So I was determined no one else would come in. A passenger came on board. I was sitting on deck, and up came the steward and demanded my key. I asked what he wanted it for. He said someone must go into my cabin. I said no one would. He stormed away to the captain's cabin, and the minute the captain emerged I got up and walked towards him. The captain—an Englishman—commenced at once in a hectoring tone to demand why I had not given up the key. I pointed to the Chilian they destined for my cabin mate—a sort of large baboon covered with black hair—and said I absolutely refused to have that man or anyone else in my cabin, as I had already had one with his bread, sewing-machine, etc., and that the other few passengers, Chilians, had each a cabin to themselves; that some of them were second-class people allowed in by favour

as friends of the captain himself and of the steward; that there were empty cabins; and that I really wondered he, an Englishman, who must understand what it was to me to have to share a cabin with one of these dirty creatures, cared to inflict them on me—for these low-class Chilians are singularly unpleasant in some ways. I then gave him the key, said he could put anyone in he liked, but that I would not even enter it, and would hold the captain responsible for the safety of my belongings. The captain and steward were blustering, but I just walked off and left them.

They did *not* put the man in my cabin, and later the captain came to me and was apologetic. I then let him see by my ticket and letters that I was entitled to the best cabin on every boat on the Pacific coast, having so paid; and that every captain and agent was requested to do all they could for me. This made the captain look very blue. What a fuss I made about a trifle, you will be saying. Not at all. You don't know South American boats and ways, and how every soul will take advantage of you if you will allow them, and appropriate all your belongings. *Haceos miel y comeros han moscas*—"Make yourself honey and the flies will eat you." If you have a South American cabin mate, he is quite capable of using your tooth-brush when you are not there! Nor have you seen the people you may have in your cabin!

The food on this boat was atrocious, and there was little of it—but it is all good enough for the general class you meet travelling, who are not used



to much, and it is their national food, to their taste. We called at various uninteresting Chilian ports, staying hours at each. I cannot conceive a more dreary coast than this Pacific one, so destitute of harbours or of any variety.

I arrived here at Valparaiso on the 24th, and came to the Grand Hotel. The proprietor and his son, Frenchmen, are very civil. As at all the places on the coast, you land in small boats, and it costs a perfect fortune to get one's baggage to the hotel, quite a short distance. I am greatly disappointed in Valparaiso. I had the idea it was a fine city, and that as it is full of British, it would be more up-to-date. There are few fine houses or buildings; it is all very ordinary. Houses are built all over the cliffs, and look as if it would not take much to bring them down (I was not surprised at the damage done by the great earthquake, and it may cause the town to be rebuilt in a better way). I have been walking all over it, but I still feel the effects of the journey.

Christmas Day bore no resemblance to that day with us, and I saw no Christmas signs anywhere. It was, however, enlivened by a number of very drunk Yankee bluejackets, who were very noisy and pugnacious; and I saw the funniest scene. There was a very small, gentle-looking Chilian policeman trying to arrest a very big, burly, outrageously drunk man, the usual crowd looking on. It was a comic scene, but was beginning to be tragic, for the infuriated drunk man began attacking the little policeman, who was thrown here and there helplessly. Suddenly

two drunk Yankee bluejackets came round the corner and instantly rushed at the big Chilian, and a terrific fight took place, during which one sailor got knocked down. The instant he got up he rushed savagely, not at his former opponent, but at his own comrade, and struck him, and instantly the two friends were at it hammer and tongs, blood flowing, women screeching, and the greatest to-do. Then the big drunk Chilian, who seemed quite bewildered, and the little policeman, attempted to separate the combatants, and in about two minutes the whole crowd had commenced fighting, and the last I saw of it was the whole crowd and the three drunk men pursuing the little policeman, who was flying for his life.

I have at last made up my mind to go by the Straits of Magellan instead of going to Santiago and thence by the Trans-Andean Railway to Buenos Ayres. I have had so much railway lately, and though I want to see the Trans-Andean, I also want to go by the Straits, and particularly to the Falkland Islands, and I cannot do both. Also, I don't feel equal to going to Santiago, where Don Rafael Elizalde, at the Ecuadoran Legation, has been expecting me for long to show me the sights. I have letters to our minister and others; but my heart is so bad I feel that unless I get away soon I shall never leave at all.

Most of the great business houses here are British, and English is much spoken, but Germany as usual is making her mark. The roadstead is an exposed one, much open to northern winds, and not entirely sheltered from southern. The English

predominance here has not impressed itself favourably on the place as regards architecture. In Antofagasta, too—so English a place—the amount of corrugated iron and shingle-board buildings arrests the eye, and many of these were brought from England. I believe Iquique is much the same. I do not know why Chile seems in England to be regarded as a most important country of South America. It is better known to us than the others; but the lower-class Chilians, who I presume have Auricanian blood, seemed to be the least pleasant of those I have come across. The poverty of the labouring classes here is said to be extreme, and even without a parallel in the world, but I do not know if that is so. One year 30,000 emigrated to Peru, and hence it is perhaps that Chile welcomes emigrants from Europe. It is a strange country, nowhere I believe more than 100 miles broad, the mean width being 70 miles, whilst the length is 3000 miles. The total population is somewhere about 2,900,000, that of Santiago 256,500, and of Valparaiso 122,500, and none of the other towns are very large. The nitrate fields cover something like an area of 225,000 acres, and still yield many million tons of nitrate. It is always believed in England that Chile has a very large and fine navy; but this is not the case. She has a better one than the other republics, but that is not saying much. Don Beltran Mathieu, who was Minister of War, told me that he conducted the sale of the two Chilean ironclads to Japan at the time of the war. From all I hear, Chile seems to me the least interesting country of the Pacific Coast, but I may be mistaken; anyway, Valparaiso is by no means an

interesting place, and I can get up no enthusiasm over it.

There is a broad Alameda, as I suppose they call it, with bandstand and seats, all lit up at night, and this seems the principal promenade of the people, and in the evening is crowded.

Chile being such a long narrow strip of coast-land, it is easy to see that in time it must become a thickly populated country, and that it is capable of supporting perhaps 20,000,000 more inhabitants than it has at present. It is more easy to develop than any of the other South American Republics. Yet the European immigration has not probably exceeded 50,000 in half a century. There is a large German element, dating from 1840, which is prosperous and has had a good and marked effect on the population. The number of fair Chilians one sees is probably accounted for by a strain of German blood. Spaniards, French, Italians, and Germans, in that order are the principal European inhabitants, there being fewer British, though Valparaiso is considered essentially British. In parts there are a number of Swiss, who naturally prefer the more mountainous areas. The central area of the country is the agricultural part, and the vine, olives, and corn are cultivated. The Chilian wines may in time come to the fore as more attention is paid to the vineyards. They probably, like the Australian wines, want age. In the south, cattle-raising and timber seem the chief things, whilst the north is well known as a country of saltpetre and borax, also of silver and copper; but many minerals, including coal and iron, are spread through the country.

The Germans, of course, are the great brewers—



beer seems the first thought of their minds. I remember, years ago, in the German Colony of New Guinea the excitement of the small German population when the Roman Catholic bishop, a Frenchman, started a brewery, or intended starting it, at his mission. How he went up in their estimation! On the arrival of the mail-boat small boats put out from shore, and as they neared the steamboat there was a universal cry of "*Was für Bier haben sie?*" Their success, though in a new country, is always well deserved.

Chile<sup>1</sup> also has a name for horse-breeding, the old Andalusian breed having been so much improved by the introduction of stallions from England, Germany, and France.

However interesting the republican history of these countries is to the people of them, foreigners must be excused for being unable to get enthusiastic over this or that episode, this or that "patriot"; and the names of some of the presidents were never of mark beyond the shores of their country, and not always within it. In Chile, of course, one is attracted by the name of O'Higgins.

Chile after the Conquest was apportioned to Diego de Almagro; but he could not subdue the natives, and it was Pedro de Valdivia who, leading an army there in 1541, founded Santiago, but behaved with such tyrannous cruelty that the Araucanians rose, defeated, and killed him in battle. They were, however, soon repressed by the Spaniards, and then Chile fell under the heel of various governors utterly indifferent to the progress or interests of the country. In fact it

<sup>1</sup> The spellings *Chile* and *Chili* are both used, and mean "chilly."

was not allowed to progress. No European imports or exports were permitted, no books or literature of any sort admitted, and the people remained poor and ignorant.

Ambrosius O'Higgins was a trader—an Irishman—and was sent as an official to Chile by the Spanish king. He it was who built the cathedral, the mint, and various public buildings, founded towns, and made roads throughout the country. Chile proclaimed her independence in 1810, and Congress ordained that all the children of slaves should be free. In 1812 the Spaniards defeated the "rebels or patriots" after many battles under General Bernardo O'Higgins, son of the President O'Higgins, and revenged themselves cruelly on their prisoners, banishing many to Juan Fernandez, and executing many secretly in prison.

General O'Higgins and San Martin, the Governor of Mendoza, raised an army of 5200 men, and on the 1st February 1817 defeated the Spanish troops near Santiago and at Maipo, and achieved the independence of the country. They equipped a fleet under Admiral Lord Cochrane, who came to serve the Chilians, and at Callao defeated and captured the Spanish ships; whereon General San Martin marched to the relief of Lima, whilst O'Higgins remained as Administrator in Chile. He afterwards retired into private life and died in 1842. From 1823 onwards were various presidents, and then Spain found herself at war with a combination of Ecuador, Peru, Bolivia, and Chile, during which the Spanish fleet bombarded Valparaiso. A truce was made in 1867 and a definite peace in 1879; whereupon

Chile was at once at war with Peru and Bolivia. Off Iquique was fought a naval battle between two Chilean wooden ships, the *Esmeralda* and the *Covadonga*, and the two Peruvian ironclads *Huascar* and *Independencia*, when the *Esmeralda* sank with her flag flying, her captain having distinguished himself by boarding the *Huascar*. In 1884 peace was made, Chile obtaining the Peruvian province of Tarapaca and the Bolivian provinces of Tacna and Arica, thereby shutting Bolivia out from the sea.

Were Chile wise she would come to an amicable settlement with Bolivia, giving her a strip of territory with access to the sea. It will always be a question which may give rise to trouble at any time, and unluckily for Bolivia they are lands rich in ore which Chile has taken from her, and will not relish parting with. Of course Chile has had her civil war and played with revolution—it is in the blood of South Americans.

They say there are beautiful mountainous lands and fiords in Chilean Patagonia, in some far future time to be the haunts of pleasure-pilgrims when thoroughly sick of Switzerland and the Norwegian fiords.

The different South American Legations and Consulates in England have official publications in English, giving all their statistics as to imports and exports and the resources of their countries (one of these on Chile, Señor Don Domingo Gana, the Chilean Minister in London, was kind enough to send me). One wonders British business men do not avail themselves more of these sources of information, which in a concise form are always

so useful, and are interesting even to those who have no business interests to foster. These official publications do not err on the side of modesty, and naturally paint their country in the rosier aspect; but they generally show what it is the country particularly desires or really wants. To a mere careless passer-by it is evident in how many ways our trade with these countries could be fostered and increased, and little sympathy is due to the narrow-minded, ignorant, "drifting indifference" which sits down at home and bewails the advance of our rivals, without attempting to oppose them.

PORT STANLEY, FALKLAND ISLANDS,  
*Jan. 3, 1905.*

I left Valparaiso on 27th December, going on board the P.S.N. *Orissa* at 11.30, having had the greatest trouble to get myself and my belongings out of the hotel in time. They seemed to delay me purposely so that I should miss the boat. The *Orissa* is a good boat, and well found; and as captain, officers, and crew are British, here at last was comfort and cleanliness, and I revelled in the decent food. Mr Sharpe, the general manager of the P.S.N. Company at Valparaiso, came on board and introduced me to Captain Taylor. The P.S.N. Company at home gave me a letter to all their agents and captains, and it makes the very greatest difference, and makes travelling by their boats so much more agreeable. I have not required anything particular at their



hands, but have everywhere received kindness and attention.

I found there was only one first-class passenger besides myself, Mr Stuart, who has a sugar estate in Argentina close to the Bolivian frontier. We had been together some days ere I discovered I had been offered a letter of introduction to him, and had declined it because I knew I should not have time to avail myself of it. He and I dined alone at a table at one end of the long saloon, the ship's officers at a table at the other end. When after some days the captain joined us he was surprised to find us alone, summoned the doctor, and made him sit at our table, as it seems was his duty. I assured the captain we had never missed the doctor or the society of the officers, and it had saved us the bore of having "to talk ship." So few passengers now go by the Straits since the Trans-Andean railway is open, but also this line does not allow one a glimpse of the fine scenery in Magellan Straits, and in order to see Smyth's Sound, said to be very beautiful, it is necessary to take a German boat. I enjoyed this quiet rest on the *Orissa* much, sitting reading, resting, and doing nothing in fresh air, and in no way felt the want of other passengers. In fact I needed this rest badly.

On the 28th we called at two ports, Talcahuana, which has a good bay, and Lota, which has green, tree-covered cliffs crowned with a château of the Cousino family, who own the copper-smelting works which are near it. This is the château all South America is so proud about—to hear them talk it might be Windsor or Versailles—though it is

but a large villa. The Cousino family are very wealthy. One of the family came on board, as did some of his copper. The next day, when the coast was only occasionally visible, we passed the *Oruba*, in which I once made a voyage to Australia. New Year's Eve was very cold, quiet, and dull. Snow-covered mountains of some height were visible, and at night we entered the Straits of Magellan. The Terra del Fuego side was fine, with serrated mountains, some extinct volcanoes, and the sun setting redly behind them. The best part of the Straits we passed in the night.

At 9 A.M. on New Year's Day 1905, we arrived at Punta Arenas or Sandy Point, in the Straits. It was founded 1851 as an agricultural settlement, was later used as a convict station, and is now a Chilian port of some importance for all the shipping passing through the Straits. It is not an imposing place, but it is the most southern town in the world. It is backed by hills, snow-covered, and clothed with dead timber—rung or burnt for clearing—with many houses and sheep-farms scattered about. Many houses are built of corrugated iron, which always has a dismal, cheap effect, useful as it is. It reminded me, with its background of dead timber, of a new Australian settlement. Many hulks were lying at anchor, but not much shipping. It was warm and sunny whilst we lay there, but otherwise there was a cold wind. We passed the wreck of a German boat lately gone on the rocks; and I was told wrecks are numerous, and the salvage people make much. It was hinted that these numerous wrecks had a meaning. A whale rose quite suddenly

directly by the side of the ship; we must have disturbed its slumbers. There were countless birds of the penguin species, which remained long under the water and sprung out of it, like fish, with a splash. There was a very strong current in the Straits, and after we left Punta Arenas the Straits became much wider, with various islands, low-lying land, and a few lighthouses—not at all interesting. It was bitterly cold once we emerged into the open sea, and we found ourselves amongst a great shoal of whales all busily spouting. On the following evening we passed south of the East Falkland Islands, and on 3rd January arrived at Port Stanley about 9 A.M. We had shipped four Chilian passengers at Punta Arenas, but they had not contributed much to enliven us, though one, an old German, was delighted to talk German to me, and told Stuart he was sure I must have studied in a German university, my German was so good—as it is mostly my own composition, I was much flattered.

The entrance to this land-locked harbour is very narrow and winding, and it is a great harbour of refuge for distressed vessels, as these cold southern seas are very tempestuous. The island is low, rocky, and with a few elevations. In the harbour lie various old hulks, and one pier is built of three or four hulks. Also in the harbour lay—now a coal-hulk—the once so famous *Great Britain*, in her day *the* ship on the Australian line, and in her I made a voyage to Australia when I was a boy. I said to Captain Taylor, that as we had seen the *Oruba* and the *Great Britain*, in both of which I had made voyages, that if we saw a

third I knew "something would happen." How small the poor old *Great Britain* looked, once the great ship of her day. Her equally famous captain—Captain Grey—I could well remember, and in that long time ago he used to visit us. His name was once a household word in Australia and many other lands. He met a tragic and mysterious end, disappearing one night from his ship. There are various stories about it, but it has always been believed that he was murdered at the instigation of some Irish Secret Society. According to one tale, he was pushed through a port-hole, which, as he was a big stout man, does not seem likely. Some other member of the ship's company was found at the bottom of the ship's ladder with a broken thigh which he could not account satisfactorily for. It is all a very old story now, but to me it seemed strange to have it all recalled, as I surveyed the poor old *Great Britain* in the harbour of these far Southern Isles, where neither she nor I had ever expected to be.

I am greatly reminded here of Tiree, Coll, and some of the West Highland Isles. The neat, substantial stone houses are thoroughly Scottish, and the Falkland Isles are full of Scottish sheep-farmers. Port Stanley is, of course, a primitive little place, swept by icy winds from the Antarctic, but it has a clean, neat look with its stone houses—though some are of corrugated iron—several churches, and its Government House. No trees will grow, but there are flowers in the gardens. As Stuart and I strolled along on first landing, we met a trim, prim, thoroughly Scottish-looking lassie, who did not



even glance at us, nor did she even turn round to look after she had passed us, though the arrival of the mail-boat is an event. But doubtless she regarded us with a sort of contemptuous pity, since we were strangers to the Isles, as the inhabitants are devoted to their cold, wind-swept home.

One of the sailors told me that on a previous voyage they had a man named Dixon or Dickson, who had lived on an island, where his family had grown up and had never seen any woman save their own mother! They had been well educated, and were musical. They thought Port Stanley, when they saw it, a wonderful place, and Monte Video rendered them speechless. They were bound for Canada to settle there, but soon returned to the Falkland Isles, as "no place could be compared to them."

The captain told me, on his arrival on a previous voyage he learnt that a man was to be hanged—why, I know not—and as a condemned prisoner at his last meal is allowed to have what he pleases, this poor wretch had clamoured for a pine-apple, a thing utterly unprocurable in the Islands. The captain, however, had one, handed it over, and the man devoured it, rind and all, and was hanged quite happily after it!

The Falkland Sound, which is shallow, divides the Islands into two almost equal sections, with a total area of 6500 square miles, surrounded by about one hundred isles and reefs. There are many almost land-locked harbours and narrow winding inlets. They lie 340 miles east of the Straits of Magellan. The death-rate is very low

and the birth-rate very high, so that they are very healthy, yet are damp, foggy, and subjected to terrific gales. Though it is midsummer now, it is bitterly cold and windy. There is much tussock grass (*Dactylis caespitosa*), which grows in tufts 5 or 6 feet high and is excellent feed for cattle, sheep, and horses as green fodder or hay. Ships are being loaded with frozen meat. The cattle spring from some let loose by Bougainville in 1764, and have increased in size. The horses, on the contrary, have grown smaller. The governor is called "King of the Penguins," as there are so many of these quaint birds.

The Islands were first sighted by Davis in 1592, and visited in 1594 by Hawkins, who called them the "Maiden Islands," after Queen Elizabeth; but in 1689 were named after Lord Falkland by Strong. At the time of Bougainville's visit the Spaniards established a military station at a point occupied by English settlers, whom they treated badly, so Admiral Byron came with a squadron, reinstated the settlers, and founded the station of Egmont on that bay, but it was abandoned. Argentina—as heir of Spain—in 1828 made a concession of the Islands to Louis Varnet, a French stock-breeder. He was not recognised by the Powers, and when he tried to levy taxes on some North American whalers his settlement was destroyed by a U.S. man-of-war in 1831. In 1838, heedless of the protests of Argentina, Great Britain resumed possession, and Port Stanley was made the seat of government. The Falkland Isles are now a Crown Colony, with a population

(in 1897) of 2050; and with 732,000 sheep, 7340 cattle, and 2758 horses.

South Georgia, lying south of these isles, has peaks 6000 to 8000 feet high, with glaciers, and is suitable for sheep, but has never been occupied. It must be a bleak dwelling-place, as in February, the warmest month of the year, snow falls. It has an area of 1600 square miles, and no doubt one day will be inhabited.

The captain entertained His Excellency the Governor, Mrs Allardyce, family, and suite to lunch on the *Orissa*, and had asked me to meet them, but being on shore I could not get a boat to the ship, and so missed that honour. I remember, years ago, at a London dinner-party was Lady Maria Spearman and her son, and the latter announced that he had been A.D.C. to the Governor of the Falkland Islands, "the brightest gem in the diadem of England," as he put it; and on some lady nervously asking: "Where *are* the Falkland Islands?" there was a sigh of relief, as not a soul at table knew where they were! (When I returned to England and people asked where I had been, and I said in South America, they invariably said: "Oh! how interesting! How you must have liked Mexico and the—er—Yncas—and things!" Everyone seemed to think Mexico was in South America. An "Ynca," it seems, was a brown pottery jar.)

It interests me much to be here, but I certainly should never care to *live* here. Yet the people love their islands. They have become a coaling-station for the fleet; which is very well—but where is the fleet?

GRAND HOTEL, BUENOS AYRES,  
*Jan. 27, 1905.*

The *Orissa* made a straight line from the Falklands to Monte Video, the capital of Uruguay, where we arrived on the 6th January in the evening. We lay a long way out from the shore, as the harbour is shallow and exposed. Stuart and I, accompanied by our baggage, went in the launch and deposited our belongings on the boat for Buenos Ayres, handing it over to a forwarding agent. We then went ashore and spent the day in Monte Video, a large town, but not very interesting. Drove all about it to see its sights, sat in cafés and so on; but I did not feel inclined to stay there or make any use of letters of introduction. Uruguay did not attract me from the first, and the more I have heard about it the less have I felt inclined to spend any of my limited time in it, as I am really homeward bound now.

Uruguay is the smallest of the republics and is 72,000 square miles in extent, with a population (in 1902) of 978,048, which has no doubt much increased. There are not many full-blooded aborigines left, merely half-breeds—Gauchos—and in these and many Uruguayans is a strain of Charrua blood, which is said to account for their strength and fierceness. The whole country is described as a sort of shambles or slaughter-house; the people feed entirely on meat and probably drink blood, as I have seen so many South Americans do on the Pacific coast. This blood everywhere, with the cattle-slaughtering



business, presumably has made them indifferent to human life, cruel in nature, and especially so to animals. So they are represented, and the picture is not a pleasing one.

Between Paysandu and Salto, on the Uruguay River, is a headland called the *Mesa de Artigas*, named after General Artigas, the "Liberator of Uruguay," who during the War of Independence in 1814 had all his captives sewn up in ox-hides and thrown down into the river. A deed of heroism!

Wheat, maize, olives, vines, and fruits are cultivated, but Uruguay is famous mostly for its meat-canning. In 1896 there were 17,000,000 sheep, 6,000,000 cattle, and 420,000 horses and mules in the country, valued at £16,000,000. Fray Bentos employs 2000 hands for its Liebig's Extract Factory, and uses sometimes 1000 cattle a day! Isn't it a charming country? Paysandu, a town of 26,000 inhabitants, is the town of ox-tongues, and Salto is another important place for canning. British capital runs these places mostly. A country given up to the slaughter of animals is not fascinating for a mere idle pleasure-pilgrim, who never looks at a butcher's shop without a shudder. The horrible *charqui* you find all over South America—with potatoes, the national food—is exported mostly from Uruguay. It is beef cut in strips, dried in the sun, very dirty and nasty, and as hard as leather. Mutton is prepared in the same way. In the markets I have seen and shuddered at—but no, I won't! In 1895 a million pounds sterling worth of *charqui* was exported from Uruguay.

The central and south part of the country is

covered with grassy ranges of hills of natural pasture without trees, except along the water-courses and around the *Estancias*. The eucalyptus here, as everywhere else in South America, has been much planted. There are many Italians, Spaniards, Portuguese, Basques from the Pyrenees, but not so many British or Germans; but the population therefore is more pure-blooded than elsewhere. All those agate ornaments and boxes you see in Germany are made from material brought from the Uruguay River, and there are also many coloured crystals.

Most of the rivers flow into the Uruguay; one of its affluents, the Rio Negro, with *its* many affluents, drains the country. The Rio Negro has a length of 960 miles. The Uruguay is navigable for sea-going vessels 200 miles to Paysandu, and much beyond that. You know, or ought to, that the Uruguay and Parana rivers, with their countless affluents, flow into the one estuary called the Rio de la Plata; but it is confusing, as the rivers are called all sorts of names and you never know where you are. The *pamperos* blow with great fury, and the heaviest rainfall comes with the *pampero sucio* (dirty pampero), when the rain descends in sheets accompanied by thunder and the whole heavens aflame with lightning.

Monte Video has about 300,000 inhabitants, and is noted as having undergone a ten years' siege. It was founded by the Spaniards in 1726 and was captured by the British in 1807, but they had to withdraw when General Whitelock was defeated at Buenos Ayres. In 1897 President Borda was assassinated in the street, and its history is that

of all these places, nothing but revolutions and riots.

The cathedral, university, and law courts are amongst the conspicuous buildings; tramways are running everywhere; and it seemed a town full of life and movement, but with nothing of much interest about it.

In the evening we boarded the Buenos Ayres boat—a sort of large ferry-boat—which left at 6 P.M. It was crowded with hundreds of passengers, and the meals were a regular scramble. It was an interesting sight, so many different types of people there. During the night there was a real *pampero sucio*, a terrific gale and thunderstorm, with deluges of rain and continuous lightning. The peals of thunder were almost equalled by the shrill squeals from the many cabins. We got to Buenos Ayres at 6 A.M., but spent a long time in the customs-house over the baggage. This hotel is much boasted about, but we would call it second-rate. However, it is a real hotel with modern requirements.

Buenos Ayres is no doubt a fine city, but much like any other. The Avenida di Mayo is really a very fine, straight, broad street, lined with handsome buildings and cafés, outside which the people sit at tables under the awnings and trees, and give it an animated look. At one end it is faced by the president's large and handsome pink palace, in front of which is a well-laid-out plaza. There are good buildings here and there—a notable one is the office of the leading newspaper, which is also a museum, and is an imposing establishment—and some very handsome private houses, but that is all.

The city has little of interest, and has no pleasant surroundings. It is, I suppose, the finest city in South America, in the modern sense—but it may well be that; and in some ways it is not to be compared to Melbourne or Sydney, and it entirely lacks their large beautiful suburbs. The streets which are not handsome are the opposite.

Buenos Ayres was founded in 1535 by Mendoza, but it was only in 1776 that the Argentine became a separate Vice-Royalty from Peru. The capital of the province of Buenos Ayres is not this town, but La Plata, which has many fine buildings. In 1905 the population of Buenos Ayres was 994,320, and the total population of Argentina is somewhere about 5,200,000, of whom considerably over a million are foreigners. The area of Argentina is 1,320,000 square miles.

The Great Southern Railway has an imposing station, with marble hall and staircase and many decorations, and the cathedral, Houses of Parliament, and opera-house are amongst the most important buildings. The museum is a very poor show. There are various theatres and variety places of entertainment, and a considerable amount of "life" of the boulevards sort.

Mr W. D. Haggard is the British Minister (he is now at Rio de Janiero). He is a brother of Mr Rider Haggard, the well-known author. The Legation is at No. — Suipacha, but he lives in a villa at Flores, a suburb, a fact of which I was not at first aware. When he called at my hotel I was out, as also when he telephoned asking me to dinner; so when I was going to dine with him I was about to proceed to Suipacha, when the hotel



porter came and said my cab had been waiting, it was a forty minutes' drive to Flores, and unless I went at once I would be late—and very late I was, as at Flores my cabman could not find the house. Mr Haggard was once Minister at Quito, and we had a yarn about Ecuadoran affairs, he having by no means lost his interest in that country, which is always interesting to me. He had been in Greece, Tunis, Persia, and many other places, so had much of interest to relate, and the house was full of things collected from many lands. He had been and was looking very ill.

The Italian Minister, Count F. Bottaro-Costa, an amusing man of the world, was there with his wife, and besides a Mrs Stephenson, there was a Mr Fairbairn and Mr Henderson—director of some railway. The Countess Bottaro-Costa, a bright and handsome lady, is, I think, of a South American family of British origin. Count Bottaro-Costa told me he and ten others introduced bridge into England—in doing which, in my opinion, they did England no good turn, as the bridge maniacs are I think the silliest and most boring people in creation. Of course, after dinner at the Legation there was bridge, and that I, a new arrival from Europe, would not play was considered astounding—so Mrs Haggard, Mrs Stephenson, and I sought refuge in music.

Flores does not seem a very attractive part of the town. Mr F. D. Harford is Secretary of Legation, but is away, and Mr G. D. Grahame—of Cumberland family—a very tall, handsome man, is second secretary. The latter offered to put my name down at the Jockey Club and at the English

Club, but my stay is to be so short and is drawing to a close, so it was not worth while.

I had hoped to visit Negretti, the well-known estate—and a show-place of the Argentine—of Mr David Shennan. I fancy it now belongs to a company, and it is managed by Mr Reid, who has property of his own. This magnificent estate is the creation of Mr Shennan, but he lives now in England. At Negretti he entertained the Princes Edward and George of Wales when on their tour round the world, and most prominent visitors to the Argentine have been his guests there. When I saw Mr Shennan before leaving England he told me he had written about my going there, and he urged me to be sure and go up the La Plata River and into Paraguay, to see the great falls, but it is, it seems, the wrong season now, and there is a revolution in Paraguay which prevents people getting about; but that would not have deterred me if I had time, which I have not, as I am beginning to have an uneasy conscience as to whether all is well at home, and to feel that many things require me there; so I must just gallop on with a glimpse here and there.

Of Mr Shennan, whose name is a household word far beyond the confines of Argentina, a Venezuelan in the north said to me, "You know David Shennan—why that is a good introduction to all South America!" and another person said to me, "David Shennan—that is a White Man if you like, and you'll hear nothing else said anywhere,"—nor did I. Mrs Shennan, a very handsome lady, was a Parish, a well-known family also connected with South America.

Mr Reid, who now lives at Negretti, most kindly called, and then wrote asking me to go there; but I missed seeing him, and now I cannot fit it in, as each day is engaged, and I did not know at first that I could go there and return in one day. It is a pity.

Mr Johnston Higgins, to whose good offices I was consigned by Mr Shennan, and who lives in the Avenida di Mayo, has been exceedingly kind showing me round the city. After dining with him and his wife the other night, he took me for a drive in the cool of the evening to show me many of the palatial private residences of the aristocracy of Buenos Ayres. The days are now so hot that the evening is the pleasantest time. With him another time I visited the docks—always interesting—and it was quite a sight to see the cargoes of peaches and other fruit; and it was a pleasing thing to sit down on the spot and sample the peaches as we did! These peaches come from Delta Island in the main channel of the Parana-Uruguay, where are whole forests of peach-trees, which when abloom in August are said to be a beautiful sight. In the Delta are many islands, but some are shifting and sometimes swept away. The estuary—the Rio de la Plata—is formed by the junction of the Parana and Uruguay, and is 62 miles wide at Monte Video. The amount of sedimentary matter brought down is so great that shoals, mud-banks, and quicksands are forming everywhere. The Parana is navigable for deep-sea vessels for 1300 miles, and between Santa Fé and Rosario is from 25 to 30 miles broad. All these rivers must be interesting to see; but when

they are so broad you do not see the banks, and they are not like rivers at all.

Then, with Mr Higgins, I went one morning very early to see the great wool-warehouses, which appeared to contain the fleeces of millions of sheep ; but of course the Argentine has become the rival of Australia in wool-growing. In 1898 there were 80,000,000 sheep in Argentina, and now the number must be enormous—imagine, then, the output of wool and what wealth these great wool-warehouses represented. At the same time they had in Argentina 2,000,000 cattle and 5,000,000 horses !

The fashionable resort is Palermo Park, with fine avenues of palms, where the smart folk drive. There is a restaurant, the Pabellon de los Lagos, and I dined one night in the garden, lit up by Japanese lanterns, with Mr Simson, who is director or manager of the Western Railway, and whose other guest was Mr Gooch of the Pacific Railway, and I motored back with Mr Simson later on. There is a Mr Crane I met when dining with the Johnston Higgins, who has also to do with railways ; but as I know nothing about the different lines here, I avoid the subject when I can, as I have found I was always speaking about the wrong railway to the wrong people ! They all seemed to resent with scorn being allotted to the wrong railway !

I hear rumours here of a threatened revolution, but most of those I asked say Buenos Ayres is done with revolutions—which is annoying, as I have not participated in one ! (It took place the day after I left Buenos Ayres !) But for lack of



time, I should certainly go to Paraguay and risk that stray bullet which the stray tourist always gets. I have resigned myself to leaving these shores without seeing so much I do want to see—a whole continent at one go is too much.

I had to go to the British Consulate the other day, and though I had the number and the street, it was long ere I found it. At last I found my way through a narrow passage and across a little *patio*, to the apparently only two rooms which are the Consulate of this mighty empire of ours in this large, important city! It is quite extraordinary how our “drifting indifference” goes on for ever, and if there is anywhere a country requires to make “a big show” it is in a republic, and especially in a South American one. If our Government only had sense enough to lodge our ministers and consuls—at least in the capitals—handsomely, what a difference it would make in every way. There are certain great cities throughout the world where we ought to have very fine permanent Legation and Consulate buildings, the property of our empire. I know a case where a Minister applied to the Foreign Office for a portrait of the King for his Legation—refused, as Legations are not supplied with them! All this foolish parsimonious littleness has a very bad effect. How wise are the Germans in this matter—their emperor is visible everywhere in all sorts of portraits, and they take good care to advertise their country in their official buildings, and reap accordingly. No people are so impressed by outward show and the insignia of royalty as republicans, and especially is it so in South America.

The King's—as also the Queen's—journeys and yachting trips have really advertised their country—and we need it too, little as some people think so—wonderfully, and foreigners take now so much interest in them, and admire and are so curious about them. The many questions I have been asked about Alexandra the Gentle and Good has been wonderful—they all seem to have realised that she is a beautiful, gentle, pure-hearted queen, whose fame is spread far and wide. Queen Victoria of course was unique—she was the Great White Queen of the whole world, in the estimation of natives of every land and creed; a very, very great personality indeed. I think a visit of the King of Spain to these South American lands would create frantic excitement. Who knows but the idea once promulgated of a Federated Spanish Empire here, with the King of Spain as Emperor and Spain at the head of it, might not prove the solution of the problem as to the future of these lands which faces you everywhere. I do not know if it be feasible, but I think it is. It would make these turbulent, unruly, somewhat comic-opera countries one great nation. Brazil—or the United States of Brazil as they say now—has gone back since she lost her emperor. As to the Monroe doctrine, no one cares twopence about it here, and it is astonishing how few Yankees one sees in South America, and how devoid of influence they are. Imagine that on the Pacific Coast there is not a single line of North American boats, and I think the stars and stripes is the flag you see least of any here, save perhaps our own.

The port here is not a good one. The quays of

Buenos Ayres are only approachable through constant dredging, and the condition of the La Plata Estuary with its shoals and shifting channels, will give cause for anxiety in the future. One of my desires was to go up the Rio Negro, between Patagonia and Argentina—as also to see Baron Hirsch's Jewish colonies, and the Welsh colony of Port Madryn (now full of Italians), which was founded in 1865 in Patagonia—but it cannot be. The Rio Negro is navigable for 600 miles, up to the famous Lake Nahuelhauapi, which is said to be so beautiful, is 40 miles long by 10 broad, and embosomed in pine-clad snow-capped mountains. There are many beautiful lakes in the Argentine Cordilleras; and in Patagonia is Lake Viedma, which is 50 miles long by 12 broad. Between Jujuy and Mendoza and about the eastern slopes of the Cordilleras are many traces of a very ancient civilisation; the great Ynca road, rock inscriptions, carvings, remains of great irrigation works, and so on, telling of perhaps a pre-Ynca civilisation.

The great pampas—seas of waving grass—which appeal to so many, do not so much attract me. I think that part must be much like the great Australian plains, and they suffer so much from the drought. I do not know if they have the same terrible locust plagues as they do in Australia, where those insects pass in clouds over the land, leaving it desolate and bare for hundreds of miles, and then die in such quantities that they pollute the whole country. I remember in Australia a man telling me that he was driving when he met a cloud of locusts, his horses reared, and the locusts were so thick the horses could not get down again.

Another man told me that after he viewed his land made bare by these pests, he returned home, to see large locusts sitting on the fence playing fiddles, and the tune was "Wait till our clouds roll by, Johnnie." These were good men, so their lies must have been good also.

Here I hear of the great dragon-fly storms which pass in clouds in advance of the wind, and go by the poetical name of *hijos del pampero* or "Children of the Pampas Wind"—I wonder what tune they sing? A thing I do not desire to experience is the extraordinary effect created by the pampas winds when the air becomes electrified, and you may have an "air-stroke," which may be fatal or produce paralysis. There is a story of two men sitting together, and one was "air-struck" dead and the other paralysed. I do not like that idea at all.

The great mountains near the Bolivian and Chilian frontiers are more in my line than the pampas—great ranges of 11,000 and 18,000 feet high; and there is Aconcagua, which is 23,080 feet, and Tupungato, which is 22,000 feet—these have been conquered by Mr Vines in 1897. The normal snow-line of these great mountains is 17,000 feet.

The Indians of the pampas were practically cleared out by General Roca in 1879, and I believe the famous Gauchos are a vanishing race also. The Guarini between the Parana and Uruguay have merged in the white race, though I believe the Quichuan tongue they spoke is yet in common use amongst even Europeans, and their connection with the Ynca race made them most interesting. But even in Argentina, civilised as it is becoming,



are still in Gran Chaco wild Indians, and the Tobas group yet number many thousands, and repel all intruders. I cannot go to Cordoba, where they say "all the people are the worst thieves and murderers in South America." To me they would not be so, I am sure, as no one robs me; and even the savage cannibals of New Guinea would neither kill nor eat me—said I was too salt and would taste too much of tobacco—and I expect, as others tell me, the people of Cordoba are maligned, and are really amiable and kind. It is aggravating to be told of these enticing places and people and be unable to see them.

I have no doubt there is a very gay and amusing society in Buenos Ayres, but I know it not. They are great polo players, and I see many motors darting about; but someone complained to me he could only do fifteen miles in Buenos Ayres, and it had always to be the same fifteen miles—I presume there are no suitable roads running out to the country. Tennis playing, too, is in full force. But this sort of society is the same everywhere.

RIO DE JANEIRO, BRAZIL,  
*Feb. 3, 1905.*

I left Buenos Ayres on 27th January, on the R.M.S. *Danube*, about 9 A.M. Rather, I went on board then, but on account of there being no water in the river we had to remain the whole day in dock under a sweltering sun. A most mixed lot of passengers. I had at my table several Americans—Yankees—all interesting and



SUGAR LOAF AND CORCOVADO, RIO HARBOUR.



amusing. There was a Mr Inglis and his wife from Chicago. He was great on Klondyke as a *tourist resort*; but his wife implored me never to mention *wheat* to him, as he was so wild about it, and she entered into such elaborate histories about "corners in wheat" and such things, that this poor pleasure-pilgrim's brain went round, and I could only assure her it was all Greek to me, that I had no desire to be enlightened, and had no idea what "a corner in wheat" really means. There were also the Blackfords, who had had to do with the Cerro de Pasco Mines, or railway perhaps, and Mrs Blackford told me that it was when going to visit them that Mrs Beauclerk had all her baggage stolen. This lady waxed eloquent on the subject of Nell Gwynn, the famous ancestress of the Beauclerk family, and wondered any one could mention that low-born person!

This was a tedious voyage, and most of the people on board less than interesting. The coast of Uruguay is low, with sandy dunes and strong currents, and wrecks are common as there are few land-marks. The wild Gauchos who inhabit it are said to be professional wreckers. On the 31st we arrived at Santos, which is on a pretty river, and which seemed a pleasant well-laid-out town, and struck me as being clean. There were some good houses and very pretty gardens. The Laurieres, who had been fellow-passengers, landed here. I would have liked to accept their invitation to remain here or revisit it, but it was impossible. The following morning we entered the wonderfully beautiful harbour of Rio—surely one of the most



beautiful places in the world. Whilst dressing I looked out of the porthole and saw we were just passing the Sugar Loaf, that strangest of strange hills or rocks, and I managed to get a pretty snapshot of it through the porthole.

People are fond of making comparisons between Rio and Sydney harbours—there can be no comparison—they are so totally different. It is possible that Sydney, as a harbour, may be a better one, but I doubt it; but as regards beauty of scenery, it is ridiculous to name Sydney in the same breath with Rio. On every side tower high mountains with the most fantastic outlines, all clothed with wonderful foliage—the beautiful islands—the picturesque buildings—it is all a strikingly impressive scene. We landed as usual in small boats, and I and my belongings were taken in charge by the West Indian Manager of the International Hotel, and transported by a railway up the steep hills, all clothed in dense tropical foliage, to this beautifully situated hotel, the views from the garden of which are superb. The hotel itself is comfortable enough, and one could pass a long spell of idle, contented days up in this lovely spot. At the same time it has a shut-in feeling, as the only way of getting out of it is by the electric tram which goes down to the city. Of course it is much more healthy up here, as in the town is no air and much fever.

Now, will you believe it, a revolution took place in Buenos Ayres the day after I left, and one took place here not long ago, and Rio is still in a state of siege. I see no signs of it except

armed guards everywhere. At Buenos Ayres the president and his ministers fled to an island on the river, but soon they got the upper hand, and all was right again. No one seems to know or care much what it was about, either here or there—but I feel I have been defrauded. I am passing idle, pleasant days in a double-seated swing in the high terrace garden here, with glimpses, far down below me, on one side of the beautiful harbour and the Sugar Loaf, and on the other, towering above me, of the extraordinary Corcovado.

I had a surprise the other night, as I found in the hotel Colonel and Mrs Gascoigne, of Craignish Castle in Argyll—actually the only two people I have met in many months travelling like myself for pleasure. They were only here for a night, and are bound for Chile *via* Buenos Ayres and the Trans-Andean. I am fervently trusting they reach there safely, as, Mrs Gascoigne complaining of a bad throat, I presented her with a little bottle of tabloids some one had given me for the same thing, and which had at once cured me. After they left I discovered another little bottle which I did not know I possessed, and have been in a state of disquiet as to what I had really given her, for many people foisted medicinal remedies on me which I never used or thought of using. For all I know she may by now be dead and buried! (It was all right, as later in London Mrs Gascoigne herself assured me.)

The city itself is not particularly fine, though there are picturesque buildings and some fine shops,

but they are making great improvements. A new broad avenue is being constructed right through the town, which will be magnificent when finished if the buildings are fine, for at one end will rise the fantastic rock of the Sugar Loaf. There is a yarn about this great smooth rock, that no one had ever got to the top of it till a British midddy did so, and planted the British flag on the summit, which, to the rage of the Brazilians, had to remain there, as no one could get it down—till at last an American girl came along and dipped it!

The people are so markedly different here to in other parts of the continent. They are a mixture of Portuguese and negroes—a very different type to the mixed Spaniard and Indian. It seems to me a land full of fascination, and how beautiful it is! To-day I wandered down a narrow path amidst the dense tropical jungle, full of extraordinarily beautiful shrubs, creepers, and blossoms, and saw one after the other the most wonderful butterflies. Some jewellers' shops are full of humming-birds mounted as brooches or other ornaments, beautiful things which gleam like jewels, but it is not a pretty or tasteful fashion.

Going up and down in the car one sees strange types, and numberless little intrigues in progress, and I imagine little love affairs form part of the daily occupation of the people. The life is varied. It is so hot, though, that it is fatiguing getting about, and all this tropical foliage, beautiful as it is, is somewhat overpowering. I am, therefore, going up to Petropolis, to escape the heat and see that place.

PETROPOLIS, BRAZIL,  
*Feb. 11, 1905.*

I left Rio on the 4th, from the Prahina wharf, in a very crowded ferry-boat, and, crossing the harbour, took the train, which ascends by very steep gradients (2634 feet) to Petropolis. I left Rio at four o'clock, and the train took an hour and ten minutes to ascend the mountains—a wonderful journey, as the beauty of the scenery can scarcely be described. One sees the lovely harbour spread below, and the train winds about, ascending amongst waterfalls, streams, magnificent trees and shrubs, strange rocks, and fantastic mountains—Nature seems to have run riot here.

Petropolis is an old German settlement, and bears many traces of its origin. It was the usual summer abode of the Imperial family. I came to the Hotel Central—a collection of bungalows in a garden. It is altogether quiet and out of the world up here. There are many villas, one principal street with poor little shops, and canals bordered with trees run down the centre of the streets, giving it an old-world look, and a certain Germanic air. The emperor's palace is now a girls' school, and is not visible, as it is so surrounded by trees. The palace of the Princess Isabella, Countess d'Eu, is now the German Legation, and is merely a roomy villa. There are several quite handsome villas, and the president has one and has just arrived to stay. There was a queer procession to meet him the day he came. Men and girls with banners, jockeys on horseback, and so on.



The Diplomatic Corps reside here, and must, I imagine, have rather a slow time of it. The British Minister is Sir Henry Dering, of Surrenden Dering in Kent—the head of one of the undoubted old Saxon families. He came to see me at the hotel, and we sat in the garden for a long time, and I enjoyed much a long talk with him. He said he liked President Alves much, but that there were very few honest people in the country, all were open to bribes. I afterwards drove with him to the Legation and got all the late English newspapers. Mr H. C. Lowther, the Secretary of Legation, also called. He bemoaned his fate at being tied to South America, and had the common complaint of all the diplomatic people that, once sent there, they are forgotten, and see all the good posts in Europe going to young new people; and there is much truth in this plaint. Men long in the Service in many lands have gained much useful experience; and it is certainly hard, and also foolish, that young untried men should be foisted into all the good posts. Besides it is obvious that men left long in such climates as they dwell in in South America must become stale and indifferent to things. I certainly sympathised with the Derings, and with Mr Lowther, and could not help thinking how useful a public servant the latter would be elsewhere.

Breakfasting at the Legation with Sir Henry and Lady Dering, Mr Lowther being also there, they told me many things which showed how justified they were in desiring a change, and I could understand how weary they were of Brazil. Sir Henry had been formerly Minister to Mexico.

Their son, Mr Arthur Dering, was also there, and a young Mr Hancock, brother of Mrs Haggard at Buenos Ayres. (Later I saw the Derings in London, they lunching with me one day at Prince's, and Sir Henry, who had been to see the King, was full of hopes of getting a new post. They returned to Brazil, and, coming back to England, poor Sir Henry died in London shortly after his arrival.)

Meeting Mr Arthur Dering and a young Cariati, son of Prince Cariati, the Italian Minister, in the street, this very bright, cheery young Italian amused me by saying that after a course of Petropolis nothing remained but suicide, as one got so bored! Suicide through boredom did not go with the gay, merry manner of this boy.

An interesting acquaintance was an old Dutchman, Mr Frankin (?), who generally lived in Paris, but seemed to know all the world and was full of anecdotes about people and places. I enjoyed chats with him. He told me that story I have always liked so much about how the women of Amsterdam, on one of the visits of Queen Wilhelmina when a child, would allow no man to cross the Dam in his boots, as "the child sleeps" and no one must disturb her, and said it was really true. Once, he said, the Emperor William I. of Germany pointed out to the Dutch Ambassador one of his regiments, and, alluding to the great height of the soldiers, all over six feet high, said, "Have you soldiers to defend your country against these?" "No, Sire," replied the Dutchman, "only seven feet of water to drown them in!" The Austrian Consul, to whom Mr Dering introduced me when breakfasting with me at my hotel, was

also a very pleasant, entertaining man, and, meeting him later when having tea at the Legation with Lady Dering, I was much entertained by his stories, but I have forgotten his name! There was also at the Legation a very pleasant French lady. The Derings were extremely kind and pleasant, as was also Mr Lowther, and Sir Henry was so genial and somehow seemed thrown away on Petropolis. (Mr Haggard is now Minister to Brazil.)

I explored Petropolis and did long walks into the country, but the sun was very hot and the roads very dusty, and I lacked energy. It is a pleasant place, Petropolis, but a little of it goes a long way. Many people come up from Rio every night and return to business in the morning, and more than once a dance took place in the hotel. Various Rio people resided in this hotel or in some of its bungalows.

What strikes one is how every vestige of Imperial rule seems to have vanished. I could see nothing to recall the days of the empire. What a blot on the history of Brazil is the betrayal of Dom Pedro II., Emperor of Brazil! He was such a blameless character, that through confidence in him foreign countries were inspired with security in negotiating loans and otherwise, and it was the same with the wealthy Brazilians of the better class. The country progressed under his rule, and he was generally respected and beloved. Even those of republican tendencies respected him, and never proposed that their aspirations should be attained during his lifetime. His journey to Europe was in the interest of his country, and he was able to bring the aims and needs of Brazil before foreign potentates and states-

men. In Brazil he led the simplest of lives, accessible to all, a gentle, kindly, tolerant, broad-minded, good man. Unluckily, the heiress to the throne, his daughter, Princess Isabel, and her husband, the Conde d'Eu, were not so popular, though the princess was a good and noble woman. She was thought to be too austere and reserved, and somewhat narrow-minded in religious matters. During the Emperor's absence in Europe in 1887, the princess was regent, and the question of the abolition of slavery came to a crisis. The Emperor was an abolitionist, but desired the change to take place gradually, so that the slave-holders should not be ruined. In 1887 a disturbance took place at Sao Paulo, where many Italians were settled, and these, finding slave-labour interfered with their interests, encouraged the slaves to desert. The troops sent to capture the runaways refused to do so, and the Princess-regent, who was in favour of total abolition of slavery, seized the opportunity, and though warned it might cost her the throne, said she might lose her throne, but the slaves must be free; and on 8th May 1888 a proposition was presented to the Chamber of Deputies, by order of Her Highness the Princess-regent, in the name of His Majesty the Emperor, that an Act should be passed that, "Slavery in Brazil is declared extinct. All Acts to the contrary are revoked." After discussion it was passed, and on 15th May the Royal Decree emancipating all the slaves in Brazil was proclaimed, amidst great rejoicings of those made free—that is, 720,000 slaves became free. The discontented plantation and slave owners joined with the republican party, and rumours of



plots and sedition hastened the return of the Emperor in August.

Even the republicans had always professed attachment to the Emperor, and it was not supposed any attempt would be made to overthrow the Imperial power during his lifetime. The younger military officers, however, had been tampered with, and bribed to sedition by promises of future gain under a republic. General Deodora da Fonseca and General Floriana Peixoto—both owing their positions to the favour of the Emperor—were at the head of the movement. On 14th November 1889, the Emperor was at a ball in Rio, but returned to Petropolis the same evening. The revolutionists seized the palace in Rio, and the Emperor was made prisoner at Petropolis, and brought under escort to Rio, and a few days later he and his family were placed on board a vessel and shipped off to Portugal, and General da Fonseca was proclaimed, or proclaimed himself, President of the Republic; and immediately the officers and soldiers gave themselves up to licence, and despotism and anarchy throughout Brazil replaced the peace and prosperity the country had enjoyed under the sixty years' rule of the good Dom Pedro. The death of this noble monarch in exile, in December 1891, gave rise in Brazil to deep regret, and the general public realised what they had lost, and how little they had gained. Since then their history has been that of all such republics—each man for himself.



FUJUCA ROAD, RIO DE JANEIRO.

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RIO DE JANEIRO, BRAZIL,  
*Feb. 14, 1905.*

I regret much my stay here can now be only a short one. I have not time to explore this lovely harbour and its surroundings, much less to see anything of Brazil itself. Why, it would take years to see even part of the great Amazonian basin and the countless tributaries of the mighty river. It is like an arm of the sea, and there are 27,000 miles of navigable waters within the Brazilian frontiers. There are—as affluents of the Amazon—eighteen rivers of the largest size, and six much longer and more copious than the Rhine; and there are at least a hundred navigable branches. It is all a great aqueous zone of lakes, lagoons, and rivers buried in forest—a liquid mass out of which every vegetable thing fights its way, creeping and crawling, clinging to others to gain the light above—hence the trees rise to great heights, and fruit and blossom at the top in the sun and air, whilst below all is a dark, dank mass of rank vegetation. Tender creeping plants grow to gigantic rope-like forms, the rope as thick as the trunk of a tree. In those strange lagoons, shifting rivers, and islands dwell yet the unconquered aborigines. Imagine the great future before this as yet uncivilised aqueous forest-clad land. If Brazil ever became as populous as Belgium, it would contain 1,600,000,000, inhabitants! It has an extent of 3,210,000 square miles, with a present population of over 17,000,000. You can now sail direct from England far up the Amazon



and into Bolivia and Peru, and in future times all this great continent will be opened up by river traffic. The aborigines will in time disappear or become fused with the predominating race. Between the Amazon and Rio the people are a mixture of aborigines, negroes, and Europeans. The Paulistas in the region of Minas Gerdes have little or no negro blood, being a mixture of the Indian and Portuguese blood; but in the extreme south there is much less mixed blood, owing to the continual influx of Europeans, particularly Italians, who predominate. There are many Spaniards, Austrians, and Germans, much fewer British and French; and it is said there are now more Austrians than Germans, but I should doubt that. But Italian, Spanish, and Portuguese blood predominates.

Rio Harbour was first sighted by de Solis in 1515, and by Magellan the following year. It was called the Nictheroy or Hidden Water, by the Tamoyo natives who dwelt there. De Souza, in 1532, thinking it was the mouth of a great river, and entering it on the 1st of January, named it Rio de Janeiro (January River). A town called Nictheroy lies opposite to Rio. The population of Rio to-day is about 700,000—in 1898 it was 800,000. S. Paulo, the second city, had in 1898 220,000 inhabitants.

The great bay is 30 miles long by 20 broad, and is surrounded by great mountain ranges, from which pour down countless rivers and cascades into its basin. On the Ilha das Cobras are beautiful villas of wealthy Brazilians, and near the great granitic rock called the Sugar Loaf is the small fortified island da Lagem. The fantastically shaped

mountains and hills, clothed with clumps of palms and other trees, and luxuriant and gorgeous tropical foliage, make a superb setting to this wonderful scene. There are a few fine buildings in the town and many picturesque ones, and from every part you get new and surprising views of the surroundings. It is still an insanitary and unhealthy place, and the dreaded yellow fever haunts it; but it is progressing in sanitary matters, and the easy access to the surrounding heights must turn them all into healthy, residential suburbs.

The people vary much in looks, and it is an interesting problem what they are to become in process of time. It seems the land of sentimental intrigue, and there is a somewhat lax morality. Often, travelling up to my hotel in the ascending electric cars, I see two smart, distinguished-looking ladies, sisters, who always alight at the gate of their own handsome house, and every one on the car at once informs you that these ladies, though very haughty and exclusive, make no bones about receiving male visitors, and especially strangers, and those on the car seem always surprised one does not at once leap off and follow the ladies.

This car business is a bore, but is the only way of gaining the heights, and gives one, when up here, a shut-in feeling. I have introductions to people living in Rio, but none of them are in residence and I am not very sorry, as it is more interesting to roam about in freedom and study the life of the place. There are pretty Botanical Gardens, where there is always a cool breeze, and I often go there. In the street I go down daily there is always a handsome lady seated in the window of a very fine

house, who smiles and bows to me, and I return it politely, but there it remains. She seems to be always at the window. In the slums, I should say there was much sticking of the knife business into one another, as they look like it. That seems natural in this over-heated, too beautiful, tropical spot.

I have just been witnessing a comedy in this hotel garden. A young-looking Brazilian has been lunching with his new-made bride, a handsome but somewhat overblown widow, certainly much older than he is. His children, with their attendants, one of whom is a negress, have been living here, and after lunch were summoned to make acquaintance with their new step-mamma. There are seven or eight children, from a big boy and girl down to a small baby, so that it is evident they cannot long have lost their own mother. Patently the new mamma thought them a bore, and patently they bitterly resented her, and I could see the negress nurse was quivering with hate and contempt. One little girl, evidently her father's pet, made great friends with the new mamma, but the elder ones regarded her with disdain and were dumb and sullen, whilst the younger howled under her forced caresses. But when she pretended to gush over the baby I thought the negress would strike her, and there was nearly being a scene. Both nurse and governess as they passed me made me a contemptuous sign towards the lady, and I could see she will have her work cut out for her in that family. The hotel people were in full sympathy with the children, and hinted to me that the buxom lady was—well, no lady! I am quite happy here sometimes lying in the comfortable swing under

the trees, with the lovely harbour spread out far below me, and watching all the little goings-on of the other people around me. They are very polite, and all come and speak to me and want to be friendly, but I am dreadfully lazy here and have not energy to do anything. (Though I was unaware of it then, I was suffering from an injury to the spine, which was the cause of the inertia I could not understand.)

Everyone has heard of Brazilian diamonds. I looked at them in the shops, but bought none. They were not graceful in setting, though doubtless fine stones. In fact I bought nothing, always putting it off "till to-morrow."

SOUTHAMPTON,  
*March 4, 1905.*

Here I am back again, and my gallop round the coasts of South America is but now a memory.

I left Rio on 15th February on the R.M.S. *Clyde*, embarking about 12 A.M. All my baggage had to be brought down from the hotel in a little cart drawn by two bullocks, for which I had to pay an enormous sum. I met it at the customs-house wharf, hired a boat, which cost 12 milreis, and rowed out with it a long distance to the ship. When I got on board sailors seized it at once, that marked "not wanted" going to the hold, and the rest being at once taken to my cabin. Then some one who turned out to be the doctor spoke to me, and I became conscious that there were five officials, one of whom was a negro, surveying me. These



were the customs officials, and they demanded my *Despacho*. Not having the slightest idea what it was, I said so, and said I had none. Then it was explained that my baggage should have been examined on shore at the customs-house, and that it could not leave unless I had my *Despacho*, for which too I must pay 10 milreis. I must therefore, they said, take it all back again to the shore, have it examined, and could not leave till that was done. It was swelteringly hot, the baggage was already all stowed away, and I declared I simply wouldn't budge. I had come through the customs-house with it, no one had spoken to me there or interfered with me as they should have done, and go back with that baggage I would not! The doctor kept explaining to me I must: one of the officials spoke English, and also attacked me. They declared I could not leave unless I and that baggage returned to shore. I looked at them all and said I saw they were much too amiable and polite to insist on such folly, and I had not the remotest idea of returning to shore, and they ought to have been on shore to stop me or any one else coming on board without a *Despacho*, and I walked away to look at the view. When they followed me I at once began asking them the names of places in the harbour and admiring everything, told them yarns, compared Brazil to other South American countries, begged it might all be translated to the others, and soon they were all eager to speak, friendly, interested, and amused, and the fat old negro one was chortling and chuckling to himself. Every time they approached the subject of the *Despacho* I "did not understand," and asked them

for more information about the scenery, and in the end we all went to the smoking-room bar, and I entertained them to iced ginger-ale and cigarettes! The boat was coaling and did not leave till 8 P.M., so till nearly seven o'clock those wretched officials remained on the ship. Every time I saw them discussing me I went up to them to chat, ignoring the *Despacho* business, and in the end they all came cap in hand, beaming with smiles, and bade me a polite farewell, and accompanying them to the gangway I saw them into their boat, they all waving friendly good-byes, and when that boat had really started I called out, "Oh, I have forgotten the *Despacho*, what a pity!" I saw one tell the others, and they all yelled with laughter, especially the old negro, who had enjoyed my little manœuvres all along. Of course I knew, had I bribed them with the 10 milreis of which I had cheated Brazil, it would have been all right—only they might have taken the money and still made me go ashore, so I waited till the end, prepared to give it; but, as it was, left without my *Despacho*, and with the easiest conscience at having got the best of them and cheated Brazil out of her due. The cost of taking myself and my baggage from the hotel to the ship was nearly five pounds!

We had not many passengers; amongst them I found Mrs Reid, of Negretti in Argentine, and her daughters, and was able to explain how at Buenos Ayres I could not accept her husband's invitation. There was also Mr Ramsay and his family—he had gold mines near Rosario in the Argentine, where he was employing dredgers from New Zealand; and my neighbour at table was Mr Wilkinson, who

had been everywhere and done everything, and had many interesting and amusing yarns to tell. (Miss Ramsay is now Mrs Lancelot Wilkinson, and I see them sometimes in their London abode.) We had also a "music-hall person," as the other ladies called her, an English damsel who had been performing at a theatre in Buenos Ayres. The other "ladies" would have none of her, and when I said they might at least speak to her, as she was most harmless, they all shrieked, turned up eyes and said "harmless"! The young lady was, of course, a very quiet and harmless person, with as perfect a right to travel on a mail-boat as any one else, and to claim as much ordinary politeness as any one else—but they all sent her to Coventry and ignored her being on board.

The coast of Brazil, like most of the South American coast, is monotonous and uninteresting. There are few harbours or inlets save Rio, Bahia, and the Amazon Estuary, and not many islands. The north part is full of dangerous shoals and quicksands and shifting river bars.

Fernando Noronha is an island 5 miles long by 2 broad, surmounted by a peak they call the Pyramid, and is inhabited by convicts and rats. The Abrolhos (*Abra os Othos*, or "Keep your eyes open") are 34 miles from the coast between Rio and Bahia, and consist of five islets and many reefs, are barren, and, as the name implies, dangerous to navigation.

Bahia, on the Bahia de Todos os Santos, has a large and fine bay. It was founded in 1510 by Diego Alvares. The lower town is on the sea-level, and a hydraulic lift conveys people to the

upper town, on a headland 200 feet high. The white houses, blue sky, and green palms and vegetation give it a bright tropical look. It is full of churches, an archbishop's palace, and large Government buildings. Much coffee is shipped here, and it has a large export and import trade, and is a flourishing place. Yellow fever rages and the climate is very hot and moist. Negroes predominate. The ague or coast fever is bad, and it has had visitations of cholera.

On the following day we were at Pernambuco. A natural reef forms a good breakwater, leaving several good open passages for shipping. It is a picturesque place with handsome buildings, and has various detached parts all built on and joined by bridges. The imports and exports average over £8,000,000, and it is a busy place. The Dutch seized and held it from 1630 to 1654, and managed to leave their mark on its architecture. From here it was good-bye to South America, and I saw the last of it with some relief and much regret. I took away with me many memories of scenes and peoples which are likely to remain with me long, and surely I had been very, very lucky—no yellow fever or other malarial complaints, no one had robbed me and I had lost nothing, and how much kindness I had received at so many hands! It was, I hoped—and hope—merely a preliminary canter round this huge continent, which taught me a little geography and made me realise the enormous importance in the future this continent is to be to the world, with its teeming, undeveloped riches of every description, all awaiting exploitation. The most interesting countries certainly are Ecuador,



Peru, Bolivia, and Brazil, and of all I saw I preferred Ecuador—the most decried of them all—which has a wonderful future before it. Colombia, Venezuela, and the British and Dutch Guianas were beyond my scope. But how much better is even a glimpse at unknown lands than any amount of reading. East and west my wanderings have made a network about this old globe; but how good it is to go and “look-see” for oneself, and to know *where* to return to and how to do it. Such a gallop round as mine but whets the appetite to know more of these wonderful lands, where there is so much to see that it would need a lifetime to see all—but I have seen Cuzco and Quito, and that alone has made me happy. One cannot in a few brief letters describe even what one has seen of a great continent, but how strange it is that some of these countries are so little visited by the mere idle tourist. Truly there is much discomfort, and the tourist is not catered for; but it is all a thorough change from other parts of the world, and some of the lands are full of fascination.

On the 24th we passed St Vincent, one of the Cape de Verde Islands, which I had visited so many years ago. Here the purser of the ship presented us all with printed documents which we were *ordered* to sign, and which documents asked all about us, who we were, where we came from, where we were going, what we did, and even where we were going on reaching England! It was said to be for the Sanitary Authorities at Southampton, and we were told that if we did not sign it we would be fined a large sum and quarantined! The ship's doctor told me he did not know what it was

for, and always refused his address. Needless to say, no one has the right to demand this information, neither the Royal Mail or the Sanitary Authorities, and it is a piece of impertinence which ought to be suppressed.

On the 27th we were at anchor at Funchal in Madeira. The place looked very beautiful and picturesque, with mountains, pinnacles, and valleys everywhere. Boys came out, diving round the ship. I got a silver model of one of the quaint bullock carts for H.S.H. Princess de C., who once spent a time here, and often talks of it; and I thought of her stories as I gazed on the winding hill roads. We only remained a few hours, but I hope to see it again some winter.

On the 1st of March we were at Lisbon; it was very cold, and there was a great downpour of rain. We heard the news of the assassination of the Grand Duke Sergius, and learnt also that the British Minister, Sir Martin Gosselin, was dead. The rain made the surroundings look dismal, and I was much disappointed in the approach to Lisbon, of which I had heard much. The next morning we were for a few hours at that picturesque place Vigo, but again it was raining and cold, and I felt I was really returning home to the country of wet and fog upon which the sun never rises, and this shabby, shabby, dingy Southampton puts the final touch. I suppose people who know no other land but Great Britain do not realise what one means when one talks about its dingy dismalness. They have no conception of what brilliant skies and clear dry air are. Still each country has something of its own, and

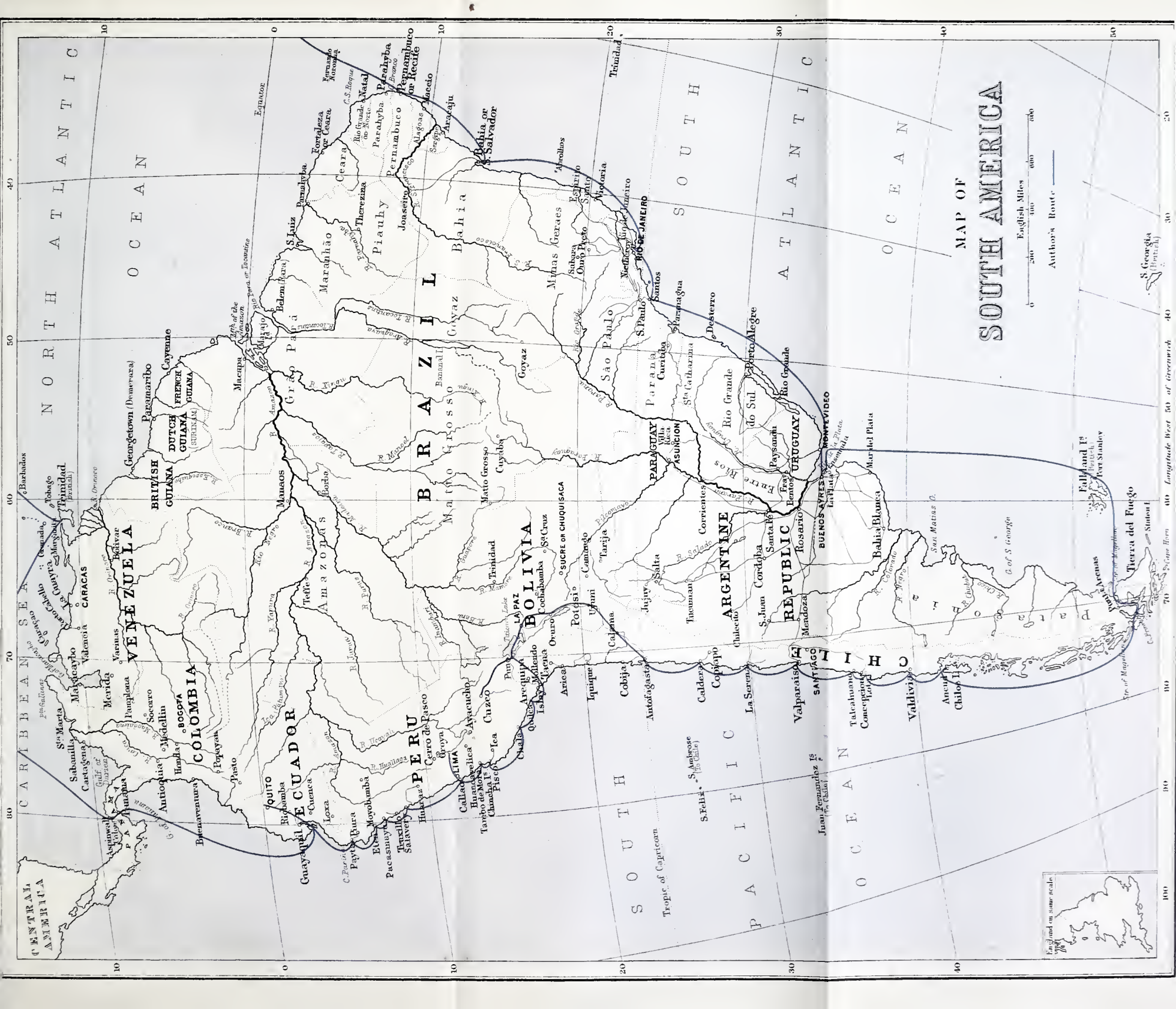
one is always glad to be home again ; and whatever England may be, it is no desert, but a very garden.

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Time has gone by, but I have never ceased pondering over the future of that Great Continent. What race is to predominate, or is it no particular race, but a mingling of many? Millions of Europeans are yet to seek its shores—in the far future they will amalgamate with the varied races already there—but in the interval what? The United States Government *may* become the Power in one or two of the northern countries, but I doubt it. Certainly the rest of the Continent has some other fate, and it is a remarkable thing in what a minority are the Yankees, and how little influence or power they wield.

Now is the time for our Government, by a broad-minded, far-seeing, bold policy—one laughs as one writes such words—not only to recover her vanishing trade but to enormously increase it. There is not a sign they realise this. The completion of the Panama Canal will make such a great difference, that it is time to study the question and take precautions. As this continent must be developed and exploited by Europeans, we must and should take our proper place. Are we ever likely to do that *now*? I fear not.





# MAP OF SOUTH AMERICA

English Miles  
0 200 400 600 800 1000

Author's Route

England in same scale



1000 800 600 400 200 0  
10 20 30 40 50 60 70 80 90 100  
Longitude West 50 of Greenwich





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